

PENTHOUSE



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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JANUARY 1978 \$2.50



SPECIAL ISSUE

BRZEZINSKI'S
MASTER PLAN
FOR REORGANIZING
LIFE IN AMERICA

ANITA BRYANT:
BATTLE HYMN
OF THE REPUGNANT

JIMMY CARTER'S
VERY OWN VIETNAM

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ROBERT STEPHEN SPITZ WITH BROOKE SHIELDS



JOYCE CAROL OATES

Wayle Silbert

HOUSECALL

The leastest lesson of Watergate was that politicians are rarely, if ever, what they seem. Jimmy Carter exudes innocence—a humble, well-financed peanut farmer who rode the crest of the American dream all the way to the White House. But we now know that there was a price to be paid for the first-class trip from Plains, Ga., to Pennsylvania Avenue . . . and it wasn't peanuts!

Since September 1977, when *Penthouse* published the first in this present series of Cartergate exposes, a shocked public has learned that by electing Carter to the presidency, they were really thrusting control of all U.S. foreign policy, without Senate confirmation, into the hands of an unknown professor named Zbigniew Brzezinski. Last month investigative reporter **Craig S. Karpel** exposed Brzezinski as "The Real President" in fact, if not in name. This month Karpel continues his relentless coverage of this extraordinary man whose views on government threaten the very foundations of the American electoral process. In "The Thoughts of Chairman Brzezinski" (page 52), the Zbiggest Daddy of them all reveals, through his own words in speeches, articles, and books, his private vision of a new "world order."

It also seems that Carter (together with adviser Brzezinski) has made up their collective mind to drive the Russians out of Africa, but at what price? **Tad Szulc** contends that Africa will be the next bloody battleground in the endless, self-fulfilling prophecies of the Cold War paranoids. You will remember Tad Szulc as the *New York Times* reporter who first exposed the story that the United States was about to invade Cambodia—a piece that the *New York Times* neglected to print, allegedly because of a "kill" order from Henry Kissinger. In "Africa, Jimmy Carter's Vietnam" (page 70), Szulc looks at that continent with the same cool and analytical eye with which he gleaned his scoops on the Bay of Pigs, the Soviet occupation of Prague in 1968, and the overthrow of Juan Perón. Szulc's vision of the full-scale war brewing in Africa may well turn out to be his latest journalistic coup.

Joyce Carol Oates has dark visions of her own. In her story "The Mime" (page 76), Oates explores the solitary and desperate longings of a sexually repressed teacher who is drawn to a tragic street mime and finally to self-destruction. She weaves a chilling and sensitive tale of loneliness and need.

Oates's eight novels and seven volumes of short stories are highly acclaimed. In 1970 she was given the National Book Award

for her restless, powerful novel *Them*. Her most recent book, *Night-Sides* (Vanguard), is a collection of surreal short stories.

For many Americans **Anita Bryant** has come to represent the symbol of right-wing extremism. For fundamentalists, Bryant is an angel of redemption who will lead her people out of a morass of sexual perversion and corrupted values. Whether she is a bigot or a messiah, little of the real quality of Anita Bryant has come through in the debate provoked by her much-heralded stand on the Dade County Ordinance for Human Rights.

Sandra Shevey, whose interview with Bryant appears on page 80, develops a no-nonsense rapport with the woman who has taken on the hottest sexual question in the last ten years. Shevey has published more than 400 interviews and articles for a wide spectrum of publications, including the *New York Times*, the *Los Angeles Times*, and the *Chicago Tribune*. "I saw in Anita Bryant's simplicity," says Shevey, "the seeds of a more profound ethical and moral dilemma."

In the case of twelve-year-old Brooke Shields, however, the maturation process has taken a strange turn. When most young girls are still thinking about making the transition from bobby socks to stockings, Brooke, under the careful direction of her mother, Teri, has exploded on the scene as Hollywood's newest Lolita. In Brooke's latest film, *Pretty Baby*, French director Louis Malle casts her as an adolescent prostitute who captures the heart of turn-of-the-century photographer Bellocq, who is played by Keith Caradine. What is interesting to author **Robert Stephen Spitz** is the off-camera child, rather than the on-camera actress. In his profile of the baby bombshell (page 73), Spitz calls upon his formidable experience in the industry—as manager and publicist for rock idols Bruce Springsteen and Elton John and author of a new book, *The Making of Superstars* (Anchor)—to take a compassionate and compelling look at a child who may become the victim of her own devastating beauty.

Speaking of victims, "Happy Hookers" has its own hilarious brand. "You can pick your friends," says cartoonist **Walter Gallup**, "but never pick your nose." And in the world of metallic forefingers, thumb screws, and Teflon palms, Gallup's poll of the hapless hookers (page 124) deserves a real hand.

But even as 1977—a vintage year for murder, mayhem, and intellecticide—staggered to a close, we wanted to add a festive touch to January's traditional postnatal blues. We are enclosing, therefore, our annual Pet-of-the-Year poster, a detachable, sixteen-page reaffirmation of the fact that as long as God keeps making little girls that look and act and feel like **Victoria Lynn Johnson**, things can't be all that bad. O+—

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PENTHOUSE

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JANUARY

PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

The anatomy lesson

I've read your magazine for the past few years and had never experienced any of the exciting sexual encounters that your readers have written about. For the most part, I thought that they were mainly fictitious, until one of those sexual encounters happened to me.

I am a medical student studying in the Dominican Republic at the Universidad Central Del Este (UCE). One of the most difficult subjects that a medical student is faced with is anatomy. Since most of it is memorization, anatomy books and a cadaver are all you need, except when a live person is necessary for testing your skills in palpation, percussion, and auscultation. Most of the time, my roommate, whom I'll call Frank, and I study with a small group of people. Usually, they are guys, but in this one instance we were studying with a girl, whom I'll call Cathy and who was a mutual friend. We were studying into the wee hours of the morning until only Cathy, Frank, and I were left. Because we were all tired, we decided to break for a cup of coffee. During the coffee break we were discussing the difficulties we encountered in giving physical exams. Even though we were medical students, we never took our clothes off to study the genital area when in a group situation. As we continued talking, we discussed the genital areas of males and females and agreed that it was difficult to study them because the cadavers were in poor shape most of the time. Cathy was a good-looking blonde, and there were many times that I'd wanted to get into her pants; but since American girls are rare at UCE, she was always surrounded by a slew of guys and the opportunity never came along. Since exams were in a couple of days, I spent all of my time studying, only to get hornier as the tension built. I felt that if I was ever going to get her into bed, though, this was the perfect time.

In the dim light of the dining room, I could see her erect nipples projecting through her sweat-soaked T-shirt, in the heat of the Caribbean night. Not surprisingly, I found myself with a full erection. Getting up to get a flask of water, she noticed the bulge in my pants. Not wanting to hide it, I walked right past her, only to see a smile appear on her face. When I returned, she shyly suggested that it would be beneficial to all of us if we performed physical exams on one another. Without hesitation, the three of us returned to the room. As we were removing our clothes, the anticipation of what might happen increased my state of excitement. I

could not remove my eyes from Cathy's firm breasts and her beautiful inverted nipples. When she removed her panties to reveal her beautiful snatch, covered with honey-colored pubic hair, I nearly went out of my mind. My penis was so erect that it felt as if the skin of my scrotum were going to crush my gonads. Noticing my condition, Cathy smiled and feigned surprise, her eyes twinkling. Mischievously, she said that we could start studying Frank's penis, since his wasn't in as excited a condition as mine was. She had Frank lie on the bed and she started examining his dick. She had never seen an uncircumcised dick before, and she seemed delighted with his nine-inch specimen. As she rolled back the foreskin to see the glans, Frank let out a sigh and his penis leaped to attention. When Cathy giggled, I stepped up behind her to see what she was doing, and my dick brushed along the outside of her right thigh. She was stroking the area of skin just behind the head of his penis, and Frank was going wild. Suddenly, I felt her hand cup my balls, and she started kneading them. She said that she had to do something about our condition if we were going to get any studying done. I reached around her side and ran my hand up the lower curvature of her right breast. When I reached her aureole, I could feel the little bumps on it. I started circling them, with my forefingers just barely touching her nipple. I then put my left hand between her legs and discovered a warm, delicious wetness on my fingers. As I ran my fingers along her labia majora, I could feel the lips twitching at my touch. Reaching her clitoris, I gently stroked the shaft, eliciting a moan from her now sexually tuned body. I put my dick up her cunt and started squeezing her nipple between my forefinger and thumb, and then she started giving Frank a blowjob. Her head was bobbing up and down in rhythm to my thrusts. She would occasionally take her mouth off Frank's penis and run her tongue up its length or do figure eights around his balls with her tongue. When Frank was about to come, she took his balls in her mouth and started chewing on them gently. When he came, his semen nearly hit the ceiling. Cathy and I weren't far from coming either. She had amazing control of her muscles. They would grip my penis with incredible strength. Just before we came, she started trembling, almost imperceptibly at first. But when I squirted my sperm into her, the shudder that went through her body knocked me on the floor. As we lay on the floor—exhausted, but in a

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Who could
make light of
themselves
better?

As it turned out, we all passed our anatomy exam and passed the course. We no longer have to do physicals anymore, but we all agreed to stay in practice.—C.P., address withheld

Court sports

She began to introduce masturbation

I had to meet her. Through a mutual friend I found out her phone number. Summoning as much nerve as possible, I called her, introduced myself, and proposed a dinner date. After a few social engagements, I decided to make my big move. I coaxed her to have sex with me by revealing my knowledge of her late-night exhibitions. She was embarrassed, but the twinkle in her eye told me she was game.

Meanwhile, she kept her hands busy by stroking my throbbing rod. I then ventured to her lower cave of delight. I buried my head in her bushy pubis and cleansed her dripping orifice with my probing tongue. She lunged at my erect pole with greedy eyes and an open mouth. We slipped into

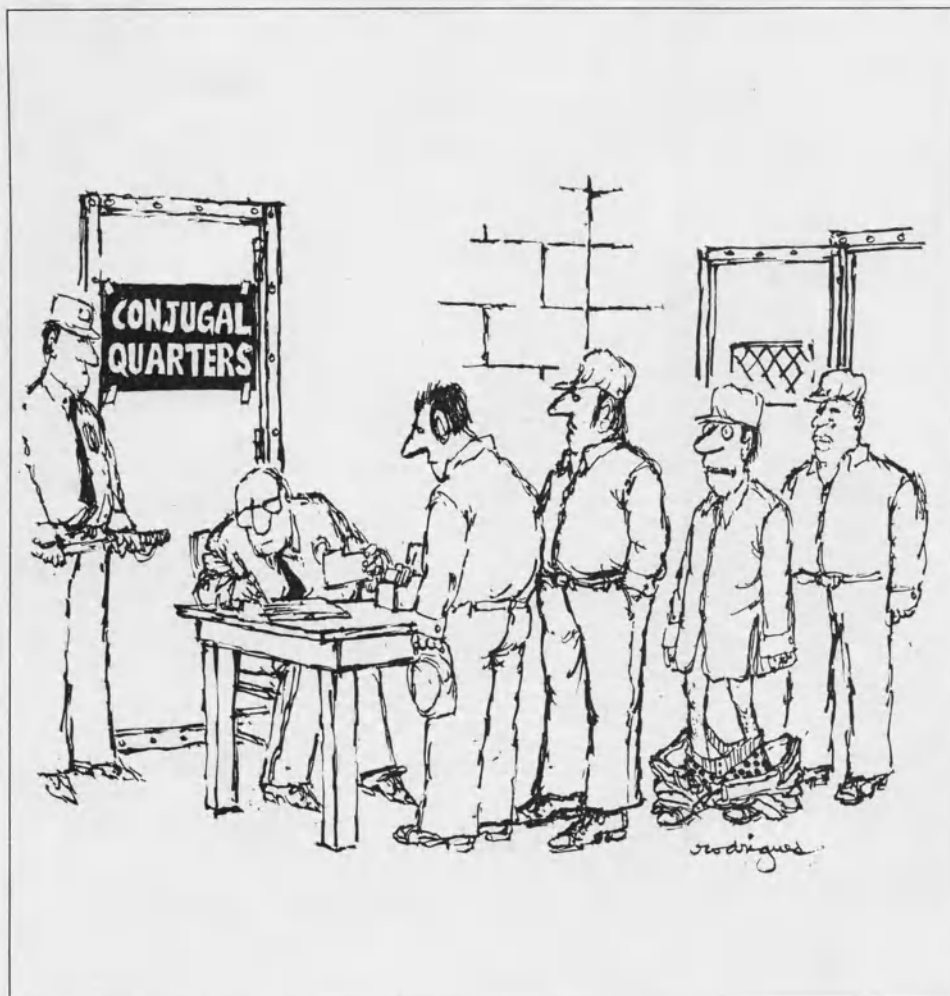
Now my lady and I keep in shape with our Saturday night games, and I never hand, just ball.—D.K., New Orleans, La.

Aerial sex

Three weeks ago, after beginning the fall quarter, I looked forward to a dry senior year, my only excitement being flying lessons. My desire for a private pilot's license, however, was not so great as my intense need to get some pussy. Now, both of these wishes are being fulfilled beyond my wildest dreams.

Trish grabbed my hand and led me to the Cessna, which was to become our airborne bedroom. Since this was my first flight, she preflighted and taxied the plane to the designated runway. At this point, while doing the engine run-up, she reached across and placed her hand on my inner thigh and whispered, "We'll be up soon." She then gave the plane full throttle, and soon we were hurtling down the runway.

I let go of the wheel and muffed her steaming cunt for all I was worth. I rotated my fingers like a propeller around her swollen clit, while she tried to suck my purple helmet off. With this my altimeter maxed



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*1977 Mercedes Benz acceleration (0-50 mph) from Car and Driver, March 1977.
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AGAIN**



out, and she quickly climaxed on my dick. I began to thrust wildly as my cock took off on its final flight. I let loose like a turbojet, grabbing her firm little cheeks, as we both climaxed, panting, "Mayday, Mayday!"

Trish sat back down, took over the controls, and calmly proceeded to fly us back to the airport. After parking, I walked her to her car, where she gave me a quick kiss and said, "You fly very well. See you next week!" I noticed her license plate read "Fly T." I knew I was in for a great year. I am wondering if anyone else has ever taken off like this.—B.G., Santa Clara, Calif.

Lofty lavatory lay

I have always enjoyed exciting sexual activities, and I would like to share with your readers a recent incident. It began with my picking up my lover at his office. I moved over to the passenger side of the car so that he could drive. He got in and gave me a kiss, and we moved into the traffic. He had made reservations at one of Chicago's fine restaurants, where we ordered Mai Tais. Our lunch was delicious, and the additional rum drink began to go to our heads. After lunch we asked each other if we should get a room at the Sheraton, but neither of us made a move to get the room. Instead, we chose to take a walk and to window-shop. A concert had begun in the plaza next to the Tribune Tower. We stood and watched it for a brief time, frequently looking at each other. My lover said that we should go to the

top floor of the Tribune Tower to see what was up there. We got in an elevator and embraced and kissed each other passionately. The elevator stopped on the fifteenth floor for someone to get on; so we got off there instead. The offices on that floor were virtually empty, because of lunchtime or the concert.

My lover rubbed his hands over my body right on the balcony. He put his hands inside the slacks I was wearing, and since I wasn't wearing any underwear, he was able to get between my legs to my wet, inviting cunt. He then progressed to my breasts and fondled my already-hard nipples. Excitement built up in my cunt, and I wanted to screw right there. I knew he felt the same; so I suggested that we fuck right there and then. He suggested that it was perhaps too risky and said he had an idea. I followed him back to the hall, and he said I should wait for him. He came back a few seconds later, took my hand, and directed me into the men's washroom.

We went into the end stall and locked the door. He took off his clothes, and I took off mine, hanging them on the hook. He sat on the toilet and told me to mount him. By this time I was wet and his enormous, hard cock penetrated me immediately. I lifted my feet off the ground so that I could enjoy the maximum effects of seeing his beautiful cock in me. I rode him up and down, sometimes almost letting him come out of me. His hands were once again on my breasts,

and his tongue flicked my hard nipples. Within minutes I was ready to come, and I told him so. After I came, I leaned over the toilet and he entered me from the back. His cock went up and down in me once again, his hand again on my breasts. I knew he was going to make me come again, which he did, and then he was ready. He blew his load in me, and my cunt contracted over and over in wonderful spasms.

After dressing, we left the room, much to the surprise of a man who was using one of the urinals.—L.W., Lansing, Ill.

Clearing the way

I feel it necessary to relate a fantasy I recently lived out. And when I say lived out, I mean I took it to the limits.

My dream trip started a few months back. I was at the party college of the nation, and I mentioned to a familiar partner that she could use a hair (or should I say bush?) cut. She just laughed.

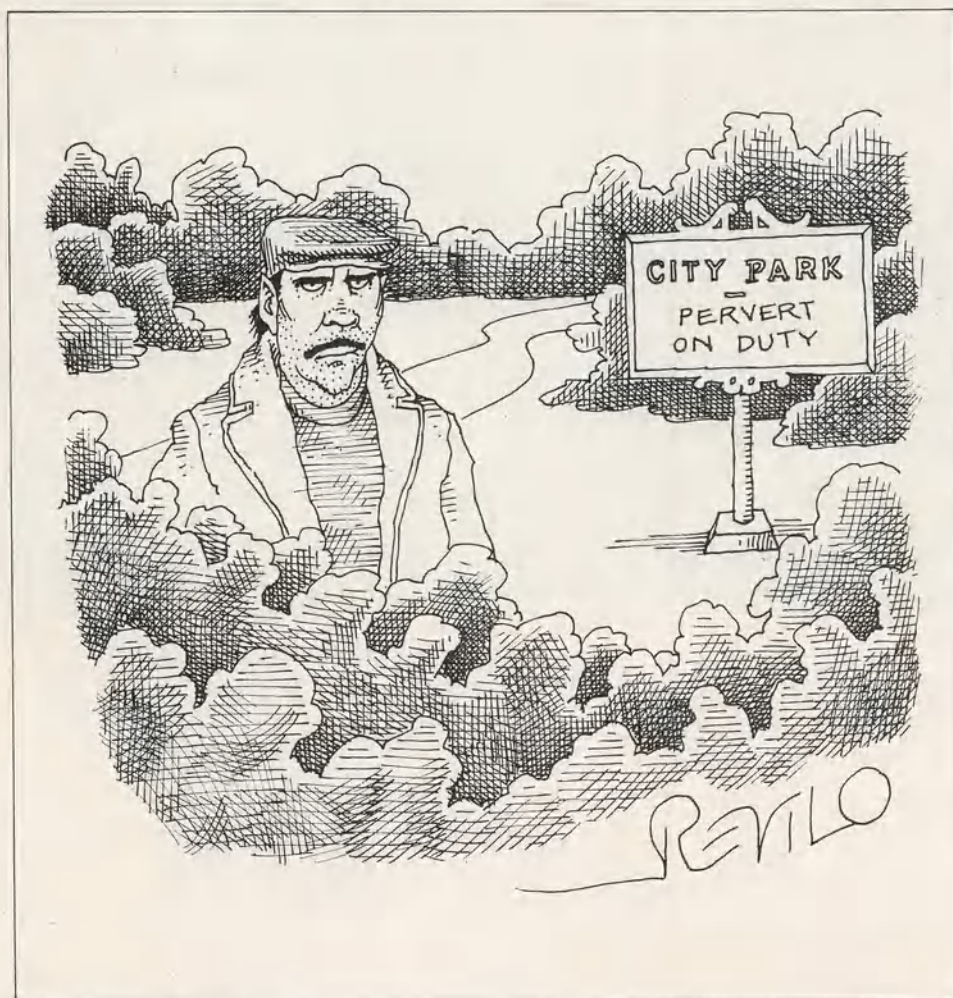
We parted for the summer, and after a couple of months I was passing through her hometown. I conveniently dropped in on her, and to my surprise, her parents were away for the weekend. After saying hello, we soon wound up in bed, and I again commented on her lush jungle, asking why she hadn't listened to me. This time she again smiled but left the room and soon returned with a comb and scissors.

As the smile spread across my face, she exclaimed, "If you want it cut, go ahead." Hell, I jumped off the bed, not believing my ears or eyes.

First, using the scissors (a machete would have worked better), I trimmed away as much of her bush as I could. We moved to the bathroom for a razor cut, but not before a roll in the sack. Her bristly pussy was super—better than any other I'd ever experienced. I could see the juices pouring out of her cunt, and the sight just turned me on beyond my wettest dream.

In the bathroom we showered to cool off and to soften her pubic area. Everything seemed so perfect as I lathered up her beautiful pussy with a warmed, mentholated shave cream. She moaned in ecstasy as I moved the razor down her box. I must admit that it became a delicate job when I got to her lips. After washing the area clean of cream, hair, and juices, I put a finishing trim on her and patted it with some powder. I stood in amazement of her bald pussy, and she got up and raced me back to the bedroom. The time that followed would be so hard to describe. I can only say that it was nice not to have to fight the hair and to be able to enjoy the juiciest cunt ever. It felt superb, and the taste was excellent. I felt so good afterward as I licked her up. To ball a bald pussy had long been my dream, but when I also shaved the same pussy, my fantasy came true. Though my girl friend says, "Never again!" (because of irritation and scratching), I have to tell others to act out your fantasies and enjoy your dreams.

And to my girl friend, who refuses to do it again, I offer that familiar barbershop quote:





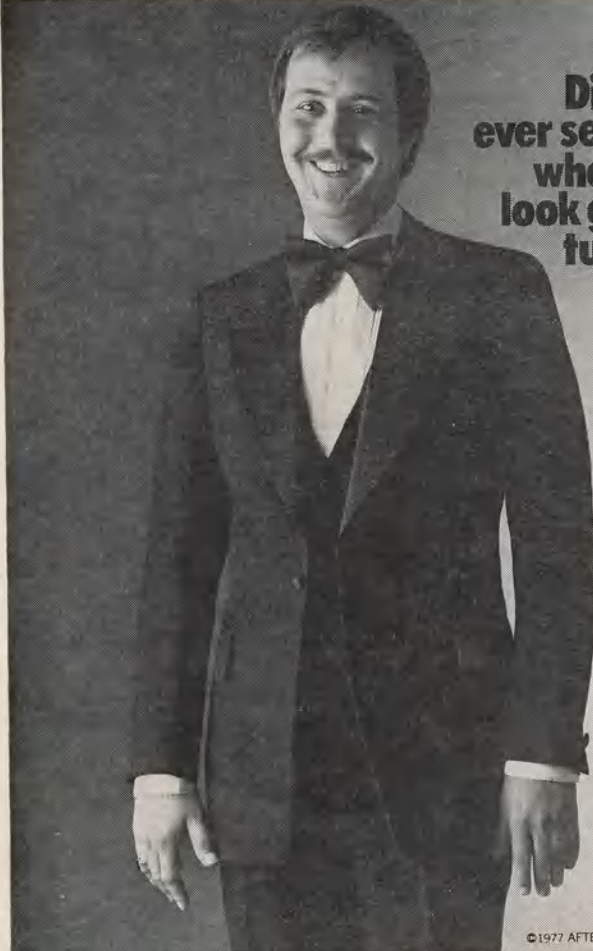
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"Step down. Next!"—*B.B., Athens, Ohio*

Top-flight threesome

My wife and I are avid readers of *Penthouse* and "Forum," and we rush to the newsstand to get each month's copy. After reading about threesomes so often, we decided to relate an experience that we had last summer.

My wife, Mary Ann, is petite and very attractive. Having just passed her thirtieth birthday, she decided that we should slip off to have a weekend to ourselves, away from familiar surroundings.

During the ride up to the resort, we eventually got around to discussing our fantasies—something we had never done in nine years of marriage and eleven years of good sex. I admitted to her that I'd be interested in swapping or in having a threesome with the right male or female. The more we talked, the hotter we got. By this time Mary Ann had soaked her panties and discarded them. After checking in, and relaxing for a while alone, we had some of our best sex ever.

Neither of us mentioned our conversation again. We went to the golf course for a quick round before dinner on our last night in the mountains. There was a single waiting for a game; so the starter asked us to allow him to join us. We got to know this man, Jack, fairly well by the eighteenth hole and during this time downed two six-packs of beer. Since he was staying at the same

hotel, we invited him in for another beer before parting. He readily accepted. After more six-packs back at the room, we began joking that we'd been a twosome until he joined us and that now we had our first threesome.

Then I asked Mary Ann if Jack was the one to experiment with. She turned red and said that she would do whatever I wanted. I reached down and felt her snatch, and she was wet right through the crotch of her golf outfit. I turned to Jack and asked him if he'd like to assist me in giving my wife her best fuck ever. His mouth dropped open fast as he nodded excitedly.

I reached over and began unbuttoning Mary Ann's top, but she said no. She then turned off the lights and pulled the drapes. Next, she slowly undressed for us in the half light. She'd never looked better with her pert breasts, flat tummy, and almost hairless blonde cunt. Jack just gasped and she began taking off his shirt and trousers. Out jumped an eight-inch dick, standing at attention. Mary Ann pushed him back on the bed and began sucking it with all her might. I took advantage of the opportunity to spread her legs and eat her cunt. In a few minutes she was crying, "Fuck me!" So I rammed it home and shot my load in a hurry. I swapped places with Jack, and he was soon pumping away at my wife's pretty hole. She was like a firecracker constantly going off. She had one orgasm after another.

Going home, we decided to try the place again on our next vacation, and we have even considered answering a swingers' ad. Mary Ann and I both enjoyed the threesome and have had no problems with it. We are looking forward to the right time and place.—*J.L., Winston-Salem, N.C.*

Weekend wenches

I'm a nineteen-year-old male attending college in Arizona—Monday through Friday, that is. But on weekends I become Melissa, servant to my mistress, Beverly. Let me explain.

About six months ago I began taking piano lessons from an attractive, twenty-seven-year-old woman named Beverly in her home on Saturday mornings. The lessons proceeded uneventfully for several weeks, until one day she noticed me leafing slowly through the lingerie section of her Sears catalogue. She kidded me about it, but I just laughed it off, mumbling something about just looking at the models, not the clothes. Obviously, she didn't believe me, because when I arrived the next week, she answered the door clad in a skimpy blue satin nightie. She softly told me to follow her, and I did so unthinkingly, still somewhat dumbfounded by the situation. She led me into the bedroom, where, laid out on the bed, was a complete outfit: panties, bra, stockings, half slip, silk blouse, and a skirt—everything but shoes. "Slip into these," she said, pointing to the clothes, "and then we'll get to your lesson." Ignoring my protests, she hurried out the door and closed it behind her. For the first time I noticed my erection, and I realized that my protests were feigned; the idea of dressing up in her clothes excited me thoroughly. And so before my better judgment could stop me, I undressed and awkwardly squirmed into the feminine apparel.

After pausing to look at myself in the mirror (and nearly losing my load as I did so), I screwed up my courage. With as much femininity as I could muster, I headed for the den, where the piano was. Beverly smiled admiringly as I came into the room, and she then proceeded with the lesson as if nothing were out of the ordinary, except that she began to call me Melissa. After we finished, we headed for the kitchen, as we usually did, to get something to drink. As I sat there listening, thrilling to the smooth feel of satin, silk, and nylon on my skin, Beverly began to lay down some rules.

"You are to dress and behave as a woman, Melissa, whenever you are in this house," she told me. She went on to say that I was to begin staying all day Saturday from now on, not just for three hours in the morning. And then she really surprised me. She told me that I was to be subservient to her in every way, but that I would be treated kindly and fairly with only an occasional bare-ass spanking as discipline. I was stunned by her words, but more than that, I was intrigued and aroused. After a short hesitation I nodded my agreement, and she motioned for me to come before her and kneel. I did as she ordered, and soon

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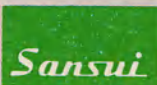
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she'd slipped off her panties and pulled my head between her warm thighs.

Since then, I've spent a lot of time with my head between those thighs, since my major duty as a housegirl is to please my mistress sexually. (I'm not permitted to have intercourse with her, however; the only time she allows me to come is when I lie on my back at her feet and jerk myself off. She then orders me to eat my own come.) One time we even went out shopping together as girl friends, which was perhaps the most sexually arousing day of my life.

I've got the best of two worlds: on weekdays I'm a successful college student; on weekends I serve my mistress as Melissa. I wouldn't want it any other way.—G.W., Temple, Ariz.

I enjoy your letters from people with various sexual tastes and ways of satisfying them. I'm a transvestite, and I've found my own way of living with and enjoying my unusual tendencies. My wife found out about my quirk early in our marriage and let me know that it was either spike heels and lipstick or her, no in-between. I found out that I wanted both, and thus I had to hide my habit from her completely. Like Ray Milland in the *Lost Weekend*, I did a lot of things except that I was hiding bras and panties in the most unimaginable places, usually in the attic or underneath some tools in the storeroom (she'd rather die than touch a tool!). Now

and then she would go to visit a relative, and I'd live in absolute heaven for a while. I'd take a day or two of vacation and dress up and include in my costume false eyelashes, eye makeup, and long fingernails.

Not long ago I noticed that my talents had improved considerably and, lest I be mistaken, took some Polaroid pictures of myself to see if I really looked that good. I decided that I did and that I ought to try going outside in drag for a change. One night, when it was pitch dark, I got my courage up, did my very best job of making up, used one of my wife's best wigs, and off I went. I was slunk down behind the steering wheel like a thief, my heart was pounding like a trip hammer, and I was fighting back an orgasm from the excitement. Just being outside was a whole new experience, and I loved it immediately. That night I experimented by walking a few feet from the car to a store window, where I could see my reflection. I didn't get too far from the car at any time. I just knew that someone would turn a corner three blocks away and discover I was a man.

As it turned out, a policeman walked right up behind me without my seeing him and scared the life out of me. All he said was "Good night, miss," and walked on by me. I finally had an orgasm as I tried to slowly walk back to the car! Anyway, since that beginning, I've managed to do all sorts of things in drag and find all kinds of occa-

sions to get out of the house and have my fun. I've got a briefcase that contains my basic travel kit, in which I rotate the clothes from time to time. A typical day in drag goes as follows: early Sunday morning I'll go to the office to wrap up some business and to give me an excuse for getting out of the house. I shave thoroughly first and usually manage to get my panty hose and girdle on while I'm in the bathroom. Then I head for a nearby closed-up shopping center, which has a huge parking lot so that I can see anyone coming while I finish dressing. I take only a few minutes to finish; usually, I wear a slacks-and-sweater combination, since it's comfortable. My favorite outfit is a white turtleneck and white, tight-fitting slacks with flared bottoms. Loafers or low-heel pumps and a matching sheer scarf complete the array. Sometimes I put on a black sheath skirt and spike heels if it's good weather. I have several wigs of my own now and my own makeup, all neatly contained in the briefcase. Once dressed, I have become almost fearless as to what I will do.

Sometimes I go window-shopping or go to a museum or the shopping malls. I have discovered that nobody really looks at me except as a pretty woman. I've gone in to quick-food places that are crowded, and I've mingled right in, although the first time was really claustrophobic. Now that I've sort of got out of my closet, I find that it totally relaxes me to stroll down a street, feeling my nylons as my legs brush together, enjoying the tightness of my shoes, seeing my breasts reflected in the windows, and smelling the makeup on my face. I forget my high-tension job, relax completely, and am ready for another week of trauma at the office.

I try to get home about noon or shortly afterward. I have a deserted lane where I undress, since that requires a lot more time than dressing. I carry a thermos of water and a rag, a jar of cleansing cream, and a small bar of soap. Once all my makeup is off, I put some after-shave lotion on to clear the scent. Then I remove the wig and pack it carefully away. Then I pack my blouse (or sweater and bra), slacks, and girdle and panty hose. As I'm dressing from the top as a woman, I'm dressing as a man in case anyone drives by. I just live from weekend to weekend so that I can practice my sport and really enjoy it.—Name and address withheld

Tying the knot

We have considered writing you for some time but have never had anything quite so interesting to relate. The idea came to my boyfriend (I'll call him Neil) during a wet dream. He imagined tying me to his waterbed, blindfolded, while attacking my totally helpless body. He told me that he came with such force that the effects were felt for hours. We discussed how we might do it but somehow never quite got it together.

One day Neil surprised me and bought a roll of rope. Before I knew what was hap-



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pening, he threw me onto his bed and bound my hands and feet to the posts. I lay there helpless and frightened, but I was still quite excited as he covered my eyes with my red bandana. He savagely ripped off my clothes, leaving only my black-lace panties and see-through bra. Slowly, he excited me by biting and clawing his way up my quivering legs. My panties were becoming soaked with love juices as he tore them away. He purposely neglected my throbbing cunt and went for my breasts. Again he forced his way upon me, and I lay there blind and defenseless, wondering what lay ahead. Before I could catch my breath, he had taken his clothes off. I felt his hot breath on my chest, and I tensed with anticipation. His hands grasped my neck as he lowered his warm body onto mine.

Suddenly, he pushed his pulsating cock into my wet cunt. I was wild with ecstasy, which was heightened by panic! Out he went, leaving me moaning for more. Without warning he returned and plunged his fingers into me, which were followed by his tongue. Time and again I was brought to the threshold by his licking, biting, and sucking, while his hands rubbed my sides. I wanted him in me, but I was powerless. The ropes felt tighter than ever as he inched his way up my body. Soon he was caressing my breasts and tormenting me with his fingers. Finally, he let me feel his cock again as it brushed my thigh. His weight pushed against me as he slowly

slipped in. He gently rocked back and forth, probing deeper and deeper, again and again. The passion increased, and we were fucking with total abandon. I screamed with delight and ascended into nirvana, but Neil wasn't through with me. He pulled out suddenly and forced his prick into my mouth. At last he stopped this and twitched to and fro. Before I knew what to expect, hot come had shot into my mouth and around my lips. Once again my delight was surpassed by surprise as he licked it from my face and began going down on me. The come that only seconds before had been on my lips was now being deposited on my cunt, and I felt myself approach the threshold and came again.

This was truly one of the most exciting nights I have ever spent with Neil. Being totally vulnerable to his whims was unbelievably stimulating, but being blind to them in addition was *extremely* arousing. Next time I hope to turn the tables and tie him to the bed blindfolded, alternately sucking him and masturbating myself with him until neither of us can stand it any longer. I can't wait.—H.L., Tucson, Ariz.

Effectual bisexual

I am a twenty-eight-year-old woman, attractive, married for eight years, and very much in love with my husband. I have never had any extramarital affairs with anyone; but my husband, who is a practicing bisexual, has had a few liaisons with men, and I

am aware of it. We have been very open and honest about his bisexuality, and it has never been a problem.

I must admit that, like many women, I have always had a fantasy about making it with two men, but I never dreamed it would come true. A friend was in from New York and would be staying for dinner. We don't get to see him that often, and it usually is a treat. He is quite handsome and, I must admit, quite arousing to me. After we had picked him up, my husband cooked dinner and we joked and clowning and talked, generally catching up on lost time. In the process we all got a little stoned and a little drunk.

After dinner my friend produced a grab bag of costumes and, in particular, a toga, which my friend and I both insisted my husband try on. My husband came down with the costume on and a jockstrap on underneath, which we both couldn't resist taking a peak at. A wild photographing spree led to a lot of touching, kissing, and thrashing about on the couch. My husband suggested that we adjourn to our bedroom.

Our bedroom is really conducive to lovemaking, as it has a giant old mirror behind the bed. On this night we lit two candles and some incense. I hurried to the bathroom to wash, and while I always thought I would be freaked out if something like this happened, I found myself dripping with excitement.

We all hurried to bed, and on separate occasions both my friend and my husband parted my legs. With their talented tongues, they had me moaning with pleasure. They did not leave any part of me wanting attention. They nibbled my large breasts until I thought I would come any moment.

My husband, who has a talent for staying hard, let me ride him until I had a bursting orgasm. Some of the more interesting moments of our *ménage à trois* happened while I lay back and watched these two beautiful men take turns at fellatio. This led me to wonder why two men are never included in a porn film when almost always two women are. I never felt excluded from any lovemaking; on the contrary, both tried to give me orgasm after orgasm.

Both whispered how beautiful I was and how they loved the feel of my vagina, and they both felt so hot and desirable. I was fucked in just about every position I could think of, and then some. We all enjoyed it, and I will never be reluctant again.—R.S., address withheld

It's great to hear reports like yours of such uninhibited sexual enjoyment. However, you haven't been able to find two men (or more) having sex on the screen because you've been going to the wrong movie houses. If you're in the market for this kind of fantasy material, keep looking and you'll eventually get your reward.

Slow vehicles must use flashers

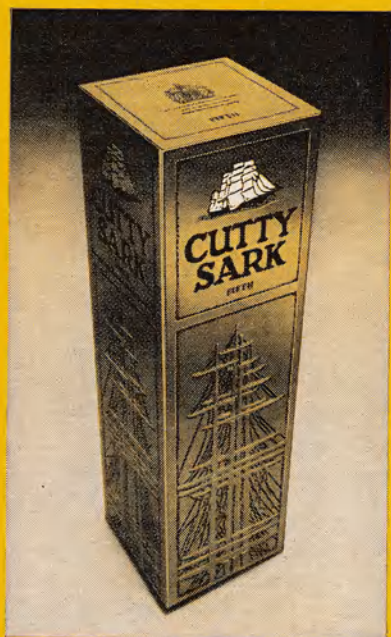
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girl and I came up with an interesting way to pass the time. I had been on the verge of falling asleep at the wheel, which would have been disastrous under any circumstances, but especially so in view of the fact that we were driving along a long stretch of road where construction work was taking place every few miles.

On an impulse, I offered my companion the following bet: if she unbuttoned her blouse, lowered her bra, and exposed her big, juicy tits to the flagman when we passed him, I would take her for dinner to the restaurant of her choice, but only on proof that he had seen her. That would be indicated by the look of astonishment of his that I would catch in my rear-view mirror as we rolled merrily on down the road.

The first few times we tried this, my girl, being somewhat shy and bashful, exposed herself only when we came abreast of the flagman, and by then, of course, it was much too late for him to see the delectable sight that was passing before his eyes.

With a little coaxing from me, however, my darling soon got the hang of the game and began opening up a hundred yards or so before we got to the flagman. With a final note of inspiration, I suggested that she wave out the window in order to catch his attention. Thus assured of being noticed, we slowly drove by a middle-aged man, who could not believe his eyes. At the same time, my right hand was quickly working its way in and out of my sweetheart's pussy,

which, by now, was exuding a great deal of her wonderful love juices. We have discovered a harmless and enjoyable new game to perk up bored flagmen and tired drivers. I heartily recommend it to all.—*Name and address withheld*

Joy of running

My buddies and I are sailors stationed at the training center in Great Lakes, Ill. We have recently begun participating in the jogging craze that is sweeping the nation. Anyway, last Wednesday night we went jogging and had run about a mile and a half when we spotted a woman jogging about seventy-five yards ahead of us. We quickened our pace and hung back at a distance of about ten yards. She appeared to be in her late twenties and was a real fox! She had gently waved, sandy blonde hair, which cascaded down to the small of her back. Her body and legs were perfect—probably a result of her jogging. She wore very short shorts, closely cut and fairly revealing. I could picture what they concealed.

We decided to move closer to get a better look. We were far from disappointed when we saw her front view. Her face would have put any beauty to shame, and her pendulous breasts were swinging freely, as she obviously wasn't wearing a bra.

Steve gave a soft whistle of approval, and she responded with a dazzling smile and very suggestively said hello. We all

jogged for a few minutes until she declared that it was time for a rest. We sat down in a small grassy area amid some trees. After talking for a while, Cindy lay back and suddenly started stroking herself! My friends and I picked up the not-so-subtle hint and helped her disrobe. Needless to say, we were all naked in a matter of seconds. God, she was gorgeous! My friend Terry is hung like a horse—almost ten inches when erect. I run about eight, and Steve holds a close third at seven and a half inches. Well, Cindy was hotter than hell with three big pricks wagging in her face, and sailors are always ready.

First, I kissed her luscious mouth, while Terry and Steve caressed her beautiful body. Steve moved down to the sweet, moist cleft between her firm legs, and Terry licked and sucked her tits until the nipples were rock-hard. When Steve flicked his tongue over Cindy's clit, she let out the sexiest moan I have ever heard. She grabbed my tool and pulled it to her mouth, while Steve and Terry switched positions. Terry slowly sank his hot ten inches into her waiting box, as Steve straddled her chest and tit-fucked her. This was too much for Cindy—she had her first orgasm, quickly followed by Terry's. Next I came, and as she swallowed, Steve sent his jets of come over her chest, throat, and chin.

Next, she took Terry in her mouth—at least she tried to. She couldn't take all of him, but she took enough to give him the best head he's ever had. Then Steve started up Hershey's alley. It was hard, but with a mixture of his saliva and love juices he managed to get up her tight anus. I then penetrated her pussy, and Cindy went wild. She bucked her hips frantically while she devoured Terry's cock. All four of us came almost simultaneously and then rested for a while to regain our senses.

We went on for almost three hours, until we were all so exhausted that further sex would have been impossible. I told her that it would be great to get together again, but she said that her husband didn't like her going out alone at all. He was afraid she'd be raped. (If he only knew.) She talked about her husband for a while and then lowered the boom. He was a lieutenant in the navy and was stationed at Great Lakes! She kissed us all and walked away. Just think: three enlisted men had been screwing the wife of an officer. My buddies and I now play basketball to stay fit.—*S.T., Great Lakes, Ill.*

Movable feast

A few weeks ago I was confronted with one of the most bizarre and stimulating sights I have ever seen. I had just finished another frustrating day on the ship (USN) and was heading down to the club for a couple of beers. A friend told me on the bus that there was supposed to be a live show at the club.

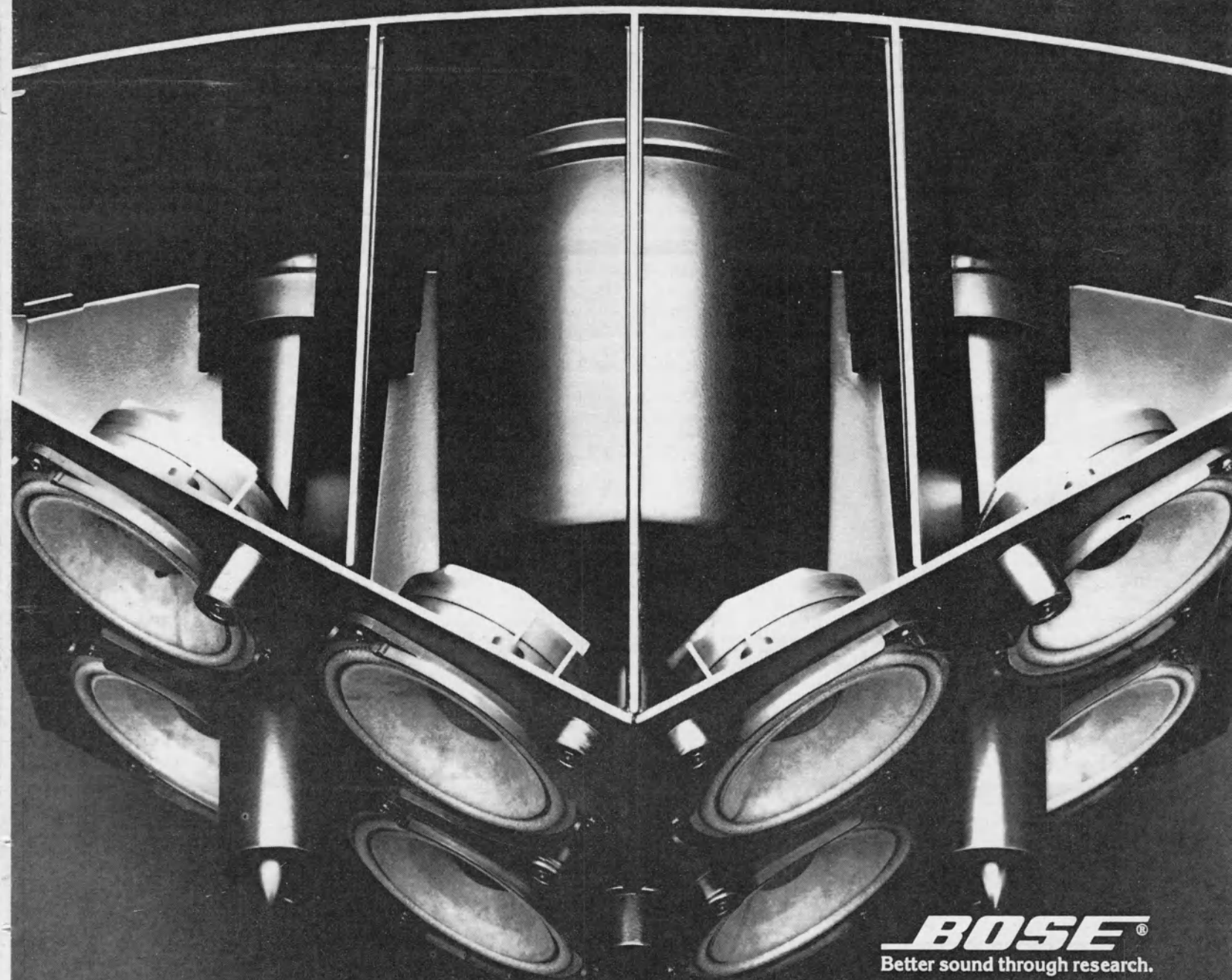
Well, I couldn't have been there for more than half an hour when the dancer came on. What followed was sheer madness and delight. She was a blonde in her early twenties and was built like Carol Doda. I was



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growing harder every second, fantasizing about diving into that bulging box!

It was as if she could read my mind when she advanced toward me while stripping. My desires were fulfilled when she yanked me up onto the stage and thrust my face into her slick, blonde honey pot! I licked and licked till the pot was dry. After what seemed like hours of munching down, I took a breather while a shipmate filled in. Then someone began licking her ass hole!

By the end of the evening, everyone had eaten once, and most of us had had seconds. It just goes to show you that if you'll eat navy chow, you'll eat anything!—*Name and address withheld*

Sweet surrender

I never thought I'd be writing a letter to "Forum," but when I read a letter in your October issue called "Pool Pet," I was inspired to sit down and write. My very unusual experience is in some ways the same, but mostly different.

I was working in a local bar when I met Bill, who seemed to be very kind. I met all kinds of men while I was a lady bartender. At first, for about two or three weeks, I noticed that Bill kept watching me, and then after a while I found myself looking at him. One evening, as I was sitting in the restaurant next door, he came in and sat at my table. I remember my telling him to leave me alone because I had already figured out what he wanted. I just couldn't see

myself making it with someone as old as my father. (Bill is thirty-nine, and I'm twenty-one.) After I'd told him this, he seemed to understand. But he kept coming back to the restaurant and even became manager of the place!

Bill is a very well built man, with broad shoulders and a nice slim waistline, and the more I saw of him, the more curious I became. I kept fantasizing about us in bed until he finally asked me if I wanted to sleep at his place one night. I hesitated at first, but he promised that he wouldn't rape me. He was as gentle as a pussycat and started caressing me all over: my arms, breasts, stomach, legs, buttocks, and, finally, my cunt. I had been thinking of stopping him, but how could I now? Then we started kissing and touching each other all over. My nipples became so hard that I could hardly stand it. When he reached my already-wet cunt, I almost exploded. I had never felt that way before with anyone else, and I came as I'd never come before! His cock was huge and very hard as he entered me very slowly at first, then more vigorously. It was just a matter of seconds before I felt his warm come. We both lay side by side fully satisfied, still touching one another tenderly, until we drifted into a long sleep.

To make a long story short, we eventually moved to a different state, found different jobs, and married. I wouldn't trade him for anyone else in the world! He is not only

sexy but also intelligent and a very loving husband.—*M.Z., address withheld*

Blackout water sports

I guess that everyone who lives in New York has his own blackout story, but I don't know if anyone has one to match mine.

I live near the water, and on really hot nights, I launch my big rubber dinghy, peel down to my bare skin, and just drift around keeping cool. It was really hot, and suddenly, right at 9:30 P.M. all the lights on shore went out. I figured that the lights would go back on soon, but they didn't, and it was sort of crazy being out in the water with everything on shore so dark. I was close enough to shore that I didn't have to worry about any boats running me down in the dark.

The funny thing was that the whole blackout thing just turned me on, and before I really knew what I was doing, I started playing with my cunt, my fingers moving slowly over my curly blonde hair. And, of course, the more I did, the more steamy I became. Just as I was about to paddle into shore and finish myself off good in bed, I heard this rippling sound and then a loud splash, and I couldn't believe it because suddenly there was this dark shape floating alongside the dinghy. Before I really had a chance to get scared, I realized that it was a skin diver. He told me not to worry, that he had been diving, and when the lights went out he lost his bearings. Then he pulled off his mask, gave a big smile, and said, "That looks like fun. Don't let me stop you."

Well, if I had been turned on before, I was really hot now. This guy (he was young—maybe twenty or twenty-one) pulled himself into my yellow boat, and the first thing that I noticed was the big bulge in his skin-tight black rubber suit. I kept on stroking myself while he slowly peeled off his suit, and before I knew it, he was down there between my legs just slurping away. It took me about ten seconds to get off, and then I reached out and grabbed his cock.

He was nicely sized and hard, the way I like it. He flopped over on his back, and I was down on him. First, there was kind of a salty taste, since we were in the Long Island Sound right off City Island. After I licked off all the salt with the tip of my tongue, all I could taste was raw, hard cock. I loved it. I sucked him off and swallowed his whole wad. Then we jumped out of the boat into the cold water to cool off. I could swear that I saw steam come up from the water when we jumped in.

While we were swimming and playing around, I started to get horny again. I grabbed him, and to my surprise he was rock-hard. He put his arms around me, and I entwined my legs around him and slipped onto his cock. It's really great fucking in the water except that we kept slipping under water—we were getting so carried away with out passion. He could tell that I was about to come, and then he did something very weird. He pulled his oxygen tank out of my boat and slipped into it. Then he put the

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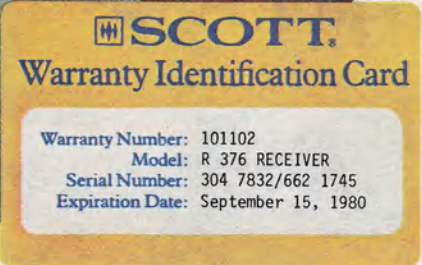
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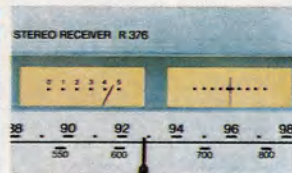
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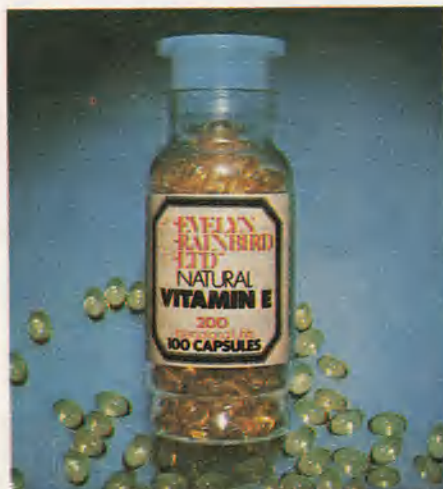
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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Von Hoffman strikes again!

"Down the Down Staircase" (October 1977) was brilliantly written, Nicholas von Hoffman, I love you! I am twenty-five, and my junior-college education amounts to less than sophomore level. I work as an interior designer in a retail-decorating store, and two years in the business brought me more knowledge than four years at Woodbury or the Fashion Institute. I have taken design classes at various institutions when I thought it beneficial. I am currently studying for membership in the American Society of Interior Designers, and my school is the public library. My textbooks? Reference books by the millions! The quest for knowledge is in the heart. You can and will learn every day if you open your mind to the experience.

Who knows? I may change my major. The public library accepts new and returning students.—*Micki, Whittier, Calif.*

I want to say "Right on!" to Nicholas von Hoffman's column in the October *Penthouse*. When I entered college in September 1969, I really wasn't sure why I was going, but my parents made it seem a necessity. Their insistence was reinforced by that of the high school I attended, which made its students feel that those who didn't go to college were of a lower caste, while those who went were the elite.

At any rate, any doubts I had about college were dispelled by the fact that there was a shooting war going on at the time, and school seemed the most logical place to hide out. This ignorant bliss continued until December 1970, when I was reclassified I-H, which meant that my lottery number was safely out of reach of the draft.

After about another year, I started to think about the reason why I was in college, and I found that I had no answers. But, by this time, I was only six months short of graduation; so I figured, what the hell, I may as well finish now.

Since I graduated in May 1973, with a degree in business administration, I have not started a career. I feel that I came out of college unskilled and ill prepared for life in the "real world." I wish that someone had been as vociferous as von Hoffman back in 1968 and 1969 and had dispelled some of the college myths. Maybe I would have thought things over a little better and wouldn't feel now that I have wasted four years of my life and \$12,000 of my parents' money.—*Frederick O. Herbert, Berkeley, Calif.*

As one of those academic drones whom

Nicholas von Hoffman writes so eloquently of, I feel that I can offer a few points in support of his contentions. Every weekday I go to a school that I no longer enjoy, but at least I know why I'm there: (1) I was crippled in the service, and this is the best way I know to keep on eating those federal preserves, and (2) although there are many things that I am capable of doing, I do not have the money or a license.

But it is not myself that I really feel sorry for. I am about ten years older than the majority of my classmates, and every day I can see in their faces that they don't know what they are doing there or, worse, why they endure the humiliation of being treated like simple children.

But what choice do students have? The want ads are full of jobs that demand a degree or experience, actually required or not. So it's either starve on slave wages, join the military, or sweat out college.

I have my plans. I'm going to sit here, beating on this old typewriter, until I'm qualified to take Mr. von Hoffman's job away from him. But in the meantime, there must be some genius somewhere who can devise a better solution for the rest of the drones in the collegiate hive.—*Thomas C. Anderson, Kirksville, Mo.*

Out of the closet

Will you convey my appreciation to Jack Mann for his article on Dave Kopay (September 1977). It was a surprise to see it in a magazine as hetero-oriented as *Penthouse*, with its obvious absence of space devoted to the joys of the "third" sex. Jack's article was well done and, as far as I'm concerned, puts your magazine at the top of my list.

Gays are in trouble out here in California, and they don't know it. The porno people made a serious mistake in juvenile porno magazines. The cult of family reigns supreme in the United States, and unfortunately Anita Bryant drew the herd's attention to the myth that homos are a threat to children.

I received a chilling letter from our chief of police here in Los Angeles concerning his views regarding the homosexual community, and I can tell you that if he is elected governor of this state, your magazine will be sold under the counter as *Playboy* once was. According to him, it's all one lump—pornographers and gays.

When Hitler's bandwagon got rolling, he pinned pink triangles on Germany's gays and sent 250,000 of them off to the ovens with the Jews. Well, that's history. Unfortunately, events in Dade County, Fla., and



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elsewhere indicate that a growing majority never learn from history. It is now the responsibility of editors and publishers of high-level intellectual magazines and publications such as yours to devote more space or articles to educate and get American society off the backs of the most oppressed minority we have.

Me? I'm the father of three fine, open-minded, and educated children, am happily married, and have the rare bliss of "erogenous zones" that never stay in one place. Thank you, Jack Mann.—G. G., Northridge, Calif.

A knockout

Your interview with Ken Norton (October 1977) was incredible. The questioning stuck mainly to boxing, and it was astute. It was the best conversation on the subject that I have ever been privy to, and it revealed Ken Norton at long last. He is honest; his head has not been blasted or his diction impaired. He is a thinking man and even refused to take full credit for breaking Ali's jaw—which was amazing. He is a man whose ego is cool. What a treat for boxing fans who ain't never heard a boxer talk straight. This interview should set the standard for all future boxing interviews. "What was the hardest you ever hit anyone?" What an interview! Thank you, Ken, and thank you, Larry Linderman.—Mike Zempter, San Antonio, Tex.

High hopes

After reading the article by Robert S. Wieder, "High Hopes for Hawaii" (September 1977), I was relieved and pleased to learn that there are a great many people who realize the need for the legalization of marijuana.

It is imperative that our state and federal governments realize the economic benefits which will result from legalizing grass. Any problems can easily be solved if only the government would cooperate in setting control and quality standards.

It is time for action on all our parts, especially the 30 million of us who use marijuana not only to restore society's moral values but also to save our fiftieth state.—L. D. Cossey, Bakersfield, Calif.

Robert S. Wieder may have "high hopes for
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Hawaii," but we here at International Marijuana Wholesalers and Distributors, the only firm dealing in legal commodity futures in pot, have already begun to implement our hopes for growing, marketing, and distributing Georgia Peach, Kentucky Tops, and a variety of other southern-grown quality marijuana as soon as legally feasible. Peanuts are not the only money crop that flourishes in the humid climate of the South.

A study done by Gatewood Gailbraith of Kentucky Marijuana Feasibility Study, Inc., for instance, recently revealed that if pot were legalized tomorrow, the average Kentucky farmer could supplement his annual income to the tune of \$5,000 and more by

keeping with the classic concept of free enterprise with as little governmental influence or interference as possible, will prevent those who have helped make marijuana what it is today (and can become tomorrow) from being kicked out onto the streets by a conspiracy of government-sanctioned claim jumpers. In the process, it is the "high hope" of everyone here at IMWD to provide the cannabis consumer with a wide variety of choice herbs from which to select a stash in the future.—Shay Addams, International Marijuana Wholesalers and Distributors, Atlanta, Ga.

Feedback feedback

In your October "Feedback," I read two versions of a story about Cleburne County and its law enforcement, and I wanted to express yet a third opinion.

I think that *Penthouse* has been grossly unfair in attacking southern law enforcement in this manner; and as for the jerk who wrote the original article, Peter Biskind, if he had brains enough to research his articles more thoroughly, he'd find that the people who enforce the laws are overworked, underpaid, and unduly harassed by people such as himself with the mentality of a jackass.

As for Mr. Cheatwood, the guy in the Cleburne County jail, he's a bigger jerk than Biskind. He's bitching about something that is no one's fault but his own. Why is he there? Because he chose to rip

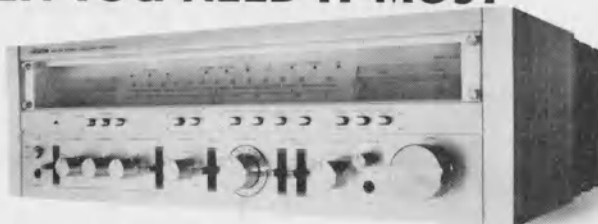
somebody off, and he's getting everything that's coming to him. I'd advise him that the next time he robs someone he check out the local jail to make sure that it has the accommodations he desires—just in case he gets caught!

If this attitude, a feeling of gratitude and respect for the law, constitutes a redneck, then I'm damned proud to be one! If both Biskind and Cheatwood were forced to be policemen for one week, I'd guarantee that they'd change their tunes and quick!

If people would stop harassing their police and start helping them, then maybe the crime rate would go down. But people like Biskind and Cheatwood would prefer to sit back and flap their gums about how rotten this and that is. I'm proud to be from the

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growing the weed, which just thrives in Kentucky. Hawaii, Wieder must be aware, is not the only state whose economy and citizenry find themselves in a financial quandary at the moment. Fortunately, there is enough room for everyone in the future legal marijuana market, or will be, provided that enough concerned smokers act now to ensure that we are all not left holding the bag by big business in a few years.

We agree with Wieder's proposal that pot distribution be turned over to private industry, but we cannot accept its being limited exclusively to existing private industry. More than money is at stake here; our very "heads" are on the line in a very literal sense.

We feel that an open marijuana market, in

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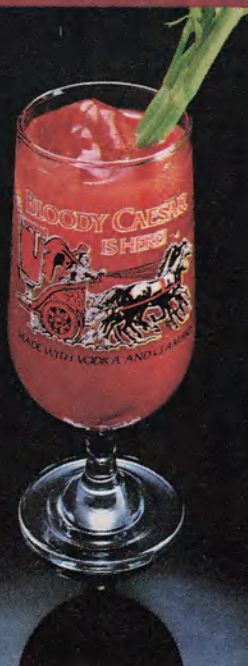
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South and a citizen of the best country on this earth, and I'd like to see it stay clean and respectable for the people who have more purpose in life than those two characters.—*R. F., Quincy, Fla.*

In 1976 a friend and I were moving from Baton Rouge, La., to Columbia, S.C., a fourteen-hour hard drive. We rented a U-haul and loaded it to the gills with our clothes, dishes, stereo, and accumulated odds and ends.

We were on the road only a short time when we bought a couple of six-packs of Coors beer to take home. The trip was going well until we hit Cleburne County, Ala. At 9:00 P.M., I pulled into a service station for gas. As I stepped out of the van, an unmarked blue Chevy pulled up behind me. The driver got out, walked up to the van, and, with no questions or warning, leaned on the door and opened a cooler that was between the two front seats. Then he walked over to me and told me that my headlight was hanging out of its socket, and that he would have to take us in. Another policeman came to drive the van, and we were taken in the unmarked car to the police station. Upon arrival, we were told that we were being arrested for violation of the prohibition law, because Cleburne County is a "dry" county and we had one full beer in the cooler. (We had already disposed of the others.) We were proved not to be drunk but were booked for

violation of the prohibition law and for a defective headlight. As I was the driver, I was told to stay in the station and my friend was taken outside while they searched the van. When they returned, we were told that our total fine would be \$144.50. Well, I pulled out the money to pay the fine when this other officer told us to wait, and he went outside with still another cop. After half an hour they came back and said, "Who's damn marijuana is this?" We were pretty well stunned by this inquiry and tried to question the officer, but we never got the chance before they tried to book us. I couldn't see any use in both of us getting locked up; so I took the rap, which turned out to be a good idea, because it gave me someone on the outside who was able to tell others of the problem.

We were told that the new total fine, with the added marijuana charge, was \$431. Besides being really peeved at the false charge, we didn't have that kind of money on us. So my friend was let go, and I was fingerprinted and allowed to call my parents. I was put in a rathole of a jail, which is where I met Sam Cheatwood. I was scared stiff of the four other guys in the cell, two of whom were being held for murder.

The next day my friend came in with the rest of the money I needed. I got a receipt on a piece of notepaper and was told that I would get legal receipts within two weeks. It's now over a year, and I still haven't gotten them.

Sam Cheatwood was truly right when he said that Cleburne County was the biggest asshole he's ever seen—the place is unfit for humans. Sam, hang in there. Even though you goofed, I sure feel sorry for you.—*S.A., Columbia, S.C.*

Roth

Philip Roth's "Oh, to Be in England" (October 1977) stirred the nostalgia of my feelings, as only J.D. Salinger had been able to do years ago. Roth stylized perfectly the confusion a young man hides in his head when he is faced with the drama of real life and the intricacies of relationships with uninhibited and beautiful women. It is both poignant and edifying for me to see others struggle with this problem and lose, as I have so many times.

I am hopeful that Mr. Roth has other works published in this mood or at least soon to be released. Please convey my admiration for his work and let me encourage you to continue to carry his stories.—*D.D. Tucker, Ennis, Tex.*

"Oh, to Be in England" is an excerpt from Philip Roth's latest book, *The Professor of Desire*, published by Farrar, Straus, & Giroux.

Lingerie lover

It's difficult for me to write this letter, because I'm so weak from jerking off over your October issue, which highlights erotic lingerie.

It's beautiful and proves, once more, that Guccione knows where raunch is at. Keep it up, and I'll do the same!—*Al Goldstein, Publisher, SCREW, New York, N.Y.*

In defense

We were very much disappointed with your article (April 1977) entitled "So They Want to Run the World?"

The Executive Protective Service has law-enforcement powers similar to those of the Metropolitan Police Department of the District of Columbia. Because of their primary function—security at the White House and the foreign diplomatic missions—Executive Protective Service officers do not investigate violations of the law but turn the cases over to the appropriate investigative agencies. EPS officers do, however, enforce the law when violations have been committed in their presence. For example, during the last few weeks, EPS officers have made arrests for hit and run, disorderly conduct, assault on a police officer, burglary, robbery, assault with a deadly weapon, driving while intoxicated, etc.

We are extremely proud of the professional manner in which Executive Protective Service officers carry out their duties, and we are proud of the high caliber of the men and women who are employed in this uniformed branch of the United States Secret Service.—*John W. Warner, Jr., Assistant to the Director, Department of the Treasury, United States Secret Service, Washington, D.C.*



"C'mon, whaddaya say—just one dance?"

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17
MG TAR



1.0 MG NIC.

16
MG TAR



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12
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XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

XAVIERA'S LETTER OF THE MONTH

My wife and I have enjoyed your column in Penthouse almost since it began, and some time ago it dawned on us that you'd be the perfect one to answer a question we have, which is: in your experience, have you ever known or heard of a call girl who has kept a count of her tricks? The question may seem inane, but it is of some importance to us.

Why would we like to know? Perhaps a little background would be in order.

Seven years ago, I met and immediately fell in love with the most wonderful woman I had ever known. Two months later we were married. At the time my wife was twenty-eight and I a year older. She is one fantastic woman and an even more fantastic lover. Then, about a year ago, I almost lost her. A weird viral infection almost took her life. It was nip and tuck for several weeks, but she finally pulled through like the trooper she is. She has no family to speak of (except two aunts and a nephew and niece in Pennsylvania), but, hunt as I did, I simply couldn't locate her address book to notify them. She was in the hospital, under heavy sedation most of the time; so I couldn't ask her for the book. I turned the house upside down searching for it.

Finally, I found what I thought I was looking for. Way in the back of her lingerie drawer, underneath a pile of frothy silk and nylon, I came upon a small, silver-colored box about the size of a book. I'd never seen it before, but then I had never pried into her past. Inside the box were what appeared to be a few personal mementos and, at the bottom, two small, leather-bound loose-leaf binders. Since they looked like address books, I leafed through them. It was rather strange. Each book contained maybe thirty or so thin pages, all completely filled in (both sides) with columns of numbers. I took a few minutes to glance through the numbers. But



since they weren't what I was looking for, I put the book back where I had found it. (I subsequently found her address book in the glove compartment of her car.)

Several months after she had recovered, I jokingly told her of my frantic search for her address book, how I had literally torn the house apart, and where I had finally found it. She didn't laugh—she looked like I had just hit her in the stomach. Then tears came. She knew I'd seen the contents of the box, although I had quite forgotten about it by then. I didn't know what the trouble was. Then my wife tearfully confessed that she had been a call girl from her senior year in college until she met me (a period of about eight years). The books in the box had been her tally books: she had kept track of every different trick she had ever had.

Frankly, I didn't care and still don't give a damn whether she was a call girl or an elephant trainer before I met her. I didn't marry her past; I married her. But the scene that evening got awfully heavy, as she couldn't seem to accept that I love her for what she is. I figured I had to interject some levity into the situation. So I called her a whore, tucked a twenty-dollar bill into her bra, and told her I was going to ball her brains out. It must have been the right thing to do. She giggled and said that if I gave her four more bills, she might consider it . . .

It took a little time and some counseling, but we finally got it all worked out, and we're back to the beautiful life we had before. Now we can joke about the tally books which she had kept for so long and which I don't want her to destroy.

That's how our question came about. My wife maintains that she kept track of every trick she had ever had. The last page of the second book, which I hadn't seen, contained the final tally: 7,136! My wife also says that she counted only those tricks who had

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to
Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.
Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

actually penetrated her with their cocks. Personally, I feel that she's exaggerating, but she says she's not. My wife says that for the most part, she was on what whores call the "convention circuit," so that she didn't have a regular or standing clientele.

Arithmetically speaking, it's astounding. If you accept the figure of 7,136 and figure that each of her screws took about (say) twelve minutes, of screwing, that makes a total of 85,632 minutes or 1,427 hours of fucking. Furthermore, if a man thrusts an average of two inches in and two inches out on each stroke, or four inches of travel per stroke, and we assume about—a conservative estimate—sixty strokes per minute, then she must have taken some 2,880 inches per trick. Then 7,136 cocks would have traveled some 20,551,680 inches, or 1,712,640 feet, or 324 miles. Is it possible that my wife's beautiful pussy—a pussy tight enough to make me gasp when she wants to contract it—could have taken an estimated 350 miles of cock?

The sad thing for her is the rotten fly-by-night investments. The beautiful thing is that I not only have her but that I also now feel perfectly free to suggest some kinkier forms of sex. She is an incredible expert. We would appreciate your thoughts and comments.—B.R.

I haven't met any girls who have kept records of their clients purely for interest's sake, but I do know girls (myself included)

who keep notes for future reference. If you have read any of my books, you must know that I refer to many men who have paid for my services. And even though I have a good memory, I do write down any interesting experiences, just in case I decide to use the story. As for you, have you ever thought of going into computer programming?

PLEASURE IN PLUMBING

I am writing for the women who read your column and who do not like the hassle of manual masturbation.

My husband brought home a copy of Penthouse magazine, and, as a faithful reader, I began reading through your column. I came to a letter entitled "Did I Come?" You mentioned, in your reply, something that sounded like it might be very relaxing. I was very horny at the time and decided to try out your idea. By seating myself in the bathtub, underneath the faucet, and letting the warm water flow on my clitoris, I began to get excited. I experienced a fantastic orgasm, like no other I've ever had. It was relaxing—so warm—and the best part was that I didn't have to lift a finger. I highly recommend this method to all women who like to reach a climax while just lying back and relaxing. But only, of course, when a man is not available.—Lisa

There are many ways to masturbate through using household items, and I've

found that each different item produces a different type of orgasm, from the most intense to the most relaxing. My parents used to have an old washing machine that jumped around when it hit the spin-dry cycle. While I was still living at home, I used to turn it on when everyone was out of the house, and, if I leaned on it in just the right position, I could have a fantastic orgasm. I have also enjoyed many relaxing orgasms under the faucet, but for this I find it easier to lie down in the bathtub while the shower is on. The position is more comfortable and the flow of water is lighter.

BI-BYE BOREDOM

I want to tell you one of my fantasies and see what you think of it.

I was married once before, and my ex-husband had fantasies about my making love with another woman. He used to make me talk to him like I was making love to another woman while he fucked me. I said everything he wanted, from caressing her breasts to eating her pussy. The thought of it used to make me sick, but I did what he said, because it really turned him on. I even read books about lesbians and bisexual women to improve my "performance."

My second husband now knows all about this. The problem is I now find that I want my husband, while he fucks me, to talk to me as if he were a woman making love to me. I want to see how much it can turn me on. I want him to pretend that he's a

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certain young lady, named Sally, whom I find very attractive. Sally is a real knockout—I have seen her naked body. Sally answered her front door one day just after she had gotten out of the shower. She had her robe on, with nothing underneath it, and the wind blew it open. Her pussy was in full view.

Not long after that day, I bought a black, see-through bra that my husband had picked out for me. Sally had come over to visit, and I showed it to her and asked if she wanted to try it on. She said she would and went to the bedroom. After I had waited a while, I walked into the bedroom. She was standing there, naked from the waist up. Sally commented about having lost some weight in her tits, but I told her how nice they looked.

My "new" husband knows that I would like to make a pass at her, but I don't think she would go for it. Sally and I talk all the time about the fantasies we have, but I don't want to lose her friendship by approaching her sexually. I am horny all the time, thinking about having sex with her. Last night, my husband and I had just finished making love when he asked me to tell him how I would make love to another woman. I then went through my scenario, which starts out with my unbuttoning "her" blouse and finishes with our pussies rubbing together. I looked down at my husband, and he had a big hard-on.

We would both really like for me to seduce another woman, but I've never had the opportunity. We would like it

to happen with someone we know. Sally once told me her fantasy regarding an orgy involving just the four of us (our husbands and ourselves), and I told her that I'd like my husband to fuck her while her husband fucks me. (He is a very good-looking man, and I want to see how good he is.) It wouldn't make me jealous to have my husband do it to her, because my man and I love each other and are secure in our relationship.

Xaviera, do you think I could be bisexual, or do I just have wild fantasies? What should I do about this woman?—Diane

Since this woman has already approached you about a foursome, take her up on it. This will put you in a position to make a

pass at Sally without scaring her away. When she told you her fantasy, she obviously meant that she would like all four of you to be together at once; otherwise, she would have just asked to fuck your husband while you fucked her husband.

If you still think that she is hesitant about making love with another woman, talk to her about bisexuality and try to find out how she feels. If you have a chance to visit with her and talk about fantasies, tell her how you would like to make love to another woman or how you would like to have a three-way affair with your husband and another woman. You should be able to tell by her reactions just how she feels about bisexuality. For all you know, she might think three makes the best crowd.

where I saw the receiver resting on the phone. At first I thought this odd, but as I slowly turned to face her, I saw her eyes moving up and down my body. The sight of her sky-blue retinas scanning me over made me burst into the most fantastic, flaming, hard erection I ever experienced. I ached to enter her moist membranes, and as I thought about her pink labia, she ripped off her clothes in wild desire. There, standing in front of me, were the most tremendous, but firm, juicy white breasts—with sterling pink nipples, standing at attention. I gazed down to her crotch and saw the most wonderful blonde muff, and her warm, moist love opening seemed almost to be beckoning me to enter her. Since my erection was bursting out of my pants, I

ripped them off. Then I lifted her tender legs and separated them, so that her silk-woven pubic hair parted delightfully.

But as I entered her warm welcome mat, I had the overwhelming desire to pull out right then and there and make love to a large piece of whale meat.

Don't get me wrong, Xaviera. I did enjoy every last lumping that I lashed into her. We both made furious love all night, and my dripping love ejaculate passed through her hot hair-house over and over. I climaxed eleven times that night and she the same. To finish me off, she knelt over my gleaming, wet scepter and sucked me till I shot my boiling jism over her face. She swallowed every last drop that her tongue could retrieve.

My question to you, Xaviera? Every time I experience this kind of wild sex, I get that wild desire for whale meat. Can you figure this out?—Tim

Your blubbery desire stems from the fact that you would like to conquer and subdue your partner absolutely. However, since this is not possible (to its fullest extent) in our society, your desire manifests itself as you described it—making love to whale meat. The adjectives you used to describe women—milky white, sterling pink, wonderful blonde—indicate that you associate women with white or light colors, like the unconquerable white whale.

But will you ever be able to conquer the white whale? No one has yet. I suggest that you spend your weekends at Marine World.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 184

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HARPOON HUNGRY

Last month, for my nineteenth birthday, my parents, now dead, gave me the choice of two weeks in Tanzania or a shotgun. I choose Tanzania, because I had heard that the girls there had really incredible thighs. Well, let me tell you, that was just the beginning.

As I got off the plane in Tanzania, a farmer's daughter approached me and told me that her father was looking for a farmhand. Before I knew it, I had not only accepted the job but also decided to stay in Africa awhile.

One day, as I toiled in the fields, the daughter came out and told me that I had a call on the phone in her bedroom. I walked back to the house and into her bedroom,

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VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE OVERCLASS

BY ROBERT S. WIEDER

Within a generally hard-working, law-abiding America, there has grown a small, hard core of disaffected persons who are permanently without work, social restraints, or regard for justice. So alienated is this subminority from society by unequal distribution of wealth and power that it has become a breed apart, one which neither identifies with mid-America nor respects its ethics and mores, sense of fair play, or insistence on law and order. We hear of this group only when its vices, scandals, or homicides seize the media, but its members remain shockingly contemptuous, defiant, and disdainful of society's rules.

It lives in isolated little pockets that most Americans know only by name—Park Avenue, Nob Hill, Palm Springs, Key Biscayne, Chevy Chase—in a world right out of real-estate ads—"secluded, private, palatial." Behind its electronic gates, guarded corridors, and ivied walls is a world of landscaped estates, servants' quarters, heated pools, and polo fields. This is the American *overclass*—wealthy far beyond the merely rich—and it poses the greatest threat to America since *Time* magazine exposed the evils of the *underclass*.

Made unimaginably rich through generations of excess opportunity and ethnic favoritism and trapped perpetually at the top, they scoff at the "American Dream." Their reclusive exorbitance has created values so opposed to society's that their environment of mansions, footmen, boredom, and self-indulgence has become a subculture of the price fix, family murder, stock fraud, and government payoff. The overclass has thus produced a huge proportion of America's tax cheats, extortionists, corporate crooks, thieving politicians, perverts, and armed nuts.

So divorced is the overclass from the system that they not only consider the masses' rules irrelevant but find it far simpler to manipulate their way around the rules than to obey them. To wit:

Robert Vesco, accused of stealing investment funds and under indictment for an illegal cash contribution to CREEP, reportedly bought immunity from extradition in Costa Rica by donating money to President Figueres's family business.

Claudine Longet, convicted in the gunshot death of her lover, served a thirty-day sentence of negligent homicide in an Aspen, Colorado jail. Singer Andy Williams visited regularly.

Texas oil baron Cullen Davis, vexed by support payments, allegedly shot his ex-wife and slew her daughter and boyfriend. The next day Mr. Davis shot pool at the Petroleum Club on \$80,000 bond.

Nixon financier C. Arnholt Smith was given a twenty-five count indictment accusing him of misapplying \$27.5 million in a series of bank entries that totaled \$170 million. Smith received zero jail time and a \$30,000 fine.

Alice Crimmins, convicted of killing her daughter, did a couple of years in stir and then sensibly married her millionaire boyfriend. Three weeks later she was released to the custody of his yacht.

Patty Hearst merely machine-gunned a liquor store and helped knock off a bank; so she was paroled for \$1,250,000 to her ancestral mansion.

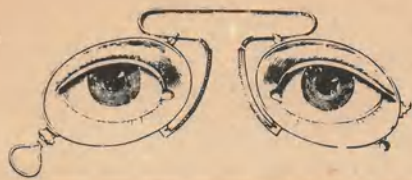
Granted, some members of the overclass resist privilege and power out of intrinsic personal ethics or simple human decency. But most, having no experience with mutual social responsibility, surrender to arrogant elitism. Despite post-Watergate tax reform, corporate-crime crackdowns, and general public outrage, the overclass remains a knot of moral bankruptcy that, in terms of concentrated power and opportunity, is no worse off than it was ten years ago. Indeed, any latent sense of fair play or accountability was stifled by the Hearst case, as well as by sentences of Watergate ringleaders to facilities many of us would trade our homes for. Many factors contribute to this malignancy.

Home Life. Sequestered from common society, having every personal whim indulged, overclassers live in a normless environment, where police are regarded merely as escorts and the world is seen as one's private property—because much of it is. "No peers" means no peer-group pressure but, rather, an us-against-the-world outlook, wherein courtesans, philanderers, grafters, and blackmailers are respected role models. In this predatory culture, the only rule is survival at any cost. And the overclass can meet any cost.

"Street" Values. In this case, Wall Street, whose sheep-shearing ethics infuse the overclass. Their disdain for law begins with careers built on white-collar crime, where the pork-barrel rip-off and the kickback are status quo, thanks to politicians who relate to them as Charlie McCarthy relates to Edgar Bergen. Theft, fraud, and personal abuse are just common business practices extended into everyday life, with the same old excuse: everybody does it. Buying immunity from justice is applauded. "Only a nut would do time if he didn't have to," shrugs one scion. Lastly, there's public apathy; if you can't fight City Hall, why take on those who own it?

Segregation. The overclass is almost totally insulated from general society, by choice and by fear—of





kidnappings, reprisals, terrorists, and angry mobs. Its sole view of America is via TV (whose idiotic portrayals only invite repudiation). To its members public education is rare, and private "schools" are jokes, with paid instructors serving meekly at their wealthy pupils' pleasure. Guilt is something read about in novels.

The answer to all of this?

Expecting help from government is like expecting spontaneous remission from syphilis. It is the overclass that put those in office into

Schools. Public education—vital for integration with the less-endowed, justly resentful masses—will require forced busing, "remedial socialization" (canings by teachers, shakedowns by poorer students), and strict dress codes that prohibit any Gucci or Blass. Truancy violations would bring corporal punishment—using real corporals.

Justice. Imprisonment for overclass offenders would be a deterrent, and it could upgrade conditions in many prisons as well. Put Vesco in Attica and let *him* reno-

Hoffa negotiate a presidential pardon; in the latter, he gets memorial services. This isn't to urge vigilante raids, but it's not to discourage them, either. Nothing would hasten propriety like the public display of, say, Bert Lance's head on a pike. But why ruin a good pike? Previous power groups have simply been drowned in the melting pot; so, too, can the overclass be.

Encouraging signs: a proposed Miami ordinance requiring anyone with three or more bathrooms to do all his own plumbing; a federal bill

SCENES



CHASING RAINBOWS

A while back, people were going around grinning at perfect strangers and badgering them to Have a Nice Day. That little sociological anomaly, thank God, seems to have died a natural death. Still, certain, nagging signs persist as warnings that the country might be creeping toward the unnatural condition of optimism.

Esalen group-groping, est, Moonies, Jesus freaks, and Eastern-inspired mysticism still exert a strong influence on minds receptive to their various upbeat philosophies. The euphoric patriotism that swelled so many bosoms during the Bicentennial has not completely subsided, nor has the mood of buoyant promise that helped sweep Jimmy Carter into the presidency. As Eric Bentley pointed out recently, a presidential campaign consists of two candidates vying with each other to present the stronger illusion of hopefulness.

"We vote for the man who fills us momentarily with the greater hopefulness," Bentley told the graduation class of a New York school, "even though experience could have taught us that such hopes are illusory."

Illusory or not, such hopes seem to be in the air right now, and show business is groping for ways to tune in. Little R2D2 may be the cutest robot ever to waddle across a movie screen, but none of the movie-industry honchos really believes that *Star Wars* owes its



The overclass: a minority within a minority.

office, and most money spent on, as it were, "antioverclass" programs winds up in overclass pockets. What we need is a three-pronged effort to help pull the elite down by their own bootstraps and purse strings.

Jobs. Mandatory employment to create a healthy sense of social dependence and vulnerability will require all those making over \$100,000 a year to work forty hours a week at *something*—ideally, in time-consuming, minimum-wage jobs that the poor can't afford to fill. Blue-collar training programs would remove many petty tyrants from the white-collar-crime atmosphere of plush executive board rooms. Private enterprise must eliminate six-figure salaries and oblige stockholders to pick up their dividends in long payroll lines.

vate it. Swift, stern justice would curb the anarchistic, law-unto-ourselves attitude at the top. A good witch-hunt may even turn overclassers against one another, which would be productive and fun to watch.

Alas, *legal* crackdowns only produce higher payoffs and more devouring of tax money by lawyers. We must strike at the root—our system of checkbook justice. Like the ultrapoor, the ultrarich should have to use public defenders and hacks, not prime Harvard talent. Replacing WASP judges—reluctant to punish those with whom they identify—with random citizens should fluff up the overclass conviction rate.

In creating a climate of responsible accountability, the basic American incentive remains simple fear. There is court justice and street justice. In the former, Jimmy

limiting private-school curricula to TV and auto repair; and a Texas program to select juries in trials of overclassers from lists of their former servants.

But, ultimately, the overclass must rein itself. Says one member of Beacon Hill's HUBRIS, a self-hampering organization of moneyed interests, "No one can punish us but us." The best bet may be to get the overclass warring among itself, without redress, and hope for a good body count. This is how we deal with the Mafia, after all.

Dismantling the barriers of wealth and power will take years. But the alternative—increased arrogance, larceny, hostility, immunity, brutality, contempt, and estrangement sufficient to put the overclass completely out of reach—is a trial not even the spirit of American vengeance could weather.

spectacular success solely to its beep-beep sidekicks and the intergalactic light show. The movie's old-fashioned story line about the triumph of Good over Evil has its own potent appeal. Its message, that people with a just and noble cause will ultimately vanquish the powers of darkness and usher in a new dawn, may be entirely corny, but it certainly taps some subliminal nerve.

That kind of boosterism for the human race appeals to everyone's dormant memories of the faith and security promised us in childhood. Just as *Rocky* and *The Bad News Bears* and *One on One* reinforce the lessons about winning and losing that we learned as children, and just as *You Light Up My Life* and *The Goodbye Girl* and *Annie Hall* gratify the grown-up optimist's commitment to "playing square" in all human relationships. Never mind that adult experience has taught us to temper the inspirational lessons of childhood with the straighter facts of real life. If we want to regress into optimism, the entertainment industry will be delighted to feed the need.

Broadway delivers its own message of strident optimism with

the musical hit *Annie*. Taking off from the "Little Orphan Annie" comic strip (but carefully stripping it of its arch-conservative political bias of yore), the show follows Annie's odyssey from an orphanage to the mansion and the heart of Daddy Warbucks, with a stop along the way in Washington, where Annie sets up the New Deal for President Roosevelt and gets the economy rolling again. Author Thomas Meehan calls the show "a Jimmy Carter first-100-days musical" and says that he wrote it as an antidote to the Nixonian years, Watergate, and the recession. Catching on quick, one critic called Annie "the mascot of the new age of hope, optimism, and simplicity that's coming in with President Carter."

Another musical selling chocolate-covered reassurances, *I Love My Wife* also opened big on Broadway this year. It presents the spectacle of two married couples making a stab at swinging, only to change their minds in mid-swing because their love for their spouses is stronger than mere sexual titillation. With this cornball,



Ken Howard

Whitmore as Teddy Roosevelt: adulation as entertainment.

upbeat ending, the show thus allays the fears of sexually square audiences, who suspect they may have missed something interesting when the sexual revolution passed them by. It also reassures them that *their* moral code still obtains. Like their president, they will have lusted only in their hearts.

This season the theater promises to continue the uplift message. Dramatic biographies have long been a Broadway staple, but this year they're coming in droves—Anne Bancroft as Golda Meir, Colleen Dewhurst as a female

politician who might be Bella, Lynn Redgrave as Joan of Arc, James Whitmore as Teddy Roosevelt, Robert Vaughn as FDR, James Earl Jones as Paul Robeson. When the national mood is low-down and doggy, we traditionally get a wave of revisionist history books that rip heroic reputations to shreds. Adulatory stage biographies are the stuff of calmer, more optimistic tempers. So send in the clowns.

The ultimate in upbeat biography doesn't come from the theater at all but from the publishing industry. Written with Jess Stearn, Taylor Caldwell's new best-seller, *I, Judas*, presents Judas Iscariot in a new light, as "the devoted Disciple who is betrayed." While you're still trying that one on, the publishing houses are rushing out more self-help books for a nation of readers who are optimistic enough about themselves to want to explore and reorder their characters.

The how-to books of earlier periods used to show us how to build garages and filter our fish tanks. For the current generation of readers, brave enough to face self-awareness, the literature runs more to things like *Looking Out for Number One*, *Your Erroneous Zones*, *How to Take Charge of Your Life*, *A Guide for the Perplexed*, *Hanging in There*, and *Kicking the Fear Habit*.

Television offers self-help of a more practical nature. Twenty years ago, TV quiz shows were all the rage. They promised a chance



You Light Up My Life.



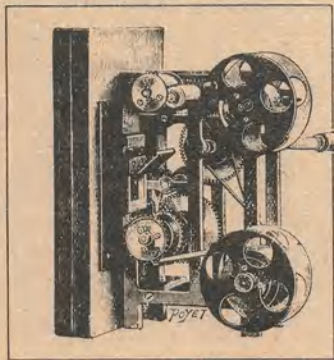
for instant wealth to people who had learned from television itself that such things were crucial to happiness in a materialistic society. For the first time since the 1950s, game shows have moved into prime time, being nestled in with all those aggressively upbeat family series and sit-coms.

The psychology of game shows defies instant analysis. But surely their popularity springs in part from the appeal they make to our hidden urge to be a Winner in a society that sees winning as a sublime character virtue. Like the proliferating award shows on television, the newer and more manic game shows feed the prevalent optimistic delusion that Winners and Stars never hurt like the rest of us losers.

As Voltaire warned us two centuries ago, optimism can be dangerous, especially when swallowed without a chaser. If the country really is riding on an upbeat swing, the inevitable coming-down-to-reality can be a profound shock. As Eric Bentley told that graduating class: "The greatest discouragement comes from entertaining false hopes and then discovering their falsity. Those who extend false hopes . . . should think sometimes of the terrible responsibility they bear."

The suspicion arises, just the same, that a good bit of the optimism being marketed by the entertainment industry is less a reflection of a genuine mood sweeping the country than a merchandising calculation. Products of the popular arts have commonly been escapist in nature. Our belief in heroes may wane from time to time, and our trust in happy endings may occasionally sour, and we may then rush to pessimists like Robert Altman, Sam Peckinpah, and Martin Scorsese. But fantasy, even in the most cynical periods, has always hung on as a key ingredient of successful popular culture. The audience's secret, however, has always been its silent understanding that the fantasy of pop entertainment self-destructs on the last page or at the theater door. We never were such fools as the dream-merchants dream.—Marilyn Stasio

FILMS



LOVE AND DEATH

Just before Christmas, 1976, Bertrand Morane, a laboratory engineer in his early forties from the southern French city of Montpellier, is run down and seriously injured by a passing car while he is chasing recklessly after two pretty girls on the far sidewalk. In his hospital room that evening, as he reaches toward the silhouette of the young nurse entering the door, he falls out of bed and dies—thus bringing to an exemplary end the life that is the subject of François Truffaut's *The Man Who Loved Women*.

From his earliest, precocious adolescence, when he first endured his mother's indifference toward him, not to mention the provocative rustle of her silk panties, Bertrand pursued women.

When we join him, for the last months of his life (plus several flashbacks), he is pursuing them still through success and failure, and with limitless appreciation, until his very zeal does him in.

So we have a film with one leading man—Charles Denner, playing Bertrand with perfect Buster Keaton, dead-pan concentration—and more than a dozen leading women. Who are they? At the head of the list are Geneviève (Brigitte Fossey), editor in the publishing house that will bring out Bertrand's memoirs, and Delphine (Nelly Borgeaud), the doctor's wife who likes sex in public places and who simultaneously provokes and pretends to repel Bertrand, until she shoots her husband in a bid for freedom and gets herself slapped into jail instead.

Then there are the dress-shop owner, a gorgeous older woman who prefers younger men; the helpful girl from the car-rental agency who spends the night; the lush blonde who answers his ad for baby-sitting (Bertrand will be the baby); the deaf-mute movie theater usherette with the fabulous legs; and so on and so on, through a bureau drawer full of pictures and letters recounting past triumphs and, perhaps, disasters.

Add to these the ones that get away, like "Aroua," the sexy, nighttime voice on Bertrand's wake-up service who decides not to keep her date with him by day, or the magnificent rear view he

notices walking out of the laundry and ingeniously identifies and then pursues to a town miles away, only to learn from her understanding cousin that she has just left for a two-year stay in Montreal. And perhaps more interesting, because more poignant, are the girls he fails to notice because he is chasing someone else—girls like the mystery woman's cousin, a fresh-faced, smiling dream of sympathetic charm, or his own lovely, solemn young lab assistant, whom he keeps rushing past but whom the camera lingers on.

You can't exactly say that Bertrand "loves" women, though he surely loves the idea of women and makes love to almost as many as he can. He describes himself as a "skirt chaser," his original title for his life story, and in most respects he's accurate. He adores women's legs, which he compares to the legs of a draftsman's compass "circling around the globe, giving it grace and balance."

For anyone who knows the films of François Truffaut, that simile should flash like a neon sign at night, because "grace and balance" are the ultimate values in his world, and the image of the encompassing circle is his symbol for its protection and survival. The image and the value system go back to the beginning of his career. Even the idea for Bertrand the skirt chaser must take its start from an early Truffaut feature, *Shoot the Piano Player* (1960), in which a character tells a story about his father, a pedestrian bumped off by an automobile while he is pausing in the middle of the road to stare at a pretty girl. The idea continues in *The Bride Wore Black* (1967), where Charles Denner himself plays an artist and a womanizer, shot to death by a model he has dressed as Diana, the huntress of ancient Roman mythology. There is a girl named Liliane in *The Man Who Loved Women*, an amateur judo expert whom Bertrand befriends but never seduces. She wears an arrow hair clip, and maybe that is enough of a warning.

It's best to see this movie as an addition to all the other Truffaut movies, a continuation of the recol-



Charles Denner and Nelly Borgeaud in *The Man Who Loved Women*.



Victims of *Salò*: the exercise of absolute power.

lections and references with which he now fills his films, and also as part of a career that recently seems to alternate between normative vision and obsession. Thus the obsessed *Adèle H.* (1974) followed the sunny *Day for Night* (1973); and now, after the grace and balance of *Small Change* (1975), comes *The Man Who Loved Women*, which, out of an essentially comic anecdote, builds the story of a man fatally obsessed even to the instant of his self-determined death. Bertrand admires balance but is himself in a state of imbalance. That is why he falls—literally—in reaching toward a perfection he can sense but never possess.

What he does possess is the experience of the hunt and a drawer full of memories. And out of these he begins to write the book that he calls "The Skirt Chaser" but that his editor decides to rename "The Man Who Loved Women." It is important that the title of the film is also the title of the book, because the film ultimately has as much to do with the memoirs as with the memories that fill it. Once he decides to write, the book begins occupying his nights—and occupying screen time as well. Truffaut has always liked putting literature

into his movies, and here he offers a kind of running documentary on the production of Bertrand's memoirs—from composition to re-typing (the typist quits halfway through because she's made dizzy by the pace of his affairs), to sending off the manuscript, to the publisher's editorial conference, to jacket design, to typesetting, to publication. The last pretty much corresponds to Bertrand's death, and with it the movie ends.

Only women show up at his burial, a fabulous last tribute to the man who loved them but who could

finally take from them only the material that makes up his book, which is also his memorial. But Bertrand does find a way of turning his obsession into his story. As I believe Truffaut understands the progress of passion, that's the best anyone can do.

Except for a brief, obscure, and oddly sentimental meeting between Bertrand and a past love, played by Leslie Caron, everything in *The Man Who Loved Women* works with an economy and verve that constitutes its own definition of balance and grace. Charles Denner provides the best and most lucid performance I've ever seen from him. All the women, his amused and willing accomplices, are superb. Of the wonderfully individualized baker's dozen, if I had to pick one, I guess it would be Nelly Borgeaud, as the nutty jailbird, who succeeds in making sexual neurosis look like a genuine personal asset.

So many people have hated Pier Paolo Pasolini's *Salò* that I'm not sure what will happen to it, now that it has been released after much delay and after its director's well-publicized murder in 1975.

Based on the Marquis de Sade's *120 Days of Sodom*, *Salò* is a fairly graphic account of humiliation, torture, and death set in the northern Italian town of Salò, before the end of World War II. Four Fascist leaders, identified as the Duke, the Bishop, the Judge, and the Presi-

dent, kidnap and imprison in a sumptuous and isolated villa a group of handsome young men and women whom they proceed to degrade and use for their own perverted desires. Their acts, preceded and provoked by stories told the assembled company by a cadre of aging whores, are divided into a "Cycle of Manias," a "Cycle of Excrements," and a "Cycle of Blood." With the last, everything ends. It probably won't do much good to know that the blood is fake and that the shit—which everyone eats—is milk chocolate. *Salò* deals in disgust, and it is no fun to look at, though it is a brilliantly controlled and often very beautiful film.

Salò's defenders have mostly praised its politics, a symbolic attack on the conditions of capitalist exploitation from Italy's leading intellectual-leftist filmmaker. Its detractors have simply hated what it is. I side with the defenders, though I don't quite share the politics, because *Salò* presents the most devastating critique of the exercise of power that I have seen in the movies. So much of the nonsexual pornography of film has always had to do with power that it seems useful for once to have a movie that turns upon itself.

Despite claims to the contrary, *Salò* is to some degree erotic, even in its perversions. But above all it is sad, sad to the point of total despair. The paradox of oppression is that it can be felt well enough by those who suffer under it but not by those who exercise it. And so the cruel lords of *Salò*, as much as their pathetic victims, remain imprisoned—in an isolation that no one else's pain can penetrate. As the young people are tortured to death in the Cycle of Blood, their torturers take turns acting and watching, seated at a great distance, while we watch with them, as if through inverted binoculars. As the observed pain increases, feeling recedes and a kind of formal patterning takes its place—until nothing remains but absolute separation between observer and the evil he observes. The lesson of *Salò* is that utter impotency is the crowning achievement of absolute power.—Roger Greenspun



Sigma



Sigma



WORDS



PURELY COINCIDENTAL

The *roman à clef* novel has become a permanent staple of many a reader's diet. Pick up just about any piece of fiction today, and you will not have much trouble deciphering the real-life identities of the author's characters.

In effect, novels have become the AMTRAK of published redress, railroading personal vengeance onto a public track while the authors sneak out the back door unnoticed. How else could someone like John Ehrlichman dash off a foul mess like *The Company*—bludgeoning the "disguised" cast of every political iniquity in which he's been involved—and come out smelling like Walter Mondale? Even Truman Capote is enjoying his novelized charade, keeping New York's upper crust in cold blood awaiting his promised play-by-play description of their foibles.

Some of these double-edged books have begun to mix fiction with fact à la *The Day of the Jackal* and *Ragtime*. Such factual fiction is the same star-studded grit that has America poring over the *National Enquirer* and *People*, but in the past few years several competent writers have brought the genre a degree of respectability. This season we are treated to a generous sampling from both ends of the spectrum.

The art world has always been a wellspring of bitchy gossip, and in the realm of the *roman à clef* it is no exception. *Eclipse*, by Dirk Wittenborn (Dodd-Mead, \$8.95),

concerns the decadent world of a slovenly, hated artist named Steven Lerner, who spends most of his working hours painting his friends into a corner. Finally, he even tires of that and, in a thoroughly unpalatable (sic) scene, commits suicide by slicing himself onto an unpainted canvas. His eighteen-year-old daughter emerges from nowhere as a formidable successor to the family fortune and wages a battle against a network of well-known (and thinly concealed) Manhattan predators for control of her father's work. But the plot evaporates into thin air, and we never really learn who gains control of what. Jackson

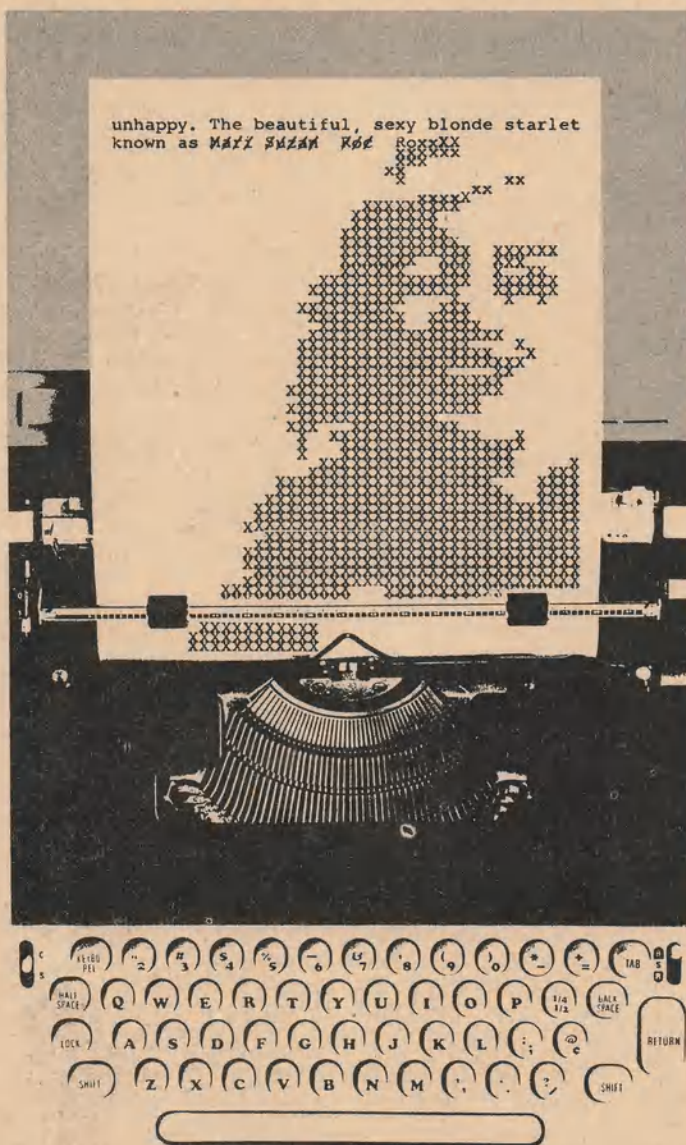
Pollack, William de Kalb, and Andy Warhol weave through this tale of infighting and artistic sickness—one that closely resembles the *Rothko v. Marlborough Gallery* case of a few years back—but even their presence is lost amid the hopelessness and greed.

Desperation is the theme of David Chandler's *The Aphrodite* (Morrow, \$8.95), a simmering account of a museum director's bid for a priceless artifact supposed to represent the first sculpted female nude. It all moves along too routinely: without the acquisition of the statue, the museum (did I say the Metropolitan?) cannot survive. Enter the sex-starved niece of a

wealthy eccentric, some art thieves, and a starched trustee, all of whom parade through this Destined-for-TV melodrama in recognizable roles. Guess away, but by the end of the book one can only hope for a little bas-relief.

Readers who no longer feel that the identities of our political potentates bear protecting will revel in Jeffrey Archer's *Shall We Tell the President?* (Viking, \$8.95), a futuristic tale that creates an alarming sense of *déjà vu*. Ted Kennedy dethrones Jimmy Carter, Dale Bumpers is the new vice-president, and before anyone can say "Rosalyn," the FBI unearths an attempt to assassinate the newly elected chief executive. The suspects are whittled down until the list includes the names of five senators, two of whom are Robert Byrd and Birch Bayh. Archer's bizarre use of familiar faces (Hubert is still lingering around as the Henny Youngman of the Democratic party) and of the country's tender memories, although a bit irresponsible, holds the reader in a viselike grip right down to the last Kennedy. Jerome Charyn's *The Franklin Scare* (Arbor House, \$8.95), meanwhile, takes place in the attic of the White House, from where Oliver Beebe, the president's barber, observes the goings-on of the Roosevelt clan. Actually, the book is closer to a political spin-off of "The Addams Family." Franklin is a cantankerous old loon who insists on being called "Papa"; J. Edgar Hoover is portrayed as an "uncle" who likes "the acrid smell of dogs in iron rows, on piles of wet straw"; and Jonathan Roosevelt, Eleanor's adopted son, is the Wild Man of Tangier, who urinates on the White House carpet and chews on the walls. Sigmund Freud would have a heyday with this book; all the reader can ask for is a New Deal.

Richard Kluger's *Members of the Tribe* (Doubleday, \$10.00) is a moving, thoughtful parable of Jewish identity in post-Civil War Savannah. Based upon a fictionalized account of the Leo Frank case in the late 1890s, it is the story of a rising soft-drink company called Jubilee (whose bever-



Dennis Barnett

age, by the way, is packaged in a green, hourglass-shaped bottle), owned by the aristocratic Baxter family and presided over by a relocated New York lawyer named Seth Adler. Business is booming until an Irish girl is murdered in the factory, presumably by her Jewish supervisor, and the town is swept by a wave of anti-Semitic vengeance. Seth resigns his post to represent his fellowman and finds that friendship and southern justice make odd bedfellows. Things go better with Coke.

Harold Robbins's *Dreams Die First* (Simon & Schuster, \$9.95) is a roman à clef within a roman à clef in that it is a thinly disguised

Novels about the motion-picture industry were founded on the public's desire for between-the-lines morsels of Hollywood gossip. In *Flickers* (Dodd-Mead, \$8.95), Phillip Rock provides an ample dividend of talebearing, set among the early days of the studio empire. The "reel" gang's all here—Sam Goldwyn, Louis Mayer, Cecil B. De Mille—and it participates in much of the off-camera action. But the spotlight falls on Earl Donovan—a slab of ground meat seasoned with traits of Gable, Bogart, and Tyrone Power—and his relationship with Dell Fairbaine, America's sweetheart. It's not very difficult to put two and two together and de-



Springer/Bettman Archive



UPI

Bogart and Hoover: their legends live on in the roman à clef.

farrago of his last thirteen books. In this episode we find Gareth Brendan struggling to publish a mature men's magazine, characteristically titled *Macho*, that will never "airbrush the pussies off their girls." The rest is Robbins's usual garble of sex and violence. On the other hand, Peter Lear's *Goldengirl* (Doubleday, \$8.95) is a clever story about a business consortium's attempt to exploit the dollar potential of an Olympic superstar à la the William Morris Agency's merchandising of Mark Spitz in 1972. Lear (a pseudonym for the British author) has done his homework and conveys a profound understanding of the media and the athletic psyche. He combines them expertly in this projection of what we might expect to happen in Moscow in 1980.

cipher Rock's intended barbs; and once over that hump, it's quite entertaining. At least, more so than Sandra Scoppetone's *Some Unknown Person* (Putnam, \$8.95), a pseudocontinuation of the character first conceived by John O'Hara in *Butterfield 8*. Here the saga of flapper Starr Faithfull is pursued through a series of flashbacks depicting her mental breakdown and eventual demise. It begins with a torrid sexual affair she had with her uncle, who was the mayor of Boston during the Coolidge era, and crosscuts in scenes of perversion, which undramatically tangle right up to the story's sordid conclusion. My conclusion is that Scoppetone wrote this for some unknown reason. Your guess is as good as mine.—Robert Stephen Spitz

SOUNDS



CLASSICS IN LATIN

You know why salsa is so popular in New York?" asks Izzy Sanabria, publisher of *Latin New York*. "Because the rhythms of salsa are the rhythms of making love and New York City is getting fucked!"

As Gotham twitches through the night to keep from crying, the city's slickest steppers have found themselves a different grease. Its sound is hot with menacing congas, like Spanish nights across 110th Street, where bloods challenge the turgid summer heat, skin against skin. The congas and *timbales* propel the headlong rush of rhythm, and the bass keeps urging it on. Horns snap and sparkle above the dense flow, and the voices ring their high-pitched celebration.

When Tito Puente played this music over twenty years ago, at the legendary Audubon Ballroom in Harlem, they called it "Latin." Now it's called "salsa" (Spanish for "sauce"). And in the midst of the present disco craze, salsa provides some of the best music to a certain cult of dedicated dancers.

Ever since it arrived from Cuba, in the forties, Latin music has had its fans. It was commercialized and stereotyped in movies. But politics and the decline of big bands and "touch" dancing contributed to the falling of Latin music out of vogue, except in those areas of the country having Spanish-speaking populations.

But all through the mid and late sixties, as blacks and Latinos

faced each other in gang wars—and then in protest marches—the phrase "Can you Latin?" often proved the ultimate test of one's social standing in the ghetto. The answer to that question became the Hustle.

As the decade of the sixties wore itself out, Carlos Santana welded the white-hot metal sting of rock to his Mexican roots and breathed life into a whole new species of Latin music. The traditional Latin musicians attempted to ignore him; they sniffed that his playing was out of *clave*, the rhythm that is at the heart of their sound. But even before the advent of the disco boom, Santana had brought broad popular attention to this cult. In gratitude, Jerry Masucci, owner and president of Fania Records, invited Santana to appear with the Fania All-Stars in a festival of Latin music at Yankee Stadium in 1973. Santana refused, but for anyone involved in Latin music to refuse an invitation from Fania Records is like a Catholic turning down an audience with the pope.

Today, Fania Records *is* salsa. The label dominates the market, with 90 percent of the major stars, including such legends as Tito Puente, Ray Barretto (on loan to Atlantic Records), Larry Harlow, Willie Colon, Mongo Santamaria, La Lupe, Bobby Rodriguez y la Compania, and Johnny Pacheco.



Puente: from "Latin" to "salsa."



Lee Marshall



Johnny Pacheco: salsa without the frills.

Wisely, Santana later reconsidered his stance and appeared at the legendary Roseland Ballroom in New York for a historic meeting with Tito Puente.

The Roseland event was a public-relations triumph for Fania. The owners of the label, Jerry Masucci and Johnny Pacheco, founded the company in 1964 after Pacheco tired of being ripped off by the small labels servicing the Latin market. Masucci was Pacheco's lawyer at the time, and Pacheco, having built up a solid reputation from associations with such institutions as the Juilliard School and Xavier Cugat, felt it was time to do something different.

Fania Records was the result, and the company was an immediate success. By 1968, when the first Fania All-Stars album, *Live at the Red Garter*, was recorded, the label could already boast the top name in Latin music. The response to those first concerts got Masucci thinking.

"I got the idea to make a movie," Masucci recalls, "and in 1971 I was ready to begin production of the second Fania All-Stars concert, which would be recorded and filmed live." Masucci had trouble securing a suitable theater. "They all turned us down, saying a concert by the Fania All-Stars was a

bad idea and that it couldn't draw." Finally, a club, the Cheetah, was found, and from that concert came the film *Our Latin Thing* and the albums *The Fania All-Stars Live at the Cheetah, Volumes I and II*. It turned out to be the biggest-selling live salsa LP ever. Fania had found the formula for promoting Latin music on a wide scale.

Today that formula includes the Fania All-Stars' tours of Africa, Europe, and Japan, their annual sell-out concerts at Madison Square Garden, and the production of a second film, *Salsa*.

For people who want to ease into salsa, a number of suitable albums have been released within the last few years.

With *Festival* (Columbia), Santana has forsaken the ascetic reaches of space for a return to the streets. At least two tracks on *Festival*, "Vera Vermelho" and "Maria Caracoles," would make Tito Puente proud. Further into salsa is Puente's own *No Hay Mejor/ There Is No Better* (Tico), which is the "King" at his best.

For those who prefer disco fantasies woven by swooning

strings, *Delicate and Jumpy* (Columbia) might be the best introduction to salsa. The Fania All-Stars cut this album with Barry White's arranger, Gene Page. Louie Ramirez's *A Different Shade of Black* (Cotique) is like the Gene Page collaboration. The LP is

an attempt to create a crossover sound that will also appeal to rock and soul audiences. The result is an uneasy middle ground, which is more interesting for the attempt than the outcome.

Mongo Santamaria is one of the few musicians to maintain a cohesive fusion of Latin and jazz. His *Afro Indio* (Vaya) and *Sofrito* (Vaya) albums are the finest of his career. Ray Barretto, with *Eye of the Beholder* (Atlantic), fuses salsa and funk, with the emphasis on funk.

For those who like their salsa without frills, try Johnny Pacheco's *Ten Great Years* (Fania), Eddie Palmieri's *Unfinished Masterpiece* (Coco), or Willie Colon's *Crime Pays* (Fania). As historical documents, *Fania All-Stars Live at the Red Garter, Volumes I and II*, *Fania All-Stars Live at the Cheetah*, and *Salsa* (Fania) are invaluable.

For my money, the best salsa album currently available is Bobby Rodriguez's *Salsa at Woodstock—Recorded Live* (Fania). With killers like "Sunday Kind of Love" and "What Happened," the album is indeed a classic.

So is the sound.—Vernon Gibbs ○✶



Carlos Santana: a return to the streets.

"Vantage is changing a lot of my feelings about smoking."

© 1977—R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

"I like to smoke, and what I like is a cigarette that isn't timid on taste. But I'm not living in some ivory tower. I hear the things being said against high-tar smoking as well as the next guy.

"And so I started looking. For a low-tar smoke that had some honest-to-goodness cigarette taste.

"It wasn't easy. The low-tar cigarettes I tried tasted like chalk. And high-tar cigarettes were starting to taste rougher as I went along.

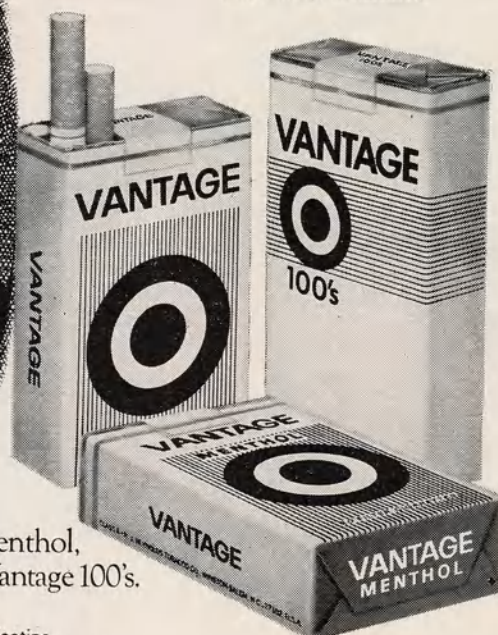
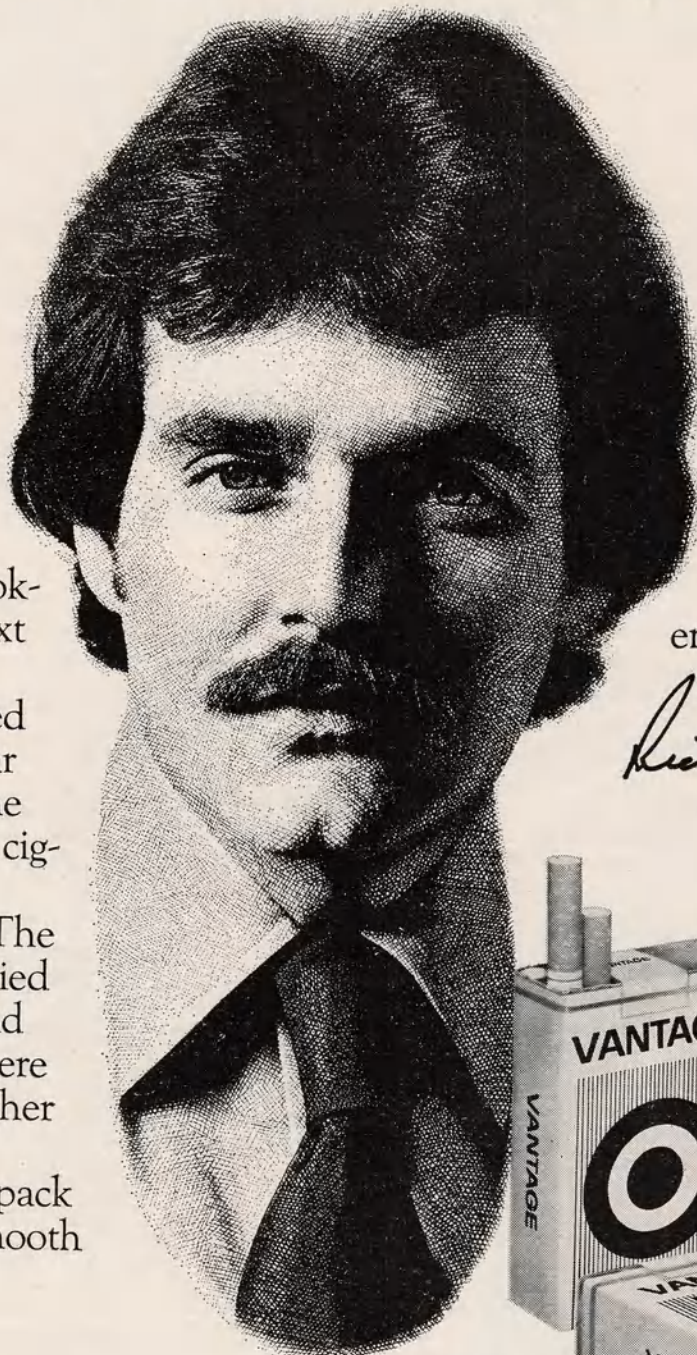
"Then I tried a pack of Vantage. It was smooth

yet it had taste. And a lot less tar than what I'd been smoking.

"As far as I'm concerned, when I switched to Vantage, I changed to a cigarette I could enjoy."

Rick Lawrence

Rick Lawrence
Metairie, Louisiana



Regular, Menthol,
and Vantage 100's.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine,
MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '77;
FILTER 100's: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



• The job of Jimmy Carter's most powerful adviser is to find the buzz words and catch phrases that will get us "constructively malleable" potato heads to "positively respond" to his foreign policy—which is designed not to make the world safe for democracy, but to make the world safe for the multinationals. •

CARTERGATE III

CARTERGATE III
THE
THOUGHTS
OF
CHAIRMAN
BRZEZINSKI

In last month's issue of *Penthouse*, author Craig S. Karpel chronicled the rise to power of Zbigniew Brzezinski in "The Real President." Karpel described how the Polish émigré intellectual, under the patronage of international banker David Rockefeller, in 1973 created The Trilateral Commission, a private organization representing more than 200 of the industrialized world's most powerful multinational corporations and financial institutions, as a vehicle for propelling one of its members, an obscure southern governor, to the nation's highest elective office—and installed himself in the nation's highest non-elective office: special assistant to the president for national security affairs. In the article that follows, Karpel explores the ominous ideas of the man who now occupies the key role in formulating American foreign and domestic policy.

BY CRAIG S. KARPEL

In the fall of 1965, Zbigniew Brzezinski, then a thirty-seven-year-old professor of Eastern European affairs at Columbia University, stated that the American political system is based on "assumptions that are increasingly becoming irrelevant," that representation by legislators balancing the interests of the public should be replaced by "some sort of computing and planning agency outside the legislative process" which would "separate the political system from society" and result in an America that would no longer be democratic "in terms of exercising fundamental choices concerning policymaking" but only in the limited sense of "maintaining certain areas of autonomy for individual self-expression," with a president whose role would be "symbolic."

It was at a symposium on the year 2000 sponsored by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and chaired by Harvard sociologist Daniel Bell that the young professor put forward those views—which were soon challenged by Bell and Paul Ylvisaker, who was then the director of the Ford Foundation's Public Affairs Program and who today is the dean of Harvard University's Graduate School of Education.

"I should like to address myself to the problems of political change," Brzezinski said. "I think we accept the idea of a vast expansion in social regulation. It may take such forms as legislation for the number of children, perhaps even legislation determining the sex of children once we have choice, the regulation of weather, the regulation of leisure, and so forth. . . . All in all, this might lead to a collapse of the democratic ideal of a self-directing society. . . ."

BELL: There seems to be here a real confrontation between Paul Ylvisaker and Zbigniew Brzezinski. Paul wants to extend the areas of participation making this central to the ways in which change would proceed, while Zbigniew maintains the political system should become profes-

sional and oriented to managing problems. . . .

BRZEZINSKI: In the present political setting in the United States, you could not implement the long-range and far-reaching reforms that are being undertaken in French agriculture, for example. . . .

BELL: I would argue this. While I think your example may be relevant to France, I do not see how it could be grafted onto the American political structure.

PAUL YLVISAKER: I agree. This is completely

retary of the treasury. But Brzezinski also saw that if he was to function in America's intellectual community, he would have to moderate his tone. He saw that his bluntness in flatly stating his authoritarian, technocratic views ran the risk of alienating liberal influentials like Bell and Ylvisaker.

[*Penthouse* would have liked to present substantial excerpts from the American Academy of the Arts and Sciences symposium. However, Mr. Geno Ballotti, who is managing editor of *Daedalus* magazine,

which published the symposium, refused to grant us permission to do so. Permission is normally given as a common courtesy—and, in fact, for this article the editors at *Viking Press* and the *New Republic* and *Foreign Policy* magazines agreed without hesitation to allow *Penthouse* to quote from their publications. But Mr. Ballotti, who has been managing editor at *Daedalus* for sixteen years, said that it "is not fair" and "a cheap shot" to hold Brzezinski accountable for views expressed several years before he "entered public life." The fact that Brzezinski was a thirty-seven-year-old professor in public life at Columbia University, and not a five-year-old, when he addressed himself "to the problems of political change" doesn't seem to make any difference to Mr. Ballotti. Is this the beginning of a Brzezinski cover-up—a cover-up, not of a "third-rate burglary," but of a totalitarian philosophy breaking and entering the highest reaches of our government?]

Brzezinski has since become extremely cautious in his public expressions (with one extraordinary exception in 1968, which will be dis-

cussed below). He has become a master of ambiguity and euphemism and takes great pains to sound like the "rational humanist" he frequently proclaims himself to be. One of his favorite techniques is to distance himself from his most alarming policy recommendations by portraying them as historical trends by which he himself is disturbed. For example, in a 1967 article in *The New Republic* he wrote that in the years to come: "The rapid pace of change will put a premium on anticipating events and planning for them. Power will gravi-

TO OUR READERS

If you're as outraged as we are by the facts revealed in Craig S. Karpel's two articles on Zbigniew Brzezinski (the first article was published last month), we suggest you send a letter like the one below to each of the two senators from your state.

Dear Senator _____:

After reading two articles in *Penthouse* magazine concerning President Carter's National Security Adviser, Zbigniew Brzezinski ("The Real President"—December 1977—and "The Thoughts of Chairman Brzezinski"—January 1978), I feel very strongly that the Senate should examine the record and opinions of this man, who is the president's top foreign-policy adviser. I understand that Brzezinski—who is considered a "member of the president's personal staff"—didn't have to undergo the cursory confirmation hearings that Bert Lance, for instance, faced when he was nominated. Considering the power of Brzezinski and his predecessor, Henry Kissinger, the lack of scrutiny is a scandal. But, furthermore, according to the articles in *Penthouse*, Brzezinski has no belief in our democratic form of government, as practiced for over 200 years. The Senate has no more important duty now than to hold accountable the man who controls the foreign policy of our country.

Respectfully,

alien to my conception of what should be and what will be in this country. *

If Daniel Bell did not see how Zbigniew Brzezinski's antidemocratic ideas could be grafted onto the American political structure, Brzezinski could. That is precisely the function that his Trilateral Commission would serve eleven years later, when its members took over the executive branch of the federal government, including the offices of president, vice-president, secretary of state, secretary of defense, and sec-

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generation of fragrances.

So different, they don't just say who you are.
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One is for her.
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Woman by Jōvan.
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sculptures, is a new
generation of fragrances.
To hold in your hand.
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To experience the joy of
gender. Their power is
so physical, so dynamic,
and so beckoning, they
signal everything you are.
Everything you want
to be. To one another.

Man by Jōvan.
The most masculine
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A potent blend
of leather, tabac and

peppery spices. With a surprising twist.
Its message is unmistakably
male. Its attraction for woman totally
magnetic. Because it is powerful.
Interesting. Sexy.

Man by Jōvan is what woman
wants from man.



Woman by Jōvan.
The ultimate
fragrance.

Total femininity.
A cologne concentrate
that is intensely floral.
And softly seductive.

It communi-
cates intimately. Subtly.
Beautifully. Yet with an
unmistakable power
that draws man closer.
Physically.

Woman by
Jōvan is what man
wants from woman.

What man wants from woman and woman wants
from man, Jōvan has created.

tate into the hands of those who control the information, and can correlate it most rapidly. Our existing postcrisis management institutions will probably be increasingly supplemented by pre-crisis management institutions, the task of which will be to identify in advance likely social crises and to develop programs to cope with them. This could encourage tendencies during the next several decades toward a technocratic dictatorship, leaving less and less room for political processes as we now know them."*

Three years later, in his major book, *Between Two Ages*, he elaborated on this theme, warning of a "threat" that "confronts liberal democracy": "More directly linked to the impact of technology, it involves the gradual appearance of a more controlled and directed society. Such a society would be dominated by an elite whose claim to political power would rest on allegedly superior scientific know-how. Unhindered by the restraints of traditional liberal values, this elite would not hesitate to achieve its political ends by using the latest modern techniques for influencing public behavior and keeping society under close surveillance and control..."**

Brzezinski alerts us to the danger of a society "dominated by an elite whose claim to political power would rest on allegedly superior scientific know-how"—and then proceeds to call for "deliberate management of the American future" by planners (such as, one is tempted to imagine, himself) "eventually displacing the lawyer as the key social legislator and manipulator."

There are several explanations for this incongruity. One is that Brzezinski's body is inhabited by two personalities, one of which considers the other to be a menace to society. Another, somewhat more likely, is that Brzezinski is like a button man for a loan shark who tells a candy-store owner unable to pay the vigorish, "There are some people I know who are planning to break both of your legs." The candy-store owner, not one to be intimidated, has the button man arrested.

"Did you tell this man that you were going to break both his legs?" the judge asks him.

"Quite the contrary, your honor," replies the button man. "I was warning him what other people were planning to do."

Case dismissed.

To figure out where Brzezinski really stands, one must apply the most incisive hermeneutic tool bequeathed to us by the Watergate era, what might well be called "John Mitchell's razor": "Watch what I do, not what I say." In 1967 Brzezinski was warning that the rise of "pre-crisis management institutions" would "encourage tendencies . . . toward a technocratic dictatorship." In 1973 he organized and be-

came the director of the Trilateral Commission, the pre-crisis management institution *par excellence*, whose purpose is precisely "to identify in advance likely social crises and to develop programs to cope with them." As the commission's prospectus puts it, in words very probably written by Brzezinski, "Based on analysis of major issues facing the trilateral regions, the commission has sought to develop practicable proposals for joint action." In 1974 Brzezinski commissioned Samuel P. Huntington, the Harvard University professor of government who had assisted him in pre-publication revision of *Between Two Ages*, to write the U.S. section of the report of The Trilateral Commission's Task Force on the Governability of Democracy. Brzezinski participated closely in the preparation of this report.

"The vulnerability of democratic government in the United States," said the report, "comes not primarily from external threats, though such threats are real, nor

6

In 1965, Brzezinski
stated that the
American political system is
based on "assumptions
that are increasingly
becoming irrelevant."

9

from internal subversion from the left or the right, although both possibilities could exist, but rather from the internal dynamics of democracy itself in a highly educated, mobilized, and participant society."

Having established that the greatest danger to the American way of life comes, not from fascism or communism, but from democracy, the commission made several recommendations of ways "to restore a more equitable relationship between governmental authority and popular control," including:

- Centralized economic and social planning.
- Concentration of congressional power within the committee system, to make legislators less responsive to their constituents.
- Repeal of laws prohibiting political contributions by corporations, which "serve little useful purpose."
- Such limitations on freedom of the press as "prior restraint" of what newspapers may publish in unspecified "unusual circumstances," the assurance "to the government [of] the right and the ability to withhold information at the source," "moving promptly to reinstate the law of libel as a necessary and appropriate check upon

the abuses of power by the press," and press councils enforcing "standards of professionalism, the alternative [to which] could well be regulation by the government."

The "pre-crisis management institution" that Brzezinski had warned of in 1967—and founded in 1973—was, just as he had foreseen, advocating "leaving less and less room for political processes as we now know them."

Brzezinski was not always so circumspect in print as he was in *Between Two Ages*. Shortly after the building occupations at Columbia University in the spring of 1968, he wrote for *The New Republic* an article entitled "Revolution and Counter-revolution," in which he identified himself with his views somewhat more closely. "When faced with a revolutionary situation," the then director of Columbia's Research Institute on Communist Affairs wrote, "the established authorities typically commit several errors. First of all, because they are status quo oriented, they display an incapacity for immediate effective response. Their traditional legalism works against them. Faced with a revolutionary situation, instead of striking immediately and effectively, they tend to procrastinate, seeking refuge in legalistic responses. . . . When finally force is employed, the authorities rarely think ahead to post-use-of-force consequences, concentrating instead on the application of force to the specific challenge at hand. They thus neglect the important consideration that the use of force must be designed not only to eliminate the surface revolutionary challenge, but to make certain that the revolutionary forces cannot later rally again under the same leadership. If that leadership cannot be physically liquidated, it can at least be expelled from the country (or area) in which the revolution is taking place."***

This contribution to the tradition of rational humanism was perhaps the single most controversial article that *The New Republic* published in the 1960s. Although Brzezinski typically tried to pretend that he was *not* discussing Columbia, no one was fooled. Every academic in America whose typewriter was in working order wrote to the respected liberal journal, expressing dismay at his views. Brzezinski had made the mistake of grabbing the candy-store owner by the lapels and telling him that if he didn't pay up he'd fracture both his femurs. In the future he would be more delicate.

But Brzezinski's indelicacies in his notorious *New Republic* piece remain an indication of the sort of grace under pressure we might expect from the man who has his finger on the man who has his finger on the nuclear button. He decries "incapacity for immediate effective response" because of "traditional legalism." He speaks of a use of force designed "to make certain that the revolutionary forces cannot later rally again under the same leadership." Since people's legs, even when one goes so far as to break them, eventually

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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



TROPIC OF CAPRICORN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER



Although California boasts a warm climate, it's not hot enough for twenty-one-year-old Lonnie Westin. "I won't be happy until I hit the tropics," says she. "I think the torrid zones create the kind of sexy, steamy atmosphere that's right for a hot-blooded person like me." But until Lonnie can find a more compatible environment for her elegant 36-22-35 self, she must be content with a simmering jacuzzi and an occasional sauna.





“When one of my lovers asked if a friend could join us in bed, I knew right away that it would be a super idea.”



When not otherwise engaged, however, Lonnie finds a creative outlet at the piano. "I'm really not a performer, but I enjoy playing for friends and writing songs that I hope will be recorded." Lonnie attributes her artistic leanings to being born a Capricorn. "Caps are passionate and independent. Working in the arts means that I'll never have to be tied down, and I never want to be." Lonnie feels the same way about relationships. "Sex should never be restrictive or ordinary. In many ways I'm my most creative in bed, and I want my lovers to be the same way. I enjoy trying out new things sexually, and I feel strongly that if everyone concerned wants to experiment, no one can tell me it's anything less than a turn-on and a pleasure."





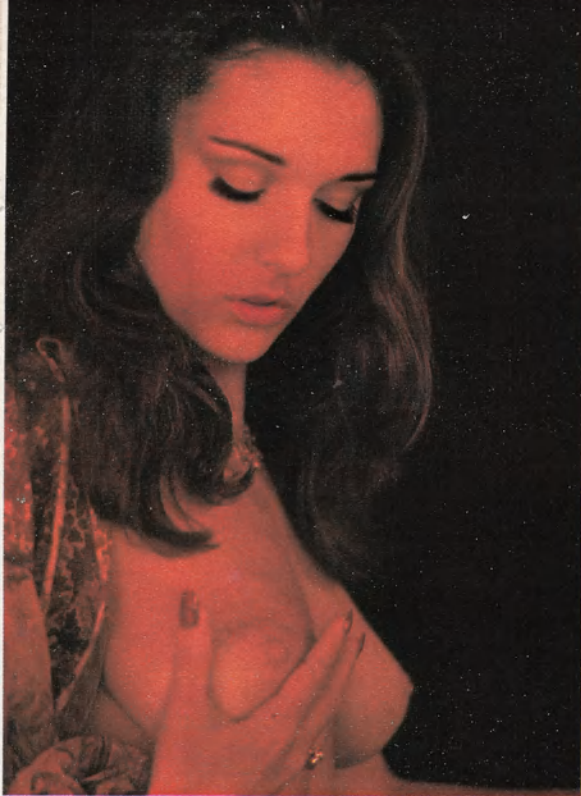
"When one of my lovers asked if a friend could join us in bed, I knew right away that it would be a super idea. When I'm in bed with two men, I find it to be a totally different kind

of experience. I find that I'm less aware of my partners and more involved with being touched, with the physical sensations I'm feeling. It's like making love with a blindfold on."









“In many ways I am really my most creative in bed.”

“We’ve recently tried some other things, too. One day one of the guys brought over a velvet rope, and we took turns tying each other up. I had always thought about doing this before, but I think I was just too inhibited or too young to actually live out my fantasy. Since that night I feel better and more confident about myself. I don’t think any sexual experience should be discounted until it’s explored.”





Lonnie does another kind of exploring along the beachfront near her house. She searches for shells and pieces of driftwood she can add to her collection. "I want to live on the beach forever. Someday I will go to Hawaii or to a tropical island." Considering her astrological sign, it seems that the Tropic of Capricorn will have a whole new meaning . . . almost. 



AFRICA

JIMMY CARTER'S VIETNAM

Our hapless president is determined to do to Africa what John Kennedy and LBJ did to Southeast Asia—destroy it.

To most Americans, places such as Berbera, Djibouti, or Ogaden sound as meaninglessly exotic today as Da Nang, Quang Tri, or Khe San did in the early 1960s. But we would do well to brush up quickly on African geography: early warning signals suggest that the United States may soon find itself very deeply involved in African wars in another confrontation by proxy with the Soviet Union—just as it was in Vietnam.

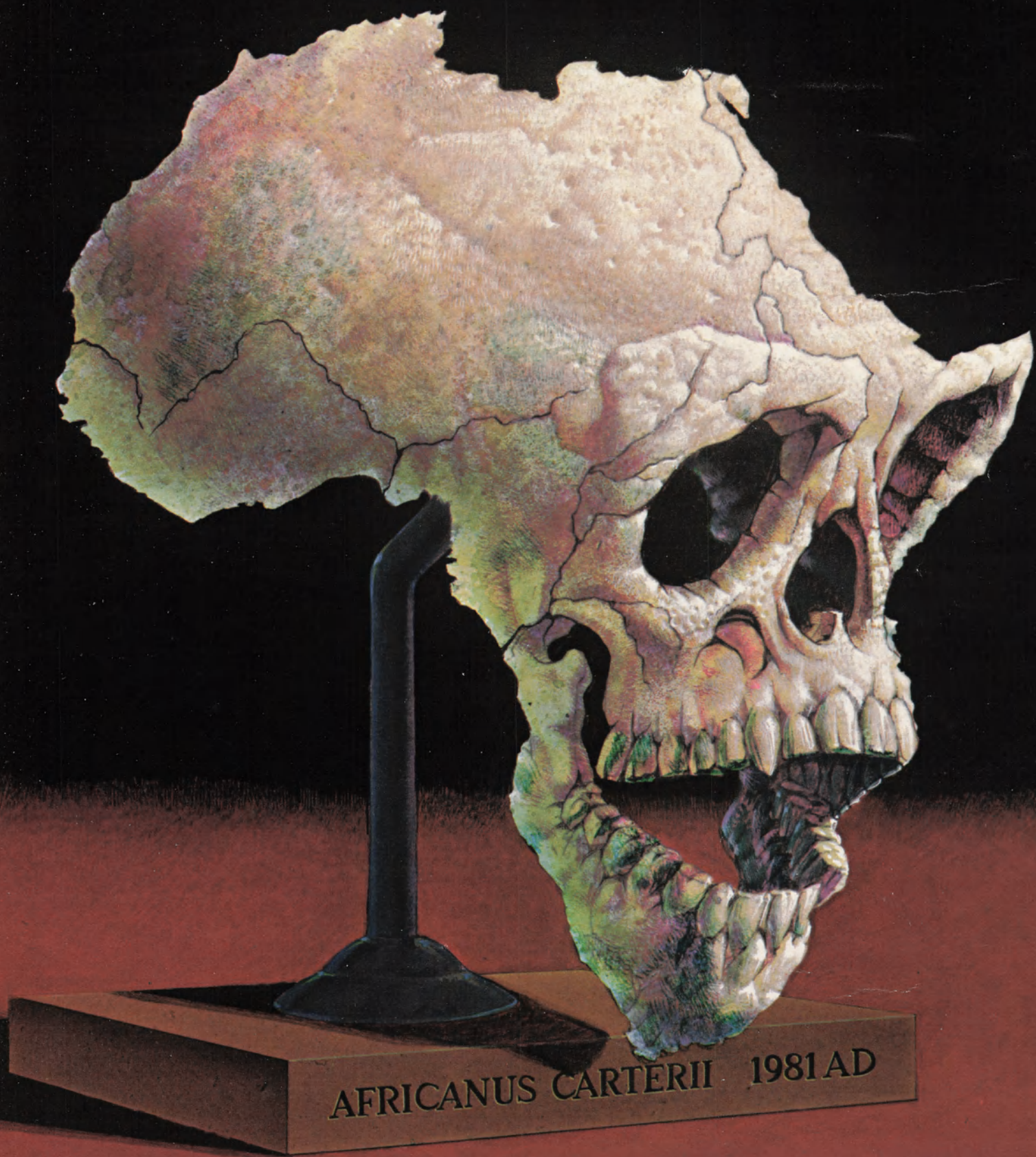
Of course, no one knows exactly to what extent we shall be sucked into the quicksands of Africa. But enough has already happened to make one wonder what the Carter administration is up to. Thus:

- The president has evidently made up his mind to chase the Russians out of Africa. In a little-noticed passage in a conversation with American magazine editors last June 17, Jimmy Carter listed Somalia, a key

country in the so-called Horn of Africa, and Algeria among places where he said he was inclined "to aggressively challenge, in a peaceful way, of course, the Soviet Union and others for influence in areas of the world that we feel are crucial to us now or potentially crucial fifteen or twenty years from now." This was perhaps the most significant foreign-policy statement that Carter had made since taking office, presaging a major African involvement for the United States.

- Within six weeks, following up on Carter's June remarks (including his assessment that the Horn is "the potential trouble spot . . . in Africa"), the administration announced that the United States was willing to sell arms to Somalia, the Chad, Sudan, and Egypt. It also revealed that military assistance might be available to the People's Democratic Republic of Yemen (South

BY TAD SZULC



Yemen), across the vital Gulf of Aden from Somalia, to wean it away from Soviet influences. This was not exactly "a peaceful way" to go about the new challenge to Moscow. Despite earlier assurances that the United States would severely limit its weapons sales and would no longer be the world's chief "death merchant," Carter has turned Africa into the latest arena for the arms race with the Soviets. A Somali military delegation rushed to Washington early in August, and later that month, the Pentagon dispatched a mission to the Sudan to ascertain its arms needs.

The mounting war between Somalia and Ethiopia gave the administration pause, however, and early in September the State Department announced that no weapons would be given Somalia for the time being, because "providing arms at this time would add fuel to a fire we are more interested in putting out." This was a curious statement, inasmuch as fighting was already raging a month earlier, when the intention to help Somalia militarily was first disclosed.

But, more to the point, the State Department added that the fighting must "first be stopped." It did not say that the United States had changed its mind about the basic policy: the official wording was that "we are holding off on our arms decision." In other words, the Carter administration is by no means giving up on its challenge to the Russians in Africa with all the implications this policy carries.

(Early in October several administration figures, apparently concerned about rising criticism over the new Somalia commitments, leaked to the press a story that the policy was changing and that the whole undertaking had been a mistake. They sought to create the impression that the United States was reverting to neutrality in the Horn and hoped for equally good relations with Somalia and Ethiopia. However, top officials said privately that while, indeed, the United States did not wish a direct involvement in the Somali-Ethiopian War, Carter's desire to challenge the Russians in the Red Sea area was as alive as ever.)

- As part of an immensely complex strategic equation, the administration has fused, in effect, its Middle Eastern and African policies. As a senior official commented, "To Carter, these two regions are now one and the same." In the process, we have mortgaged our policies there to Saudi Arabia—which is paying for all these new American arms sales—in a manner that Israel, clearly understanding all the implications, finds quite worrisome. As Carter himself noted, Saudi Arabia, the world's preeminent oil producer, is now America's "very close" ally.

- Private indications from the White House are that the United States "simply" cannot remain indifferent if a civil war between blacks and whites breaks out in Rhodesia. And having been successful

once in talking South Africa out of testing nuclear weapons, the United States may well fail the next time. A major African war may then break out.

- Shortly after deciding on his new African policy, the president called for the creation of a force of highly mobile "light" divisions that could be rushed instantly to trouble spots in the Persian Gulf, the Middle East, Africa, and Southeast Asia. This step, of course, was consistent with the "aggressive" policy for the huge region from the African Horn to Iran, where all these strategic interests overlap. If needed, the supply of American weapons could be supplemented by strikes by the airborne divisions, which would be supported by naval and tactical air-force units from the Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean or from air bases in the Indian Ocean.

The meaning of these quickening developments is that Africa has become the principal threat in the East-West confrontation, and it now looms as the most volatile and explosive spot on earth. Here is a brief overview of just some of the trouble spots.

- (1) The only war currently being fought anywhere in the world has been in progress since the late spring, between Soviet-supported Ethiopia and American- (and Chinese-) supported Somalia. The likelihood is that this war will engulf the newly independent tiny state of Djibouti on the Horn (where, to complicate matters, France has retained some 4,000 troops).

- (2) Soviet-armed Libya is threatening the Chad, the Sudan, and Egypt—which are backed by the American-Saudi alliance.

- (3) Saudi Arabia, of course, also supports Egypt against Israel, which, in turn, has American backing against the Egyptians and their Middle Eastern allies.

- (4) The Sudan is afraid of the rising Soviet influence in Ethiopia as well as in Uganda (which has Soviet arms and Cuban advisers—who are in several pro-Soviet African countries).

- (5) Western-financed Zaire remains concerned about attacks from Marxist Angola (where the Cubans run the army) since the first invasion attempt early in 1977. Should Zaire, a traditional military client of the United States, fall under leftist domination, the Sudan may be caught in a squeeze between Zaire and its other potentially hostile neighbors: Libya, Ethiopia, and Uganda.

- (6) Kenya, an American ally, is at odds with Uganda, but the Kenyans are also displeased with the new American support of the fierce Somalis, who have claims on Kenya's northern province.

This situation can be understood only through a close study of the African political map and all the overlapping African rivalries, alignments, and allegiances—with the caveat that they shift, sometimes from month to month, like African sands.

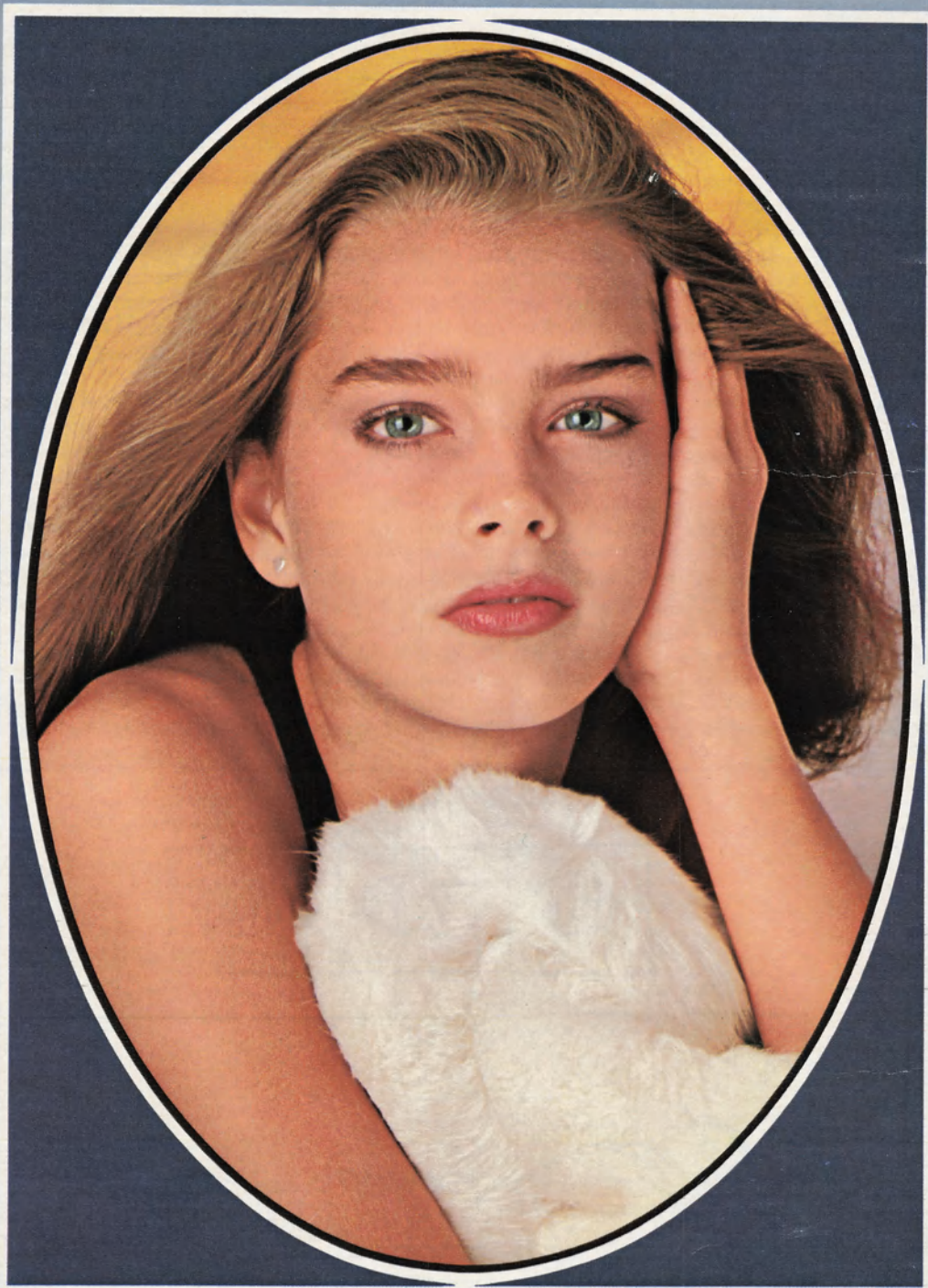
Many of these struggles come out of centuries-old religious and tribal hostility that has been exacerbated by the colonial powers who carved up Africa arbitrarily

CONTINUED ON PAGE 168



"Ours was a shotgun wedding. I told her if she refused to marry me I'd blow her ass off."

Hollywood's newest
sex queen, Brooke Shields,
is not yet thirteen.



Letterforms by Ray Barber

Photograph by Gary Gross

The misfortune of most child stars is that someday they have to grow up. Undoubtedly, the experience proves both confusing and psychologically devastating to all but a few of them. Not only are they unwilling to cut the cord that has kept them bound to the wellspring of their celebrity, but also they are unable to step gracefully away from the adolescent dreamworld in which

Pretty Baby

By Robert Stephen Spitz

their aging process has been neatly suspended in a celluloid time warp.

At the same time, the public, with all the impetuous grace of a hungry shark, deals the final, ego-crushing blow. The explanation may be found in the old Hollywood maxim: you can persuade an audience to believe anything you want, but you can't change its mind in midstream. Because of

the conceptualized character of these young actors, the public refuses to accept them as anything but children. Thus, Mickey Rooney was forced to play the all-American boy until he was well into his twenties, at which time he was no longer "box office"; Shirley Temple was completely deserted by her adoring fans when she made the transition to young womanhood; Judy Garland, although saved by her magical singing voice, suffered a dry spell of several years in movie acceptance between stages of maturity. Only Elizabeth Taylor survived what Edmund Spenser called "the wheels of change," and that feat can chiefly be attributed to her sexual magnetism, a quality most child stars lack.

A noted film critic once stated that "child stars, with extraordinary (although not entirely pleasing) talents, have nothing left in life to learn except, perhaps, reticence." Well, here's to his "hauteur" theory. And, apparently, they've learned it well, for during the past two decades we have fortunately been spared having to contend with the syrupy precociousness of that screen phenomenon. For whatever reason, Hollywood has finally gotten the message: child stars are not necessarily in the national interest. But there has been a resurgence (if you choose to call a few kids with talent a "resurgence") of *young actors*, although Tatum O'Neil and Jodi Foster have not exactly been weaned on sugar-coated "B" features. Nor have they been forced down

our throats, dripping layers of golden ringlets and dimples. Instead, it appears that there is now room in motion pictures for well-developed parts for young people, a trend that could finally reverse the banal juvenile traditions of the past.

From this new pool, the prize catch seems to have been landed by vivacious Brooke Shields, a twelve-year-old model, who has recently completed an assignment in the new Louis Malle film, *Pretty Baby*. Based loosely on the adventures of Bellocq, a turn-of-the-century photographer who took pictures of young prostitutes in New Orleans, *Pretty Baby* is the young ingenue's first starring role (she has previously been cast as Woody Allen's fourth-grade girl friend in *Annie Hall*—though her scenes ended up on the cutting-room floor—and is gruesomely done away with in a blood-and-guts cheapie called *Communism*), which carries with it the hot ticket attached to her task: to portray convincingly a tantalizing, prepubescent addition to an active house of "working girls." It was hardly a role for which she could draw from experience. In fact, it was a subject about which she knew only the, well, *barest* facts.

"I *am* from New York City," she insists, sitting pertly on the edge of a pillowed sofa, which threatens to swallow her tiny frame should she lean back. Her long, flaxen hair, which lends a haunting sophistication to the way she photographs, has been newly sheared, and she looks like any other

scrawny twelve-year-old out for an afternoon of hopscotch except that her girlish mannerisms are accented with a discernible air of professionalism. "And if you're from New York City, you *know* about prostitutes. All you have to do is walk down Forty-second Street. And anything I didn't know, my mom explained to me."

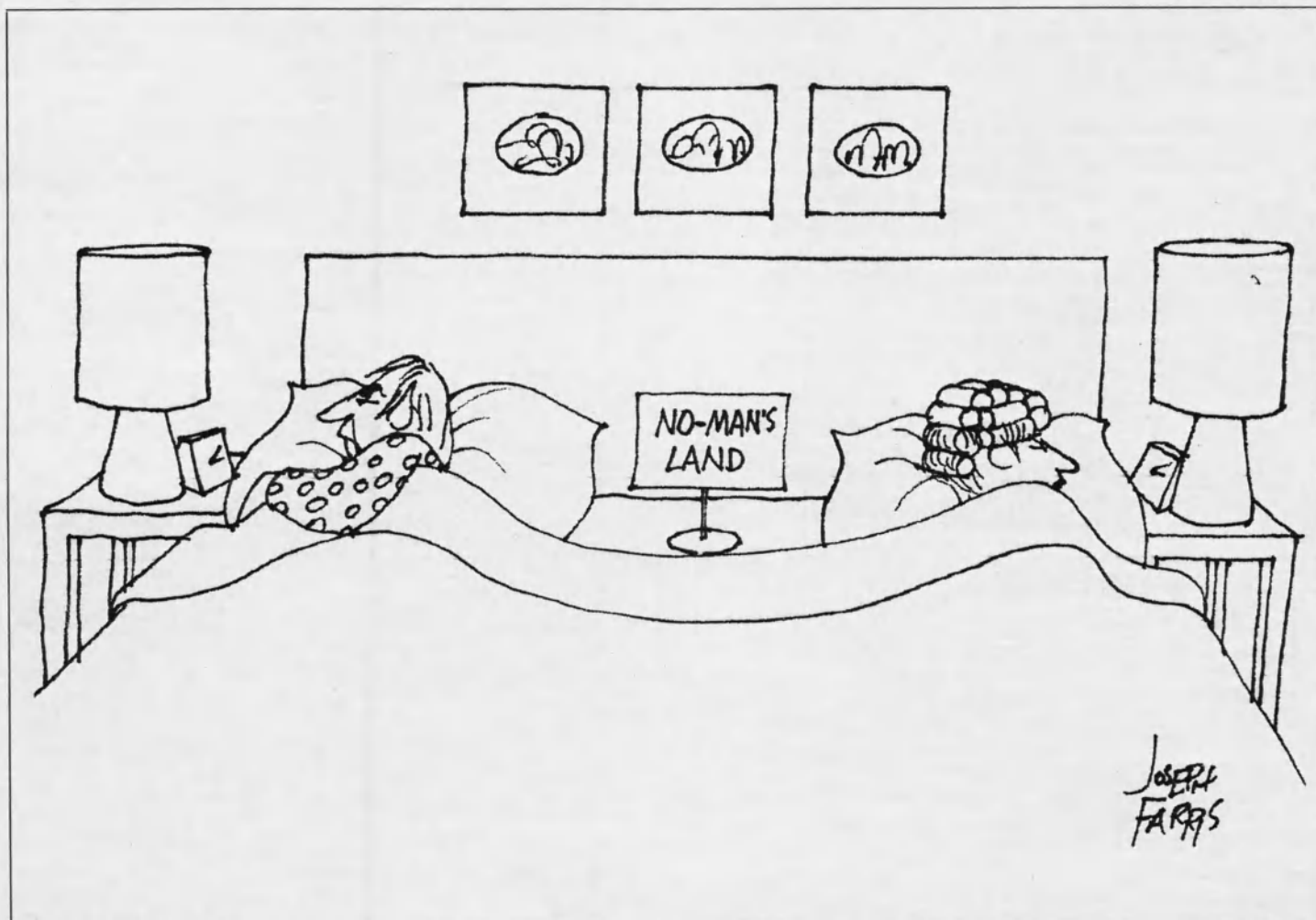
Mom is forty-three-year-old Teri Shields, a former garment-center model, whose patented cheery disposition is laced with the piercing chill of a WAC drill sergeant. She is no longer under the lights herself, and her full-time job these days is managing her daughter's career with a legendary heavy hand. According to one fashion photographer who has worked with the Shields on several occasions, "You've got to be nuts to try to bargain with Teri. She'd take your balls off if she thought she could get them thrown in on a deal. As far as Brooke's services as a model go, they don't come cheap, and Teri wants the sky."

"That's right," she agrees. "I'm pretty tough—very tough! I'm out to see that Brooke doesn't get screwed. Not only physically—although that's her own problem. But my philosophy is, Everything for Brooke! You see, everybody's in it only for the money; so I go for all I can get. Yes, indeedy!"

Yes indeedy!

That credo has carried them a long way down the road to financial freedom—a road that, for starters, has bankrolled the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 164



More what?

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McLOUGHLIN

THE MIME

Adrian was hopelessly
drawn to the young man, and helpless
in his presence.

On Yonge Street in Toronto, nearing midnight of an exceptionally warm Friday in July, on the granite steps of the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, the Mime, small-bodied as a child, performs to a small, disorderly audience. His hair is chestnut red, it is curly and bobbing, and very striking. His eyes are large. Almost popping. They are outlined in black, the rims thick with charcoal, the lashes tarry, extended a half inch down onto his white-powdered cheeks: lovely, enormous, innocent, fast-blinking eyes. In the hectic confinement of his performance (it is, in fact, a miming of confinement: of being trapped in a bathtub that evidently begins to shrink, or perhaps it is the Mime himself who grows helplessly larger) he does not seem aware of his audience. One of the long-haired boys mutters something, one of the girls giggles inappropriately, two more young men cross the street to join the crowd, a middle-aged couple slips away after the man has tossed a half dollar into the opened, empty violin case on the steps, Adrian himself edges a little closer, but the boy is not aware of them. He is aware only of smooth porcelain walls moving in upon him. And of water that has risen now to just below his nose. Frantically, he turns this way and that; with terror his eyes dart from place to place, beginning

to roll, then are arrested—for he *must* retain his powers of rationality; otherwise he will drown, his neat, white-gloved hands pat the air, pat the air, defining one wall and then another and then another, as his anxious little body squirms and pivots. It is almost too painful to watch. It is cruel to watch; it is frightening. But there is no escape for those who have been following the Mime's movements from the start of the routine. They, too, are caught; they, too, are trapped. They shiver with his plight; they wish to break free from his spell, from the inevitability of his doom, but they cannot; they are stricken, powerless, confined. Adrian stares, his eyes misting over with shame and excitement.

Incredibly, the Mime manages to suggest a figure now floating on his back, his nose a fraction of an inch from a ceiling. The nostrils twitch wildly, the lips appear to be praying, the ornate eyes bulge and roll. His legs, deceptively slender, perform a comic paddling motion, straining at the bright blue cloth of his trousers; the arms and the entire torso, costumed in a red-and-white-striped jersey, flail in desperation. His feet are bare: each toe wriggles in terror. It is horrible to watch. It is fascinating. A nightmare. Mad. Above the boy's thin, faint eyebrows are arched brows pencilled in boldly, in

dark brown, contrasting sharply with the white-powdered forehead. The effect of this double set of eyebrows is queer and disorienting—Adrian keeps blinking as if his vision were going double, slipping into madness.

He stares; he cannot help staring. Someone jostles him from the rear, but he hardly notices. This is the third time in two weeks he has seen the Mime performing, always on the same street corner on Yonge, always late at night. The boy has mesmerized him; the boy has reduced him to a pair of straining eyes, to hands clasped tightly together, fearful and cold with an emotion that eludes defining. He has become a voyeur. The Mime simulates comic anguish, the Mime simulates suffering, even death, and Adrian stares, unable to turn aside. He has become a voyeur. He has become . . .

One of the Mime's small toes jerks: evidently catches hold of something. Ah! The plug! The plug! The water begins to drain out, the ceiling recedes, the Mime's desperate expression shifts at once into an imbecilic relief. (At this marvelous moment someone to Adrian's left, having just walked up, says, "What the hell's *this*?") Adrian and the half-dozen other spectators who have been following the act from the very beginning laugh aloud involuntarily; they, too, are relieved, very much relieved. Adrian has to suppress the desire to clap. Thank God! Something so simple as the

plug pulled out! Now the tension that has united them drains away, like the invisible, deathly water; now the Mime bobs up and down in frantic merriment, his painted mouth grinning, his gloved hands outlining the freer space he now inhabits; he manages to communicate the outrageous idea that *he knew all along* about the plug; he isn't taken by surprise at all.

And so the skit ends happily. Almost too happily. With a desperate sprightliness the Mime jumps from the bathtub, his hands and arms communicating extreme joy; he dances a step or two forward, bowing. The skit is over; the Mime is free. He has stepped, in fact, out of the invisible space of the performance; now he stands, bowing just above the opened violin case. (Where a folded dollar bill and a scattering of coins have been tossed.)

"Thank you. Thank you," he whispers, his painted eyes lowered as if in extreme modesty, while a few of the spectators clap. Adrian joins them. He would clap louder, he would even cry out *Bravo!*—but he does not dare. He is afraid the boy has already begun to notice him. "Thank you," the boy whispers hoarsely, as Adrian and two others step self-consciously forward to drop money into the case.

"Thank you, you're very kind, very kind," the boy murmurs, his gaze still lowered. "Very kind."

More than half his audience drifts away. " . . . very kind."

Adrian has folded the five-dollar bill into a small square.

His eyes are tearful with shame and dread and excitement. And disbelief. For he isn't really serious; he has only been killing an hour's time. He has better things to do than to hang around street corners in Toronto on Friday night. He isn't a voyeur; in fact, he has never been particularly interested in other people . . .

"I'm only living here for three months," he tells the Mime. "I don't know anyone in Toronto. There are relatives in Oakville I'm supposed to telephone . . . They'll want me to come to dinner . . . I want to call them early next week. Monday evening. Will you remind me? But you'll forget. I can't trust you. If I were to bring you home with me, something might happen. You might steal my money, my clothes, my wristwatch, my typewriter; you might even slit my throat while I slept or smash my skull; how can I trust you? Anyone with eyes like yours . . ."

The accusation is false. He isn't a voyeur. He is a quite ordinary, normal man. Forty-six years old, which is always a mild surprise when he thinks of it (for in his imagination he remains about twenty-three), in good physical condition, not an ounce of fat, six foot one inch tall. Very nearly bald now on top, with thick hair on the sides of his head and thick sideburns and a handsome, trim, dark mustache. Something military about his bearing, neat and erect and watchful, and he takes care to dress well. Even in this oppressively warm weather he dresses well. Tonight he is wearing an attractive patterned shirt from a new store in Yorkville, dark reds and greens, and light beige trousers and sandals in good condition. He showered earlier in the evening, washed his hair, shaved for the second time that day. "No reason," he says defensively, "except I like cleanliness . . ."

But the Mime is now inviting suggestions from the audience, and Adrian loses his train of thought.

The Mime's voice is a peculiar one, both hoarse and timid. It is rather unpleasant, coming from that delicate face. "Any ideas? Anyone?" While he was performing his pantomime, he gave the impression of being completely in control of the situation, even a little cocky; if he heard the rude mutterings and giggles, he gave no indication. His very muteness seemed a sort of magical power to protect him from others' noises. And the extraordinary suppleness of his body, the skillful precision of his facial expressions, seemed to protect him from the sheer fact of others' existence. Now, however, he is just a young man in an absurd costume. The blue pants with their overlarge buttons, the striped jersey shirt so tight his ribs are outlined against the flimsy material, the white cotton gloves that are a little grimy . . . "Any ideas? I'd be happy to . . ." Barefoot, his eyes painted, his mouth too red, the effect of his double eyebrows outlandish, grotesque, he stands exposed before them, betrayed by his weak voice, a very odd young man.

A drunken woman laughs and says

CONTINUED ON PAGE 136



"I thought they were your friends."

Merry Smoothness.



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JULIUS KESSLER CO., LAWRENCEBURG, IND. BLENDED WHISKEY, 80 PROOF, 72 1/2 % GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

ANITA BRYANT

It was a filthy letter, and had
a picture of two nude men in the midst of a homosexual act.
That picture kept coming back to my mind so many
times. It took a great deal of my
strength and the power of the Lord to cast
that image out of my head.

The most popular figure of the American Right is no longer William Buckley, Ronald Reagan, or Barry Goldwater, but a thirty-seven-year-old entertainer, Anita Bryant.

Last year she was the leader of antihomosexual forces in a fight over a local statute in Dade County, Fla., a legal confrontation that became the focus of the homosexual-rights struggle nationwide. Bryant's "Save Our Children" organization rallied thousands of volunteers against an ordinance banning discrimination in employment and housing because of a person's "affectational or sexual preference." The vote was the first of its kind in a major city, and it became a crucial test of what kind of civil rights this country was willing to give to its estimated 20 million homosexuals.

Fundamentalists and other conservative religious groups worked on the Bryant side. Gay organizations, aided by large segments of the entertainment industry, poured money and people into Dade County to do battle. Hysteria seized both groups.

Her enemies raged, calling her a bigot, a Nazi, and a front for extremist political elements bent on taking over the country and putting dissidents of all types into concentration camps. Bryant retorted that homosexuals, not wanting to reproduce, sought to recruit from the ranks of "our children." She frequently relied on biblical passages to support her cause. Her favorite quotation was from Leviticus 20:13: "If a man also lie with mankind, as he lieth with a woman, both of them have committed an abomination: they shall be put to death; their blood *shall* surely be upon them."

On June 7, 1977, the voters of Dade County defeated the gays by an overwhelming two-to-one margin. Bryant was hailed by some as the Joan of Arc who would unify antigay forces and make America see the light. Her critics saw her as the catalyst of a growing conservative backlash.

Some members of the homosexual community see advantages in what Bryant has done. According to Bruce Voeller, a Gay Task Force director, the number of homosexuals participating in the movement has doubled since the

Dade County controversy. He says, "Anita has convinced many gays that they can no longer sit back in total security and pretend to be ordinary, workaday, nongay people."

Bryant herself has consistently denied any political ambitions. She says her actions are a natural outgrowth of the moral precepts that have inspired her throughout her life. Indeed, her beliefs go back to her infancy. She was born in Barnsdall, Okla., on March 25, 1940, to Warren Gene and Lenora Bryant. Her father was an oil-field worker. When Bryant was two, her parents divorced. That same year she sang "Jesus Loves Me," her first public solo, at the Barnsdall Baptist Church.

At eight, acting on her own, she asked to be baptized. Baptists do not take baptism lightly. For them it is a conscious, deliberated act that requires concerted self-reflection and understanding. After close questioning, the minister agreed, and Bryant began her lifelong commitment.

Her father returned from service in World War Two in 1945 and remarried her mother. The next year Bryant had a small part in an operetta. She was six years old. In her autobiography she recalls the applause and remembers thinking, "I'm going to be a star some day."

She went on to make radio and television appearances on local stations and had her own TV show when she was twelve. The next year her parents were divorced for the second time, shortly after she had cut her first record, "Somebody Cares." At fourteen she tried Hollywood. But the film people weren't interested, and she returned to school to sing in the choir and play the lead in a student production of *South Pacific*. By sixteen she was making appearances on national television ("The Arthur Godfrey Show") and radio ("The Breakfast Club"). Lacking money for college, she tried for the Miss America title in 1958 and was amazed when she wound up as second runner-up to Mary Ann Mobley. She got her scholarship and enrolled at Northwestern University as a speech major.

But that same year her record "Till There Was You" sold a million copies, and it wasn't long before she became a featured entertainer on bills with the likes of Sinatra and Peggy Lee. She gave up college and on June 25, 1960, in



Tulsa, married Bob Green, who was then one of the country's top disc jockeys.

Green recalls experiencing spiritual rebirth on the day before the wedding. Bryant, in her autobiography, called this "... the holiest, most amazing gift to our impending marriage." Since then they have been mutually involved with religion—she as a Sunday school teacher and he as a deacon at the Northwest Baptist Church in Miami.

With still more gold records, including "Paper Roses" and "My Little Corner of the World," Bryant's career blossomed, and Bob gave up his broadcasting career to become her manager. He has generally resisted booking her into nightclubs, favoring for her performances the atmosphere of business conventions, association gatherings, and state fairs. For a time Bryant was the "Coca-Cola Girl" on radio and TV, and she became adept at promotional work for Kraft Foods and Holiday Inns. From 1960 to 1967 she participated in Bob Hope's Christmas shows for servicemen. (Hope called her "the den mother.")

She also appeared regularly at Billy Graham crusades, and Dr. Norman Vincent Peale dedicated a chapter of one of his books to her. She campaigned for the late Sen. Everett Dirksen's proposed constitutional amendment to permit prayers in public schools. During Lyndon Johnson's administration, she performed at the White House many times, getting standing ovations for what has become her theme song, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

She considers herself nonpartisan and is probably the only entertainer to sing at both the Republican and the Democratic conventions in the same year (1968), to say nothing of appearances at the Orange Bowl (1970) and the Super Bowl (1971).

In 1968 Anita Bryant became the "Florida Sunshine Tree Girl" for the Florida Citrus Commission—a job that now pays her \$100,000 annually. She talks up Florida orange juice on an international scale. As a London *Daily Mail* columnist put it: "All over this vast [European] continent are people who think of America as good, God-fearing, honest, and nice to look at. Anita Bryant is all these things... an antidote to Watergate."

Of course, all of this was prior to her war with the gays. She is still the Florida Sunshine Tree Girl, but she lost a network TV show, to be sponsored by the Singer Company, because of the fear of a pro-gay boycott. Singer has since reopened negotiations.

The Greens have four children: Robert Einar, Jr., twelve; Gloria Lynn, eleven; and twins, William Bryant and Barbara Elisabet, who are eight. The twins were premature, and in the ensuing complications they almost died.

Lately, Bryant has been busy writing her eighth book—*The Anita Bryant Story: The Survival of Our Nation's Families and the Threat of Militant Homosexuality*—and has not been so personally active as she was in the Dade County referendum. "It's not necessary to do in other cities what we did in Miami," she recently told *Newsweek* magazine. "I think the voice was heard loud and clear, and a lot of people are concerned in their own communities now." She is also giving more attention to her professional career; her engagements are booked months in advance. Her entertaining has taken on more and more of a religious tone since she became a crusader battling "non-Christian forces."

From their \$300,000 Spanish-style mansion fronting Miami's Biscayne Bay—which includes a swimming pool, a heart-shaped sunken bathtub, tropical gardens, fountains and waterfalls, French Regency furniture, and a prayer altar—the Robert Greens are now girding themselves up for phase two of their calling: the national fight to "save our children."

Anita Bryant does not object, she says, to homosexual *rights*. Rather, she is opposing the idea of gays being accepted as role models by children. Hence her violent opposition to homosexuals' coming out of the closet and—among other things—teaching school. Put another way, she is saying that gays want, not *rights*, but, *respectability* in society—and that is a legitimacy that she and her forces are not prepared to give them.

West Coast free-lance writer Sandra Shevey talked to Bryant and her husband, Bob Green, while researching an article on homosexuality, and *Penthouse* subsequently obtained the interview. A natural point of departure was the aftermath of the Dade County referendum.

If the homosexual way of life
is uplifted to the
point where it is... accepted as
an alternate life-style,
then it can happen for all types
of people, even
drunkards and prostitutes.

Penthouse: Were you surprised when your opinions on homosexuality became a national issue?

Bryant: I was naive enough to believe that after the Dade County referendum, after what happened in one of the most liberal counties in the nation—the fact that people voted—it would make a difference to the homosexual community. But apparently it did not. It just ignited them. They weren't willing to listen to what the people had said, even though the Dade County homosexuals themselves had called for a big voter turnout.

And certainly the people knew the issues. They'd gotten educated on both sides for some six months. They knew exactly what they were voting for. And they realized that it was not a civil-rights issue—it was a moral issue. So they voted accordingly. I was always sure that we were going to win; and in the last couple of weeks, I knew that we were going to win overwhelmingly. Reporters kept asking, "What if you don't win?" I never thought in those terms. But at the same time, I knew that, had we not won, I would have considered that I had done my best, and there's nothing more one can do.

But I would never have gone after or tried to intimidate or harass my opponents—boycott, picket them, or whatever. Since the vote, I have truly made an effort to avoid the issue, but I am followed around across the country. If we had really been out to annihilate the homosexuals, as they said we were trying to do, or take our crusade across the nation, as the media said we were going to do, then we would have acted on June 8, the day after the election. That would have been the time to strike, at the height of that overwhelming victory. But our posture was not to inflame the issue. We certainly knew that it had become a national thing, but we felt that to pursue it would have been immature.

Penthouse: Why did you decide to take a public stand on such an explosive issue as gay rights?

Bryant: You have to realize what that ordinance was all about. It sounds simple if you look at it just as it reads. No one wants to be against human rights or to discriminate against anybody. Certainly, I have always advocated human rights, and I have worked with homosexuals all my life, in show business, and have always held to a policy of live-and-let-live.

But this ordinance, underneath all the fancy writing, was a very carefully disguised ordinance of special privilege that would allow homosexuals to become role models in private and religious schools. The interesting thing is that the homosexuals themselves said, in the courtroom hearing, that their problem was not with housing or jobs—there they admitted they were already "in." Rather, they said, "What we want to do is to tell you where we're at." They're asking for respect.

Penthouse: What were the repercussions of the Dade County struggle?

Bryant: I thought that it was just a local issue at the time, but it was still a frightening decision. I figured that, being who I am and having some national notoriety, I would be in the forefront. It was a natural fear. I don't think that I realized all the intimidation, the harassment, the threats to my livelihood that would occur. But I expected that the press, which is somewhat liberal, would be against me, and that mine would not be a popular stand.

Penthouse: Were you afraid at any time that you were possibly putting your career in jeopardy?

Bryant: Sometimes it gets down to where

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(Left, top to bottom) Three matching units by U.S. Pioneer (all prices approximate nationally advertised value): TX-8500II tuner (\$300); SA-8500II integrated amp (\$350); and CT-F1000 three-head cassette deck (\$600). (Right, top to bottom) Sophisticated components by Akai: GX-630D-SS quadra-sync, three-motor, four-channel tape deck (\$1,905); AT-2600 top-of-the-line tuner (\$275); and AM-2800 integrated amp (\$375).



If the sound of your present hi-fi system is beginning to wear around the edges of your mind, and you're thinking of putting together a new rig around a more powerful receiver with less distortion and more of the features you want, then it might be time to think in terms of *separate* components.

Maybe the audio bug has bitten you hard, leaving you with dreams of a state-of-the-art system but not enough money to buy it. *Separates* are the only feasible way to get started.

Or perhaps you're looking for your first system, have an unpinched budget, and want to get something a little special, with better than run-of-the-mill performance. Think *separates*.

DEFINITIONS

What, you might ask, are separate components, anyway?

The best way to answer that is to mentally dismantle the various sections of the typical stereo receiver that we all know and

A super sound
system is greater than the
sum of its parts.

SEPARATE
(COMPONENTS)
BUT
EQUAL

BY HAROLD RODGERS

love. First, tiny signal voltages from a phonograph pickup go to the phono section, where they are amplified and returned to a neutral frequency balance (the highs are beefed up and the bass reduced prior to recording onto a disc). Next, the signals go to a switching center, which can either pass them along or substitute signals from the AM/FM tuner section or from an external source, such as a tape deck; whichever signal is "chosen" here goes on to the tone-control section, by means of which the listener can adjust sonic balance to his taste.

Closely allied with the tone controls are the high- and low-cut filters, which shave away zones of the musical spectrum where noise may obtrude—the low bass if rumble is a problem, the high treble to weaken hisses and clicks. Finally, the signal flows to the power-amplifier section, where it is made strong enough to drive a loudspeaker.

The point here is that it is possible to



Two component packages for ultraserious audiophiles. (Left, top to bottom) TEAC A-3340S four-channel, simul-sync tape deck (\$1,400); Accuphase T-101 varia-band tuner (\$500); and Accuphase E-202 integrated amp (\$800). (Right, top to bottom) State-of-the-art components from Phase Linear: model 5000 supersensitive tuner (\$499.95); model 4000 preamplifier with noise-reduction system (\$659.95); and 700B amp—one of the most powerful in the world at 345 watts per channel (\$879.95).

Photographs by David Hedrick

assemble a system in which *each* section of the receiver—phono, switching, tuner, tone controls, and power amplifier—is built as an independent unit.

INTEGRATION

But "separateness" need not, of course, be so literal or extreme. For example, one increasingly popular approach to dividing audio functions is to put the AM/FM tuner on one chassis and the phono section, switching center, tone controls, and power amplifier on another, the former being known as the *tuner* and the latter as the *integrated amplifier*. Even this modified arrangement offers the audio buyer a degree of choice not possible with a standard receiver.

Say you don't need a lot of power and will settle for fairly basic switching and tone controls, but you live a long way from the FM station that broadcasts just the kind of music you like. Since you will have weak FM signals to contend with, you will want a

very sensitive tuner that adds virtually no noise of its own to the signal. If you try to get this as part of a one-package receiver, you will have to buy more power and features than you want. Going the separates route, however, you can purchase a tuner from the top of a manufacturer's line and buy an integrated amplifier of more modest price and capabilities.

What if you can't bear the local stations and want radio only for news and occasional listening? Now you can put most of your money into facilities for playback of records and tapes and fill in with a budget-priced tuner—if you decide to have a tuner at all. Or, you can put off buying the tuner until you have the extra cash. It is quite true that a tuner and integrated amp will cost somewhat more than an equivalent receiver—if such an animal exists. But the point is that with the separates, you can spend according to what *you* need, not according to what the manufacturer thinks his "average" customer needs.

TOTAL SEPARATION

Moving one step further in the direction of total separation, we arrive at what might be called the mainstream of serious high fidelity. Here the integrated amplifier is further subdivided: the power-amplifier section is moved to its own chassis. Now we have three basic components: the *tuner*, the *power amplifier*, and the *preamplifier*. This last unit incorporates the phono section, the switching center, and the tone controls. Each of these three, separate units, like the tuner we discussed earlier, can be selected in accordance with your individual requirements.

If any of your personal requirements are more than a little unusual, the choice of receivers that can fit the bill will be very limited in comparison with the choice of separates. For example, there is just a handful of receivers which offer more power than 125 watts per channel (and only one unit with as much as 250 watts per

(Left, top to bottom) Separates by Fisher: FM-2110 Studio Standard stereo tuner (\$159.95); CA-2110 integrated amp with Tone Control Defeat switch (\$249.95); and CR-5120 cassette deck with three ferrite heads (\$399.95). (Right, top to bottom) Sankyo STD-2000 Dolby cassette deck with total automatic shutoff (\$299.95); Sherwood Micro/CPU 100 tuner with computerized programming and LED readouts (\$2,000); and Sherwood HP-2000 control amp with thirty-five front-panel features (\$750).



channel). Separate power amps, boasting as much as 500 watts per channel, are available from at least two manufacturers, while the number of units competing in the 200-to-350-watts-per-channel range is positively huge.

Separate preamps, too, offer features not easily found in receivers. Highly sensitive phono inputs (principally of the moving-coil type) for pickups that give especially feeble signals are one example. Another is the type of switching that will allow you to copy a tape, feeding from one recorder to another, while listening to something different—which might itself be a tape, if you are the kind of enthusiast who has three tape decks to play with.

Sometimes it is the *lack* of a common feature that is noteworthy. Some of the most prestigious preamps are made with no tone controls at all; these are designed for the person who wants elaborate tone controls and who will purchase a component equalizer to get them. Also, some radical purists

feel that tone controls vitiate the integrity of musical sound, however slightly.

A tuner, too, will generally contain more advanced features when permitted to stand on its own chassis. One such feature is variable bandpass, which makes a tuner sound better when it can successfully be set wide (there must not be any other station close by on the dial). With the separate tuner, performance is likely to be better as well, for there is generally room and budget enough to include the extra components needed for truly precise tuning. This will be obvious if you compare the specs (selectivity, FM sensitivity, signal-to-noise ratio, and capture ratio) of a separate tuner to those of the tuner section of a typical stereo receiver.

Another argument in favor of acquiring three small components, rather than one large one, is that their purchase need not deliver such a heavy blow to the exchequer. It is possible to start with a preamp-power-amp combination, or with

an integrated amplifier, and to add FM later. Furthermore, components can be traded up one by one, as more money becomes available, enabling a serious audiophile eventually to arrive at the supersystem of his dreams.

If shelf space is a problem, you might assume that a single receiver would be preferable to two or three separate pieces of equipment. But that's not necessarily the case. Receivers of any appreciable power output are generally large, heavy units. Many are so deep from front to back that they will not fit on shelves of standard width; others are massive enough virtually to collapse shelves of normal construction. Separate power amps are heavy, too, but since they have so few controls (or at least none that need frequent adjustment), they can conveniently be placed on the floor, in a closet, or in any out-of-the-way location.

GETTING SERIOUS

Cosmetic and storage considerations

Low-priced matched sets by Sansui and H.H. Scott. (Left, top to bottom) Sansui's TU-217 tuner offers high-quality reception at budget price of \$175; AU-217 integrated amp is an attractive power source at just \$190; AX-7 mixer for total audio control (\$240); and the low-priced SC-1110 cassette deck (\$220). (Right, top to bottom) The H.H. Scott ensemble: T-527 stereo tuner (\$249.95), CD-67 cassette deck (\$229.95), and A-457 stereo amplifier (\$249.95).



aside, the fact is that, if you're really serious about audio equipment, you'll turn to separates sooner or later. And this is the arena into which manufacturers introduce their latest and most refined technology. There are exceptions from time to time, but the vast majority of circuit innovations have been well proven elsewhere by the time they find their way into receivers. This is something of a tradition in an industry that grew from a host of specialist companies, each making and perfecting its particular product. But scrutiny with a more jaundiced eye reminds one that while a marketing synergism exists in a receiver—a great tuner section can help sell an indifferent power-amp section or vice versa—a separate component has to be good enough to sell on its own. Whatever the reasons, while only the fairly large manufacturers produce both receivers and high-technology separates, a large contingent of small manufacturers offers the latter.

All of which has given separate compo-



You need quality components to get quality sound from your cassette deck. But you also need the best tapes to start with.

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nents a certain mystique. Receivers, it is often said, are the meat and potatoes of high fidelity. If so, separates are the filet mignon and wild rice. They appeal to those audiophiles who insist on deciding matters for themselves, regardless of popular trends.

Certainly, there is no lack of debate among audio fans as to which components make the most felicitous combinations and which are best in each price category. And becoming the owner of a separate component system is *your* license to participate in the fray; after all, you, too, will have put your money where your mouth is. Manufacturers have been known to build elaborate separates for image or prestige—and consumers have been known to buy them for the same reasons.

But whatever your motivations may be, the next time you're contemplating a serious sound investment, consider what the possibilities of individual components are. Think separates. 

CARTERGATE III

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

heal, Brzezinski must have been thinking about a more permanently incapacitating "post-use-of-force consequence." One's suspicions about exactly what he means by the "application of force" are not allayed by his choice of words in the phrase "if that leadership cannot be physically liquidated." (As to whether Brzezinski really wanted to see radicals "liquidated," let's give him the benefit of the doubt and remember that he had spent a good deal of his professional life up to that time studying Stalin. Perhaps that's why he calls the young people involved "historical irrelevants." The following year he wrote to the *New York Times* a letter calling for an investigation of "the physical decimation of the Black Panther leadership." One may hope that Brzezinski finds the idea of killing "historical irrelevants" more attractive in theory than in practice.)

His suggestion that rioters be exiled to foreign lands is most disturbing (in the case of Columbia, their most serious offense under the "traditional legalism" of the "established authorities" was criminal trespass). The right wing at the time had no great affection for the likes of Mark Rudd, but the furthest their bumper stickers went was: *America: Love It Or Leave It*. They never said: *America: Love It Or We'll Throw You Out*. This haste to deport forcibly the sons and daughters of American citizens might be characterized as somewhat uncharitable on the part of a native of Poland who had himself been naturalized only ten years before.

To avoid being identified with his more outlandish ideas, Brzezinski often acts like a Georgia moonshiner being chased by the Feds: every few miles he'll suddenly hang a four-wheel drift and peel out in the opposite direction. There's no better example of this stratagem than Brzezinski's series of 180-degree turnarounds on human rights.

In his July 1973 article in *Foreign Affairs*, "U.S. Foreign Policy: The Search for Focus," which coincided with the official founding of The Trilateral Commission and was looked to for an indication of the direction the organization would take, Brzezinski came out for an emphasis on morality in America's international relations: "The planetary humanists can rightly assert that an essentially Machiavellian foreign policy [i.e., that of the man Brzezinski hoped to replace as national security adviser, Henry Kissinger] is incapable of tapping the moral resources of the American people. . . ; it also weakens America on the international scene. A morally indifferent America is automatically a weaker America; an amoral America is also likely to become a lonely America."

To throw us revenuers off his trail, however, the next time he commits himself to

print on the theme of morality in United States foreign policy, his position is exactly the opposite. Before the 1976 election Brzezinski was under contract to New York's Basic Books to write a major book on the crisis of American foreign policy. The manuscript was entitled "America in a Hostile World." An adaptation of its keynote chapter was published under that title in the summer 1976 issue of *Foreign Policy*, a journal edited by his colleague Samuel P. Huntington.

"Traditionally," Brzezinski wrote, "Americans have seen their society as the wave of the future, and as an embodiment of libertarian values of universal pertinence; much of the world—be it poor immigrants or activist nationalist leaders—saw America much the same way."

But then he continued: ". . . for Americans to inject into American external relations the ideological claim that the contemporary world struggle is between liberal democracy and various forms of despotic

“
After the 1968 student
protests at Columbia
University, Brzezinski advocated
“physically liquidating”
revolutionaries—
or at least “expelling them
from the country.”
”

statism is to provide a counterproductive economic reinforcement to the already noted political-philosophical tendencies toward America's global isolation. Making liberal democracy the key issue—as was done in 1975 by a number of key administration spokesmen—also deprives the United States of the opportunity to exploit its commitment to pluralism with a positive stress on U.S. support of global diversity; instead, by dichotomizing reality it tends to create a doctrinal coalition against the United States.”*

In 1973 Brzezinski tells us that in matters of foreign policy, "an amoral America is also likely to become a lonely America." In 1976 he suddenly jumps the divider, spins around, and roars off telling us that a *moral* America is likely to become a lonely America—an "America in a hostile world."

But if you really want to see defensive driving, take a look at the speech Brzezinski wrote for Jimmy Carter to deliver before the Chicago Council on Foreign Relations on March 15, 1976. This was written around the same time he was submitting "America in a Hostile World" to *Foreign Policy*. "It must be the responsibility of the president," Brzezinski had Carter saying,

"to restore the moral authority of this country in its conduct of foreign policy. . . . Policies that strengthen dictators . . . weaken that authority. Policies that encourage economic progress and social justice promote it."

At the very moment that Brzezinski was telling the *Foreign Policy* audience that if America claimed that the contemporary international struggle was between liberal democracy and despotic statism, it would result in "America's global isolation," he was using Carter to tell the Chicago Council on Foreign Relations audience the reverse: that policies strengthening despotic statism in countries like Brazil weaken American diplomatic authority, and that we must have a foreign policy "that embodies our ideals."

Brzezinski was able to proceed northbound and southbound simultaneously during the campaign, because only 16,093 insiders get *Foreign Policy* and most voters were not aware that Brzezinski was ghosting all of Carter's foreign-policy pronouncements. After the election, however, he had to settle on which side of his mouth to talk out of before he could go semipublic as Carter's national security adviser. He decided that a pro-human rights stand would play better, if not in Peoria, in the bull pens of the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*. So he told an astonished Basic Books that he wished to withdraw "America in a Hostile World" from publication. His stated reason was that he didn't want to benefit financially from his appointment. His actual reason was that he didn't want to have to explain—or worse, want Carter to have to explain—why the book's thrust was in direct opposition to the emphasis on human rights that he had repeatedly put in Carter's mouth. The press was completely taken in. *Time* magazine's White House correspondent interviewed him and reported that, "sounding like Carter, Brzezinski thus sprinkles his speech with such words as goodness, morality, and virtue." One should hope that Brzezinski would be able to sound like Carter, since he has written every word that Carter has spoken on foreign policy.

The key to Brzezinski's double-talk can be found in the manuscript of "America in a Hostile World," in which he enlarges the definition of the word "liberty" to include the freedom not to be free. "The basic message of the American experience was the primacy of liberty, wrote Brzezinski—using, significantly, the past tense. "But inherent in that was also the centrality of pluralism. Personal liberty was best assured by a society that was pluralistic. On the global scale, pluralism means diversity and not a march toward a homogeneous world based on a single ideological model. . . . To reduce global complexity and the emerging global preoccupations to the simple dichotomy of democracy (or freedom) versus despotism (or statism) is in fact to sever the libertarian linkage between America and the world. . . ."

Since Brzezinski believes that for

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America to champion liberty in the international arena is to sever the libertarian linkage between America and the world—a scrambled thought if there ever was one—how can we account for Carter's (i.e., Brzezinski's) rhetorical emphasis on human rights? Brzezinski said recently that "the identification of the United States with something more than just consumption is essential to our own well-being, to our own psychic stability, and to the American role in the world." In other words, human rights isn't a program of geopolitical action; it's a program of mental hygiene. This explains why no concrete steps in support of human rights in other countries have been taken and why the administration has lobbied successfully behind the scenes against bills that would have denied foreign aid to regimes that torture and imprison without trial.

Goodness, to paraphrase Mae West, had nothing to do with Brzezinski's sudden interest in human rights. It didn't stem from the fact that officially sanctioned kidnappings of newspaper editors have become common in Argentina. It stemmed from the fact that, despite a trend toward isolationist responses to public-opinion surveys such as the 1974 Roper poll Brzezinski likes to point to, the public has told pollsters that it remains "willing to back international efforts on behalf of human rights."

"A public opinion that is ambivalent but constructively malleable emerged from the surveys," Brzezinski wrote during the presidential campaign, "and it heightened the need for national leadership that was capable of defining politically and morally compelling directions to which the public might then positively respond."

Brzezinski's goal isn't to improve the human-rights situation in other countries; it's to find the buzzwords and catchphrases that will get us "constructively malleable" potatoheads to "positively respond" to his foreign policy, which is designed, not to make the world safe for democracy, but to make the world safe for the multinationals.

"We cannot teach our children to believe in human rights and democracy," said Vice-President Walter Mondale at the 1977 Annapolis commencement, "we cannot honor those values in our churches and synagogues and our schools, and then betray those same ideals abroad without betraying everything we stand for as people."

"There are some who argue," said Mondale, "that we must put our democratic ideals and beliefs on the shelf in our dealings with other nations for the sake of tactics and expediency. They say that the world is a dangerous place, and it is not realistic to make our basic values a part of our foreign policy."

What the vice-president didn't tell the new naval officers was that foremost among those who so argue is Zbigniew Brzezinski.

There's no better example of the sci-

ence-fiction quality of Brzezinski's most ambitious attempts to get the world operating in a rationally humanistic manner than his personal peace plan for the Middle East, which he unveiled in an article in the summer 1975 *Foreign Policy* entitled "Beyond Step-by-Step—Action Proposals: Peace in an International Framework," coauthored, in the fashion of Trilateral Commission reports, by a token Japanese and a token Frenchman. Brzezinski advocates the establishment of "what would probably be the PLO-dominated state of Palestine on the West Bank and Gaza Strip." Brzezinski, of course, recognizes that such an arrangement would threaten the existence of Israel. So he advocates "the guarantee of any territorial settlement by the superpowers"—that is, by the United States and the Soviet Union. "A guarantee by the United States alone might be adequate for Israel," he says, "but a joint guarantee by the superpowers, backed up by their participation in an international

Without ever having
been in the Middle East,
Brzezinski proposed
a peace plan to force Israel
to accept Russian troops
patrolling within her borders.

force patrolling safety zones on either side of the agreed frontiers, would reduce the danger of Soviet exploitation of such a solitary American guarantee to enhance its presence in the Middle East. (One danger to be carefully avoided is that the superpowers allocate themselves separate safety zones, each with its own territory and client. This could bring the Soviet control Israel rightly fears.)"

It takes a few moments for it to sink in that Brzezinski is talking about Russian troops patrolling *inside Israel*. It's a good thing that Brzezinski (who, incidentally, wrote the above without ever having set foot in the Middle East) doesn't also fancy himself an agricultural expert—he'd recommend putting a wolf in the chicken coop to protect the hens against foxes. Under his plan, if the Arabs reneged on the "territorial settlement" and attacked Israel, and the United States honored its guarantee but Russia chose not to, it would mean a direct U.S. confrontation with Soviet troops in the heart of the Middle East.

Once the presidential campaign began, we heard no more of Brzezinski's plan for nuclear confrontation in an international framework, which would be no more ac-

ceptable to the American public than to the Israelis; to the Saudi Arabians, who fear Russia much more than they object to Israel; to the Palestinians of the West Bank, who by and large consider themselves Jordanians and are not eager to be "dominated" by the PLO; or, last but not most, to the Russians, whose global foreign policy is based on keeping the Middle Eastern pot boiling.

Brzezinski's emphasis on a pseudo-settlement imposed from outside by teaming with Russia to put pressure on Israel and his insistence on the "probability" of a PLO state, however, have become the foundation of the house of cards he has designed for Jimmy Carter—what he accurately calls "an architectural foreign policy." Last fall, Brzezinski initiated a joint U.S.-Soviet communiqué promoting "the legitimate rights of the Palestinian people"—a code phrase that in Arab propaganda means the expulsion of those of Israel's Jewish citizens who did not reside there prior to 1917.

Perhaps the most disturbing aspect of Brzezinski's prophetic writings is their uncalculated obsolescence. There seems to be reverse English on his crystal ball. For instance, in 1962 he published *Ideology and Power in Soviet Politics*, in which he said: "The [Communist] bloc is not splitting and is not likely to split. Talk of a Sino-Soviet conflict, of even a war between them, merely illustrates a profound misconception of the essence of the historical phenomenon of communism, which, while affected by traditional national considerations, has from its very beginning reflected a conscious emphasis on supranational perspectives."

As if on cue, the Communist bloc split between China and Russia, and the rift between them has become one of the central conflicts in world affairs.

It seems clear that it was Brzezinski himself who had a profound misconception of the essence of the historical phenomenon of communism. Nevertheless, in 1964 and 1965, the CIA called upon him to serve on a top-secret, four-man task force charged with coming up with a method of beaming American propaganda to Red China. As reported recently by Carl Bernstein, Brzezinski, accompanied by Richard Salant, president of CBS News, John Hayes, then vice-president for radio and TV of the Washington Post Company, and MIT political-science professor William Griffith, traveled the world inspecting stations operated by the CIA's Radio Free Europe and Radio Liberty, as well as the Voice of America and Armed Forces Radio. The four submitted a report to Bill Moyers, then special assistant to President Johnson and currently working for Salant as a CBS news correspondent, recommending that the U.S. establish a radio service under the aegis of the Voice of America to be directed at China. Paul Henze, a CIA officer who accompanied the four-man task force, currently works for Brzezinski on the National Security Council.



CARRIE

“When darkness falls, I become
a whole new person—less private, more sensuous, and
always ready to taste forbidden pleasures.”





*“There is nothing
more heavenly than finding
a quiet, secret
place and making love
under the stars.”*

TENDER LOVING CARRIE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MALINOWSKI

I come alive at night,” says lithe, long-limbed Carrie Nelson. “It’s my best time.” But any hour of the day acquires a special meaning if you’re lucky enough to share it with Carrie. “When darkness falls, I become a whole new person—less private, more sensuous, and always ready to taste forbidden pleasures. There’s nothing more heavenly than finding a new secret place and making love under the stars.”



Hair by Peter Vargo, Los Angeles



“I long to be possessed by a man, driven with passion . . . to feel I've given everything.”

Those stars portend well for Carrie, who has just completed her first movie role in the Harlequin production *Racquet*, which features Pet of the Year Victoria Lynn Johnson. “I admit I've got the bug,” says our blonde, blue-eyed Pet. “I'm crazy about the movies and want to do more and more work in films.” In *Racquet* Carrie plays a girl in a Rolls Royce, but off screen you're more likely to find her seeworthy 36-23-35 form in a sailboat. “Sailing is my passion and anyone who has ever made love at sea knows what I'm talking about.”



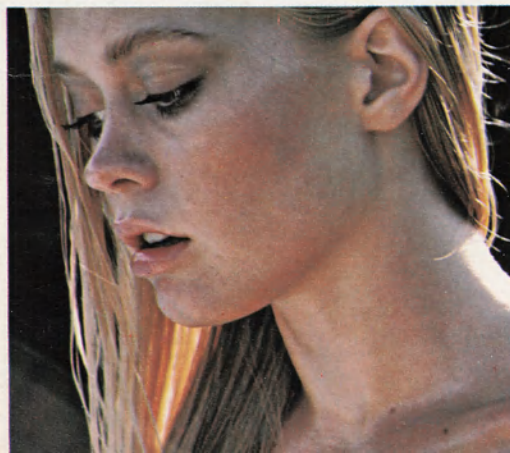


Carrie also takes delight in her modeling. "I think of the camera as my lover," she says. "I tease it and maybe even flirt with it,

but in the end I want badly to satisfy all that it stands for. Posing can be an incredible turn-on, and I'm thrilled with my career."



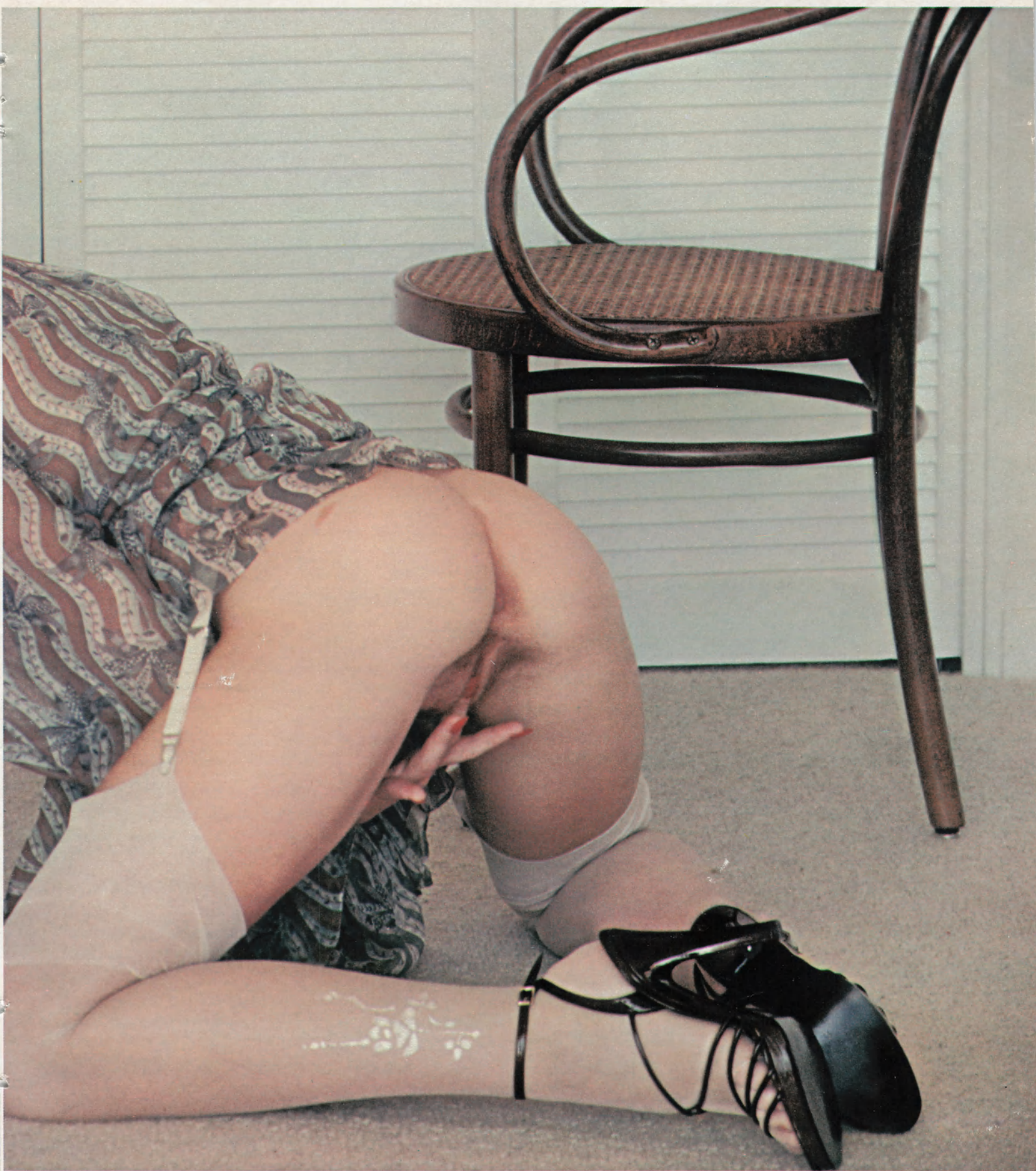
“Sailing is
my passion, and anyone
who has ever made
love at sea knows what
I’m talking about.”





"I like my lovers to be very wise. I think when you become intimate with a man, every moment is filled with learning new things about your body and your sensations. My ideal man is older and foreign, maybe English, strong, but with not too many muscles. I like a man to be long and lean with terrific legs." Carrie also knows what she's looking for in love. "I long to be possessed by a man, really driven by passion. I know that's very romantic or very silly, but when I love, I have to feel that I have given everything, including my freedom, to just one man." And, man, that's not hard to take! O+



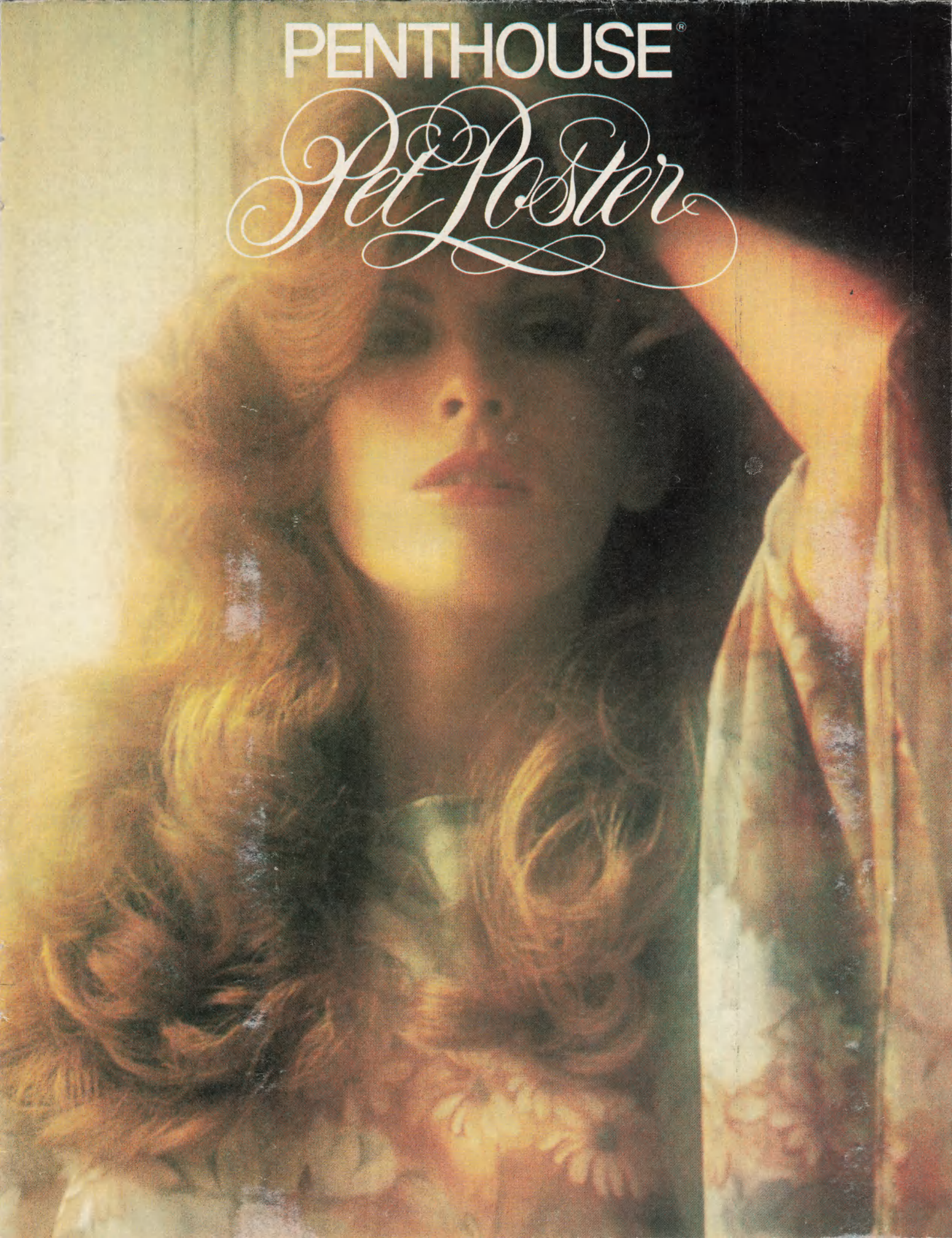




MISS CARRIE NELSON/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

PENTHOUSE®

Pet Poster

















PET OF THE YEAR

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE



Pet-of-the-Year Victoria Lynn Johnson has a profound understanding of who she is. "I seek to be a total woman," she says with the full force of her captivating joie de vivre, "in touch with my emotions, sensitive to the desires of my lover, and open to love." She looks for beauty everywhere—in the sleek contours of her grand prize, a 1977 Lotus Esprit, and in the soft, furry envelope of her full-length white Emba Mink from Jan Originals.





MISS VICTORIA LYNN JOHNSON
PENTHOUSE

Pet of the Year

"When I feel
the eye of the
camera look-
ing me over,
I come
alive. I feel
such a joy in
living that each
day is an
adventure for
me. When I
pose, I want to
cast a spell
with my body,
sending out
my own sense
of excitement
and fulfillment
to everyone
who looks
at it."



Vicki is always alert to the sensuality of her nature. "I am most involved with the gentle side of lovemaking," she says, "the times when the merest touch sends a million sparks quivering through my body. But love, real love, the love of friendship, sexual love, and the love of nature — all these things, these wonderful precious things, are more important than all the titles, prizes, and careers in the world. . . . at least to me."





PHOTOGRAPH BY MALINOWSKI



CURRICULUM VITAE

Vivacious, red-haired Victoria Lynn Johnson began displaying her exceptional ability eight years ago in Atlanta, when she accepted her first modeling assignment. Now, at twenty-four, Vicki's lovely 36-23-36 presence has produced more than 300 ads in print and 30 commercials on TV. Since her Pet-of-the-Year victory last November, Vicki is well on her way to stardom. Whether modeling for *Penthouse* or posing for commercial products, Vicki meets the challenge of her profession with the same passion that characterizes all of her pursuits, and she loves every minute of it. The Pet-of-the-Year competition is one of the most prestigious beauty contests in the world, and Vicki can count among her \$75,000 worth of cash and gifts the love and approbation of millions of *Penthouse* readers the world over.

But being a top model is only the beginning for Vicki, who is also an aspiring actress. Her screen credits include: a major role in *Grizzly*, an adventure tale in which she

costarred with Christopher George and played a much-sought-after forest ranger with a strange allure for mean brown bears; another costarring role with Robert Vaughn and Christopher Lee in the sci-fi thriller *Starship Invasions*; and a smaller part in the Burt Reynolds CB classic *Smokey and the Bandit*. Currently, Vicki is starring in the Harlequin Production, *Racquet*, being filmed in Las Vegas. One of her Pet-of-the-Year prizes, an \$1,800 scholarship to the much-acclaimed New York Academy of Theatrical Arts, offers Vicki the opportunity to explore new approaches to her acting and to work with the top coaches in the field.

Of late, Vicki is engaged in a rigorous cross-country schedule of personal appearances and interviews. Since becoming the Pet of Pets, she has signed more than 5,000 autographs, on everything from dinner napkins, to plaster casts, to the forehead of an ardent admirer. She has recently completed an exciting twenty-two city tour for *Penthouse* with prominent appearances at veterans' hospitals, on



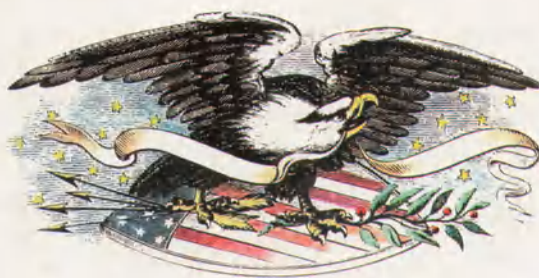
radio, on TV, and in the press. Last November our indefatigable beauty was featured on "Special Edition," a new magazine-format series on ABC. Show host Barbara Feldon and crew followed Vicki and Bob Guccione on the last leg of their London-Rome-Las Vegas Pet-of-the-Year shooting to get a behind-the-scenes look at what really happens when you photograph the most beautiful women in the world.

Vicki is an intensely private person, and when she seeks escape from her glamorous but demanding public life, she returns home to Marietta, Georgia, a suburb of Atlanta. It is here that Vicki designed and built her dream house at the edge of a forest preserve — a sequestered glass-and-cedar home that reflects her passionate love of nature and her own unique artistic flair. The house is a deep source of satisfaction for Vicki, both as a creative outlet and as a profound personal statement. It is situated only a few miles from the place of her birth, thus allowing our soft-spoken south-

erner to remain close to her roots. She spends much of her time in Marietta, keeping her lithe form in peak condition — jogging a mile a day in the surrounding woods, exercising, swimming, and practicing eastern martial arts. Vicki is not only an eager participant in sports but also an avid fan. Her favorite club is the Atlanta Flames, which she proudly claims is the best hockey team in the country.

But Vicki is never too busy to find time for those she loves. Her generous nature and captivating southern charm have won her an abundance of close friends. In her men, Vicki seeks a kind and gentle disposition above all. She likes a man to be at once strong and yet tender, with a sense of humor and ready respect for her person and the demands of her chosen career. She tends toward deep, one-on-one attachments, to which she offers her all. Vicki is the consummate Pisces, at once extroverted and totally private, always in motion but with a rich inner life. Her outer radiance is but a mere suggestion of the exquisite soul within her.





THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

The year 1977 has not been a good one for Vietnam veterans. The various employment programs announced with so much fanfare by the Carter administration have produced disappointing results. President Carter's six-month special-discharge review program, which was sabotaged by the mean-minded reaction of many congressmen, has left Vietnam veterans still holding bad-paper discharges; the sense of disillusionment is even stronger than it was before the president promised "forgiveness and compassion." Similarly, veterans' benefits have come under increasing attack virtually across the board by antiveteran forces—both in and out of government—as being too costly, unwarranted, and unnecessary.

In the face of these setbacks, it's no wonder that Vietnam veterans have become discouraged by the attitudes of many elected and appointed officials, who seem intent on punishing and frustrating the Vietnam veteran and, whenever possible, treating him as a second-class citizen.

Not all officials share these attitudes. Nonetheless, the minority among them who recognize the disparity in the treatment of Vietnam veterans and that of veterans during the 1940s and 1950s have had great difficulty eliminating even the most obvious inequities. For example, during the most recent session of Congress, Rep. Lester Wolff (Dem.-N.Y.) introduced H.R. 7676 and H.R. 2231, the "Comprehensive Veterans Readjustment Act of 1977," designed to make important changes in the GI Bill. Briefly, according to Congressman Wolff, H.R. 2231 would provide those veterans who demonstrate the need with a greater monthly educational-assistance payment over a proportionately shorter period of time. Although no veterans would receive total educational benefits in excess of the amounts to which they are presently entitled, such acceleration would offer the veteran the opportunity to more efficiently utilize his or her entitlement in the context of securing a necessary readjustment to meet the high costs of education.

H.R. 2231 would also grant an extension of the so-called delimiting date to veterans who served on active duty after August 4, 1964. The additional time granted would be the lesser of two intervals: that amount of time necessary to complete a particular program of education or two years from the effective date of the extension. This extension would benefit only those veterans who served during the height of the Vietnam conflict, between August 4, 1964, and December 31, 1969—precisely those veterans who were discharged at a

time when their GI Bill benefits ranged from a mere \$100 to \$185 per month, depending on their dependency status.

Finally, Congressman Wolff's H.R. 7676 would eliminate from the existing GI Bill language that mandates that the veteran's progress "be considered unsatisfactory at any time the veteran is not progressing at a rate that will permit him to graduate within the approved length of the courses, based on the training time as certified by the Veterans Administration." Congressman Wolff's bill says that a "veteran who is enrolled in an institution of higher learning (as defined by the law), which is empowered to award a standard college degree, would be deemed to be progressing satisfactorily if his rate of progress satisfies the regularly prescribed standards and practices of the school, if such standards and practices are approved by the state approving agency."

Congressman Wolff's bills were cosponsored by more than 100 members of the House of Representatives. With this kind of up-front bipartisan support, one might assume that the GI Bill changes would sail through Congress easily and swiftly. But that assumption is wrong, because although the Senate overwhelmingly approved its own, quite similar version of Congressman Wolff's amendments to the GI Bill, the House of Representatives rejected them out of hand, thereby leaving the solution of the issue to be worked out in a Senate-House conference.

This kind of outcome for veterans' legislation is not particularly unique, especially in view of the past record of the House of Representatives—which is one of constant failure to deal honestly and adequately with Vietnam veterans' problems. Nonetheless, what *Penthouse* found even more dismaying in this entire matter was the almost total indifference and lack of support by Jimmy Carter's White House for Congressman Wolff's proposals. Thus, regardless of the final resolution of these questions, *Penthouse* reluctantly concludes that the commitment of President Carter and his administration to the causes and needs of the Vietnam veterans is without any real substance. In 1978, therefore, veterans will have to look to the few true friends they have in Congress for definitive and meaningful legislative action on their behalf.

Recognizing this indifference, *Penthouse* again strongly urges a people's write-in campaign of letters or postcards to Congress in support of veterans' causes. Because the veterans themselves are in too many respects unorganized, such a write-in campaign can often mean the difference between victory and defeat. ○—■

A write-in campaign to Congress supporting GI Bill changes can mean the difference between victory and defeat of this much-needed legislation.



of all major brands

Only Real gives you all natural taste.

All other major brands enhance their flavor artificially. Only low tar Real does not. There is nothing artificial in Real. We've discovered the way to keep natural taste in, artificial out.

Real's premium tobacco blend is cured and aged naturally. Nothing artificial added.

You get a low tar smoke with taste that is real. Not artificial.

Of course the menthol in Real Menthol is fresh, natural. Not synthetic.

Discover the difference yourself. Taste your first low tar natural cigarette. Taste Real... smoke natural.

Low tar Real. Nothing artificial added.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION



BY NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN

Contributing editor von Hoffman's latest book, "When Big Brother Was a Baby," will be published by Pantheon. His political commentaries are read and heard throughout the world.

WHY CARTER HAS TO GIVE AWAY THE PANAMA CANAL IN ORDER TO SELL OUT TAIWAN

When Jimmy Carter invited a gross of Latin American dictators to the White House to witness the signing of the Panama Canal Treaty last September, they dropped the electrodes they use to torture their political opponents and flew into Washington as fast as they could get out of their doorman's uniforms and into something more presentable in a democratic society.

Their enthusiastic presence would seem to support Ronald Reagan's contention that Carter is giving away the big ditch, that elongated piece of Edwardian bric-a-brac now demoted to a place in the history of engineering marvels. But *has* Carter really given the canal away? And why is he in such a hurry to get the treaty through the Senate? To answer these questions, we must travel back to the building of the canal seventy years ago and then halfway around the world to the Great Wall of China.

There would be every reason to ratify the treaty if we could be sure that it truly relieved us all of any proprietorship of the canal. But Carter—who, remember, promised that he'd never lie to us or mislead us—evidently hadn't thought the proposition through when he told conservatives that signing the treaty would assure us a stronger military posture at the canal at the same time that he was telling liberals that we were giving the thing away.

Sen. S.I. Hayakawa believes that "we should hang on to it; we stole it fair and square." Indeed we did, but we didn't *build* it fair and square. In fact, the way we built it is so nauseating that you'd think we'd want to walk away from ownership in hopes that no one would recall the thousands of black laborers who were shipped into the zone from Jamaica or Barbados to die from landslides and fever or to survive on the wages of a dime an hour. The black workers, 25,000 or more of them, were paid in silver and the white Americans in gold. This is a contemporary account of the way the laborers were freighted to Panama from Jamaica: "The cargo that we have taken on from the spice-scented dock is technically called a 'cargo of black ivory,' made up of negroes sailing for Colón to work on the 'big job.' Good-natured, grinning negroes these, though I have heard that, on the smaller ships that carry them by hundreds for the 500 miles for five dollars each, they sometimes riot and make trouble. With us they were inoffensive, though it is perhaps as well that the passenger quarters are downwind of them."

But what's monstrous to us today is that the Panamanians are insisting on acting like a real country. They don't appear to appreciate that we fomented the coup d'etat which ripped the then province of Panama off the Republic of Colombia. The "we" who did the fomenting was John Foster Dulles's future law firm of Sullivan and Cromwell, assorted Wall Streeters, and an improbable French adventurer. In room 1162 of the old Waldorf Astoria Hotel the Frenchman presented our selected president of Panama with the flag, the declaration of independence, and the constitution of his soon-to-be fatherland. Can the national claims of a nation conceived in a hotel-room

● The corporate establishment and their friends are desperate to push through the Panama Canal Treaty so that they can go play with China. ●

union be considered anything but ingratitude toward the inn-keeper?

Our great-grandparents, who knew about the canal's sinful origins, were content to harbor (no pun intended) a quiet pride in the engineering without drawing too much attention to it. (What a contrast their behavior provides to the opening of the Suez Canal! When the English and the French opened that big ditch, they had Giuseppe Verdi write the opera *Aida* for the gala, which saw the crowned heads of Europe descend on Egypt for the occasion.) Today, we—as if to make up for our great-grandparents' discretion—are attracting a lot of attention to an episode we ought to flip the page on quickly. When we are finally done with the loud and protracted arguments over the treaty, we'll probably be stuck with the canal until at least the end of the century.

By the way, the Panamanian people are not particularly taken in by Carter. The first Panamanian protests against the treaty took place even before it was signed. If one of the objects of giving the canal away was to avoid the embarrassment of a native insurrection against our high and mighty selves, the odds don't look good.

The treaty will probably be ratified, because the groups that control American foreign policy—the Council on Foreign Relations, The Trilateral Commission, the liberal internationalists, the cosmopolite sections of the American upper class, the folks who have controlled foreign affairs for so long—favor it. Inasmuch as the same people interlock with the directors and owners of the major news organizations, you can understand why we're getting so much protreaty propaganda.

Furthermore, as Craig S. Karpel reported in last month's *Penthouse*, American banks have invested billions in Panama and want to make sure that they get them back. Karpel quoted an article by Desmond Watters in the London *Daily Telegraph*: "It is felt that interest payment [on the bank's loans to Panama's President Torrijos] will be possible only if Panama has access to the profits from canal dues. . . . [Carter] is believed to be under pressure from American banking interests to hand the canal over." It may be nice for a dictator like Torrijos to know he's got a friend at David Rockefeller's Chase Manhattan, but do the taxpayers have to pick up the check?

We've been through this drama many times before. Once again, opposition from the Left will be virtually nonexistent on TV. And Ronald Reagan and the Right will be depicted as chauvinistic bumpkins and their objections as uninformed and coarse.

The main reason why the corporate establishment and their friends are so desperate to push the treaty through without delay is that they are anxious to go play with China. Jerry Ford, who finds it difficult to be devious, obligingly explained some months ago that as soon as the Panama problem is tucked away, we can "normalize" our relations with Red China by denormalizing our relations with Taiwan. Even The Trilateral Commission must realize that the American people wouldn't stomach selling out the canal and Taiwan at the same time.

But Taiwan owes its national existence as much to the United States as does Panama. Had it not been for our pouring money into the place while we interposed our fleet between the island and the mainland, the Reds would surely have had it by now. That was many years ago. Today, like Israel—which we also helped to create at about the same time—Taiwan is an accomplished national fact. To cut Taiwan loose and signal Peking to come and reclaim it would be the moral equivalent of giving Panama back to Colombia.

Both Chinas are ugly, totalitarian societies, but for political missionaries the prospects for democracy are certainly better on the island kingdom of Chiang Kai-shek, Jr., than they are across the channel in the "People's Republic." So why are we anxious to sabotage Taiwan? Part of the answer is that America's trading classes have always been slightly dippy about China. For a century or more, our merchants, manufacturers, and exporters have dreamt of an immense trade with a nation they think of as containing 1 billion untapped customers. But the sad truth is that trade with China has never amounted to much. The Chinese don't make enough of what we want to buy to pay for what we have to sell. That hasn't deterred us from scheming and fighting for the largely nonexistent markets of the fabulous East. Our determination to prevent Japan from monopolizing the China trade had as much to do with the 1941 war in the Far East as did the bombing of Pearl Harbor. And we still can't let go of the vision. Richard Nixon had no sooner landed in Peking in 1972 than the media was inundated with speculations, all vastly wrong, about the business we would do with the Red bosses of the Middle Kingdom. Actually, the sad truth is that there is no practical possibility that our trade with China will come close to equaling the trade we already have with Taiwan before A.D. 2000.

The second reason advanced for dumping Taiwan is to play balance-of-power politics, pitting China against Russia. A growing number of Washington foreign-policy scenario writers are talking about giving massive amounts of military aid to Peking. They point out that about 40 percent of the Russian army is on the Chinese border, and that by giving the Chinese more weapons we can keep it that way.

But the scales in the international balance of power can easily go out of whack. We have no way of knowing if the Chinese will turn our guns on us by making at least a temporary truce with the Russians. The Communist superpowers may decide that it's best to rid the world of the capitalist superpower and then settle their differences. Or our strategy may be too successful—in which case China and Russia would fall into a full-scale conflict, and millions would be killed.

Jimmy Carter must be made to understand that it's less cute, less dramatic, but more in our interest to refrain from egging anybody into a war, while offering a steady and open friendship to all. If we need excitement, we could tell the world we're not going to give up the canal. We're going to dig it up, take it home, and deed it to the Smithsonian. ○—■



"He has a mean left hook."

HAPPY HOOKERS



"You were wonderful, Florence."

Captain Hook, in a very strange book,
instructs us where to stick it:
you can probe your nose with a rubber hose,
but be careful how you pick it. . . .

BY WALTER GALLUP



"You'll go blind."



"It wasn't what we'd normally refer to as a smooth delivery."



"Arnold wrapped it himself."



"Uh, let's skip the foreplay."



"Didn't I tell you not to pick your nose?"



"Don't eat with your fingers."



"It gets us invited to a lot of parties."



“I have worked with homosexuals all my life in show business and have always held to a policy of live-and-let-live. . . . When I named homosexuality as a sin, over 8,000 people rose to their feet in an ovation. It really was a show of love.”

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

the water hits the wheel, where you realize what you are about and what you believe in, and what principles and basic freedoms you believe in as a citizen concerned with children's rights. As a mother, I have a right to protect the environment of my children. I believe in human rights. But I don't believe in special privileges for a radical group that would go against the constitutional rights of the majority. I stood as a mother, for the love and concern I felt for my children, and also because I am a believer in the holy scriptures and believed that it was a moral issue.

As it turned out, a lot of other people—not necessarily fundamental Baptists—were in agreement with us. We cut across the board in terms of barriers and beliefs. We had liberals and conservatives, Democrats and Republicans, blacks and whites, Latin people, Jews, agnostics on our side. **Penthouse:** You were clearly in a very difficult position.

Bryant: I was scared to death. I had never been in that kind of situation before. I have always avoided controversial and political issues. If I had thought selfishly, I would have said, “No, I will not get involved.” But a time comes in your life when you realize what it all means. If the Dade County situation can happen on a local level, then it can happen across the nation. If the homosexual way of life is uplifted to the point where it is respectable and right and accepted as an alternate life-style, then it can happen for all types of people, even drunkards and prostitutes.

If you're going to carry the human-rights thing to its fullest potential, then someone who has sex with a beast can claim that he has human rights that are being denied. Sometimes you have to stand up and say, “Enough is enough.” And I guess that's what happened to me.

Penthouse: Then you didn't do this to boost your career?

Bryant: If it's boosted my career, I'd like to know where it's been boosted. If I'm becoming a commercial evangelist, it's happening by necessity, not choice. That bothers me, because we have always been taken care of financially and have never had to charge for giving and sharing the testimony of our faith.

Penthouse: Do you feel you have a right to use your celebrity status to advance your cause?

Bryant: You could ask that question of Jane Fonda and a lot of other people who have taken political stands. Sometimes people demand so much of performers that they forget that we pay taxes and are citizens and parents, like everyone else. Now, if I have to give up that part of my life and say, “I'm not going to be a role model for my

children, an example to them,” then I'm not fit to be their mother. I believe that every citizen has that right, whether they're a doctor, a performer, or whatever.

Penthouse: This became a national issue when such Hollywood superstars as Rod McKuen, Shirley MacLaine, and Lily Tomlin took ads in the newspapers, calling for human rights. Why has Rod McKuen come out so strongly against you?

Bryant: Well, he's a homosexual. He was one of the many homosexuals who came down to campaign in Dade County. I've never met the man. I have nothing against him. I have no feelings of vengeance against any of these individuals, because I've never met any of them. They don't even know what I'm about. They probably have never read the ordinance. They've been hoodwinked into thinking that it's a civil-rights issue. Someone asked Joan Baez [who supported the gay-rights cause] if she knew anything about the Dade County ordinance, and she said no.

Penthouse: Do you think you're being “used” to bring the homosexual question out into the open?

Bryant: Gays can say anything that serves their purpose, and the media buys it and believes it. Out of one side of their mouths, the homosexuals will say, “Well, she is the reason that we've come together and are so highly organized.” That's a bunch of bull, because four years prior to the ordinance in Dade County the gays were highly financed, had their act together, and were quietly getting commitments from local commissioners in the county who were helping their campaign. We were the ones who had our heads in the sand, like ostriches—until we finally woke up and realized what they had been doing all this time, and that they were the big guns and we the little peons.

Penthouse: What is your philosophy?

Bryant: Personally, I am a follower of Jesus Christ, and I accepted him as my personal savior when I was eight years old. My belief is that each sinner—and we are all sinners—is born into sin until we personally come to that place where we accept Christ personally into our hearts by faith. Romans 9, 10, and 11 explains it.

Penthouse: You were a nominal Christian until your rebirth?

Bryant: Yes—born again, like President Carter.

Penthouse: Bob, were you born again as well?

Green: I asked Jesus into my heart the night before we were married. I was born in the Bronx and had been raised as a Lutheran, and I had my year pin for having gone to church for many, many years. But that doesn't make you a Christian, until you come

to a personal relationship with Jesus Christ.

We, as parents, believe that we have a responsibility to train our children in the admonition and nurture of the Lord. There are steps in the Bible that tell us how to raise our children, which is where the morality issue comes in. We feel very strongly that someone who has the legal say-so to admit that he is a practicing homosexual is out of place at a religious school.

Penthouse: How do you feel about the whole question of role models in television and films?

Bryant: Even though we're in the entertainment field, we check the television shows our children watch. We think that there is too much violence. There is too much promiscuity. Our standard is not only against homosexuality but against many other things permitted in society today.

Penthouse: Were you surprised that many people in Hollywood didn't support you at all?

Bryant: You've got to remember that they have to live in Hollywood. Now, I'm not saying that that's right. But maybe the Bob Hopes and the John Waynes and the Burt Lancasters don't want to get picketed. I don't know.

Penthouse: Did you anticipate so much homosexual power? Where did it come from?

Bryant: When Rod McKuen said that he would go back and tell all of his comedian friends to make me the joke of the century—well, it's interesting. They've had the Vietnam War, and now they've got Anita Bryant. It's staggering and frightening to me. It's like the McCarthy era. If it can happen to me, and if I can't stand under the weight of it and my livelihood is taken away, then it can happen to anybody.

Penthouse: Do you feel any kinship with the women in the women's movement out of your mutual concern with the declining morality of American life?

Bryant: As a working woman, I'm for women's rights. I also noticed that the people who were trying to steamroll the Dade County ordinance through were the same people who were fighting the Equal Rights Amendment.

Penthouse: Did you ever consider directing your energies into the women's movement?

Bryant: I don't think so. It goes so much against what I believe to be the chain of command in the family unit, as stated in the Bible. There are some very basic things that I'm against in the women's movement. When it comes down to a final decision, God makes it very plain: the man is the head of the house. Even though I'm a working mother and a working woman, if Bob and I buck heads and can't come to a final

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● Someone started following us. That scared Gloria, and she started to cry. She said, "Mommy, a homosexual is following us." I said, "Gloria, just walk normal." ●

decision, then I believe that that is how God ordained it—and I will never usurp His authority. Even when I go into churches to speak, if it isn't under the authority of the pastor of that church, there is no way I will speak. I believe in that ordination. In my marriage, submission to my husband does not mean he stomps all over me. The relationship is one of equality. There is a give and take. The Bible says it plainly: submit yourselves one to another.

There's a perversion across America of not wanting to submit to anyone, let alone to God. That's the problem. All of a sudden, submission has become a dirty word to the women's liberationists. But it's a basic human problem. Bob submits unto me as much as I submit unto him. That's the healthy working relationship that God ordained. Unfortunately, a lot of women misconstrue the idea of submission. They think that to submit to your husband is a sign of weakness, and many are bitter and angry toward men.

Penthouse: What about Save Our Children? We heard you had to abandon the name as a result of a lawsuit.

Bryant: That's right. We've had to change the name, and we're still having problems with it. Save Our Children is not a crusade to do away with the homosexual but a coalition of people organized to repeal a local ordinance. We've now formed another organization [The National Committee to Protect America's Children, Inc.] and have held two meetings.

Penthouse: Since the ordinance has been repealed, if you're not on a national crusade against homosexuals, why is there the need for a follow-up organization?

Bryant: We feel that an organization is needed to do some positive things in this country: to deal with child abuse, child pornography, and drug abuse.

Penthouse: Do you feel a compulsion to go out and clean up America?

Bryant: No. We have no intention of going out and doing what was done in Miami Beach or Dade County. What we do have an intention of doing is taking a stand in areas where we've never taken a stand before and being counted. The biggest thing is not simply to educate the world per se but specifically the Christian community, which needs to be educated as to why this has come to the forefront. They have had their heads sticking in the sand for so long and have not been involved.

Penthouse: Are you saying that pornographers are non-Christians?

Bryant: There are a lot of people who profess to be Christians who are not. I'm not saying you have to be born again. I won't narrow it down. But we claim to be a Christian nation today, and look what's going on

all around us! People want their kids to be raised according to Christian principles, but the parents themselves don't provide the example.

Penthouse: Is America a heathen nation?

Bryant: It's still Christian, compared with the rest of the world, but we have gotten away from any moral guidelines. There's been such a high tolerance level that the homosexual community felt the time was right to pass that kind of ordinance. What they didn't count on was someone bringing to the forefront what the issue was about. It was disguised very carefully, and the real issue has nothing to do with civil rights. I teach Sunday school class to eleven-year-old girls. Most of my girls are black or Latin. Their hard-fought battle, the blood that was shed for the black community—they didn't want to align themselves at all with the homosexual community. They said that it's not one and the same issue at all. They said it's not a civil-rights issue at all but an issue of morality.

Penthouse: Do you recognize people who are trying to summon spiritual rebirth in a way different from yours?

Bryant: It's not necessary for everybody to become a fundamentalist but for everybody to get back to moral values. Everywhere I go, I share hope for the homosexual, because I've led several homosexuals to the Lord myself. I've seen a change in their lives and a deliverance from the homosexual life-style. A lot don't want out. They are the militant homosexuals, and they're going after the legalization of their life-style.

There is hope for them, however, and my concern for them is to share that hope. I receive many letters from kids who want out, who realize that their chains and the discrimination they experience are within. That's where the guilt lies. You ask where our national organization is going. It may well set up a counseling service for those homosexuals who, up to this point, have not been able to see the light at the end of the tunnel. It seems to me that once they get into the homosexual life-style, there is no way out. Maybe a counseling service to minister to homosexuals is in the offing.

When I was speaking in Norfolk and mentioned the word *homosexual*, they all stomped out. Earlier I had said that I'm a sinner, just like everyone else, and they applauded. But when I named homosexuality as a sin, they yelled, "No!" and stomped out. But over 8,000 people rose to their feet in an ovation that drowned out the homosexuals. And it really was a show of love. It broke my heart that the homosexuals didn't stay and listen to the hope that the Lord wanted to share with them. This is the burden I carry.

Penthouse: You mentioned homosexuals whom you converted personally. Give us an example.

Bryant: One kid was seventeen years old, and he wrote to me after I had appeared on a television show and had shared the love and the hope that I have for homosexuals.

On the show I had said I was standing in righteousness—or rather, in God's righteousness, not in my own. I said I wanted to share my hope with homosexuals. A lot of them feel that they are born that way, that there is no hope, and that they have no control over their situation. That is absolutely not true. It's a lie. Many former homosexuals have told me that recruitment was a way of life for homosexuals. Once they got into the homosexual life-style, it led to drugs and to alcoholism and to more perverted acts after that.

But once they were truly delivered to a faith and trust in Jesus Christ, their lives were just turned around. One even married and had a ministry. Several former homosexuals have ministries to homosexuals.

Anyway, this young boy heard me on television and wrote in. I had one of those former homosexuals contact him, and he was thus led to the Lord. Then I ministered to him from then on. I called him, talked with him, and shared with him. He's called me night and day after that. But I realized that this particular child really needed some additional help. Once the Lord comes in and a person is saved, He wants to heal all the areas in that person.

Penthouse: What about the popular notion that Hollywood is particularly influential in seducing young men and women into homosexuality? Have you found this to be the case in show business?

Bryant: The direction that the entertainment field is going in is not one presenting the wholesome and moral side of life. The movies coming out now prove this. I can't speak for the show-biz celebrities who have taken a stand against me, and I have no vindictive feelings toward them, but they might very well be representative of what is going on in Hollywood. The child pornography rings are based in Hollywood, Florida, Houston, and Chicago. This came out in a series of four articles in the *Chicago Tribune*. Whether this is all linked to the entertainment world per se, I cannot say.

One day, during the referendum struggle, I opened a letter I had received. It was a filthy letter, and it had a picture of two nude men in the midst of a homosexual act. I'll tell you: I'd never seen that kind of picture before. I knew what the act consisted of and the whole thing, but that picture kept coming back to my mind so many times. It took a great deal of my strength and the power

● Had I gone my own way and not gotten to know God or accepted Him as a part of my life, I think that I would have been a belligerent individual, full of hate and bitterness. ●

of the Lord in my mind to cast that image out of my head. I can imagine how that kind of picture and those kinds of acts can pervert, twist, and brainwash the mind of a child who is in his formative stages. I can imagine how it must affect him sexually.

Penthouse: How did you feel about close friends who refused to come to your aid?

Bryant: Many committed Christians were scared, as we were in the beginning, to take a stand, because it's a volatile issue that can hit where it hurts the most—in the pocketbook. But we were very grateful to those who did support us. And we got to know individuals in the community whom we had never met, like Rabbi Weberman, representatives of the Latin community, the Catholics, and all the different Protestant denominations. I started an interdenominational prayer group in the midst of all the controversy. And that was really of the Lord. I think that God used me as a catalyst in that way. Bob and I turned over our office and our personnel to the cause.

Penthouse: How much hate mail have you received?

Bryant: The percentage of hate mail was nowhere near the support that we got, once

the issue got out and became national. We hadn't thought of letting people know about the Dade County issue nationally, because it was a local issue. But we got a telephone call before I even went to the courtroom hearing. It had started with my writing two-and-a-half-page letters to the commissioners, after which I went on local radio stations to share the letters. Making the decision to go to the courtroom hearing was a difficult one, because of all that was involved, particularly the exhaustion of staying up all night, searching the scriptures.

Penthouse: What was the phone call?

Bryant: Prior to the Tuesday hearing, there was a phone call to Florida Citrus from someone who said that if we appeared at the hearing, there would be a national boycott of Florida orange juice. This was the beginning of the national boycott and of the fear for our livelihood.

Penthouse: Your contract with Florida Citrus wasn't canceled, though; so has the boycott had any effect?

Bryant: The pressures that we suffered, resulting from the national publicity, had an effect on the television show, my bookings,

and so forth. Bob and I experienced great fear and stress because of the threat to our livelihood, which had never before been imperiled. It was a real test of our faith. We have nightly family devotion; so this was really a time of getting down to the nitty-gritty and telling the kids how it would affect our lives. God had said, "Do it," and I really was impressed to do it.

Penthouse: How did the children react when your family was picketed on the tennis courts in Sun Valley?

Bryant: It was a traumatic time, and that was one of the first personal encounters that the children had witnessed. They had witnessed the bomb threats and all the other harassment, but Bob and I had protected them a great deal. It was hard. My children were not afraid, though, because we were not afraid of the death threats and the bomb threats.

Penthouse: Do you fear that the homosexuals will never leave you in peace?

Bryant: No, I am not afraid. I don't like it, but I am not afraid. I stepped over the line of fear after I received the call that they were going to boycott us nationally. We realized the ramifications. Our kids saw no fear in us and saw us get stronger.

There were days when it was rough. On our vacation in Sun Valley, when we were picketed, my daughter Gloria and I were out riding our bikes in the mall one day after church. All of a sudden we heard chanting and saw a line of them coming with their picket signs. Bob was in front of them, and it looked as if they were following him. Later we found out that he had thought that they had cornered me. He jumped in the car and drove right to them. He wanted to talk with them. I thought it was the bravest thing that he'd ever done in his life. I couldn't believe that he did that. My sons, Bobby and Billy, came around and said, "Mommy, don't panic. Don't get upset." They were concerned about us.

When we got back to our condominium, someone started following us. That scared Gloria, and she started to cry. She said, "Mommy, a homosexual is following us." I said "Gloria, just walk normal. You have nothing to be afraid of. Just keep walking." So we kept walking. The person following us said, "Miss Bryant." I didn't turn. I just kept on walking. The voice said, "I'm a reporter from Boise, Idaho." And I said, "Just leave us alone. Haven't you bothered us enough?" And he said, "What are you going to do?" And I said, "I don't know, but I will do something." I didn't even turn to look at him but kept on going into the condominium.

Gloria was very upset by this time and was still crying. "They ruined our vacation," she said. "We can't go anywhere." I said, "No,



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they haven't, Gloria." Because she was crying, I started crying. I was very upset. I guess that everything had come to a climax after all the harassment and picketing. All during that time, I had not been afraid. But when it gets to your kids, it affects you as a mother. I said, "Let's pray about it." She was too upset. She didn't want to. But we did. It was a hard moment for both of us. I don't think that we expected that homosexuals would come to Sun Valley, when we were on vacation as a family.

Penthouse: How do you feel about being a crusader?

Bryant: I'll admit that there have been times when I've looked at the negative articles written about me and have been hurt very deeply. But that's a pride that I have to turn over to the Lord. If you read the books I've written, you'll understand how I came to know that I could trust God with my livelihood and my career. He made me. He made me a singer. Had I gone my own way and not gotten to know God or accepted Him as a part of my life, perhaps I would be in the vanguard of the women's liberation movement—I think that I would have been a very belligerent individual, full of hate and bitterness.

Whatever is in store for me, I have the faith that God has it well in control, and I feel peace and joy knowing that. There have been days when I have looked at all of this, and I feel as if I have a very close friend and that he is leaving, and I am sad to see him go. I've had that feeling at different times.

Penthouse: Are you talking about death?

Bryant: Yes. I've had to face up to that possibility because of the direct threats on my life. But I am not afraid of them and never have been.

Penthouse: You have received bomb threats, haven't you?

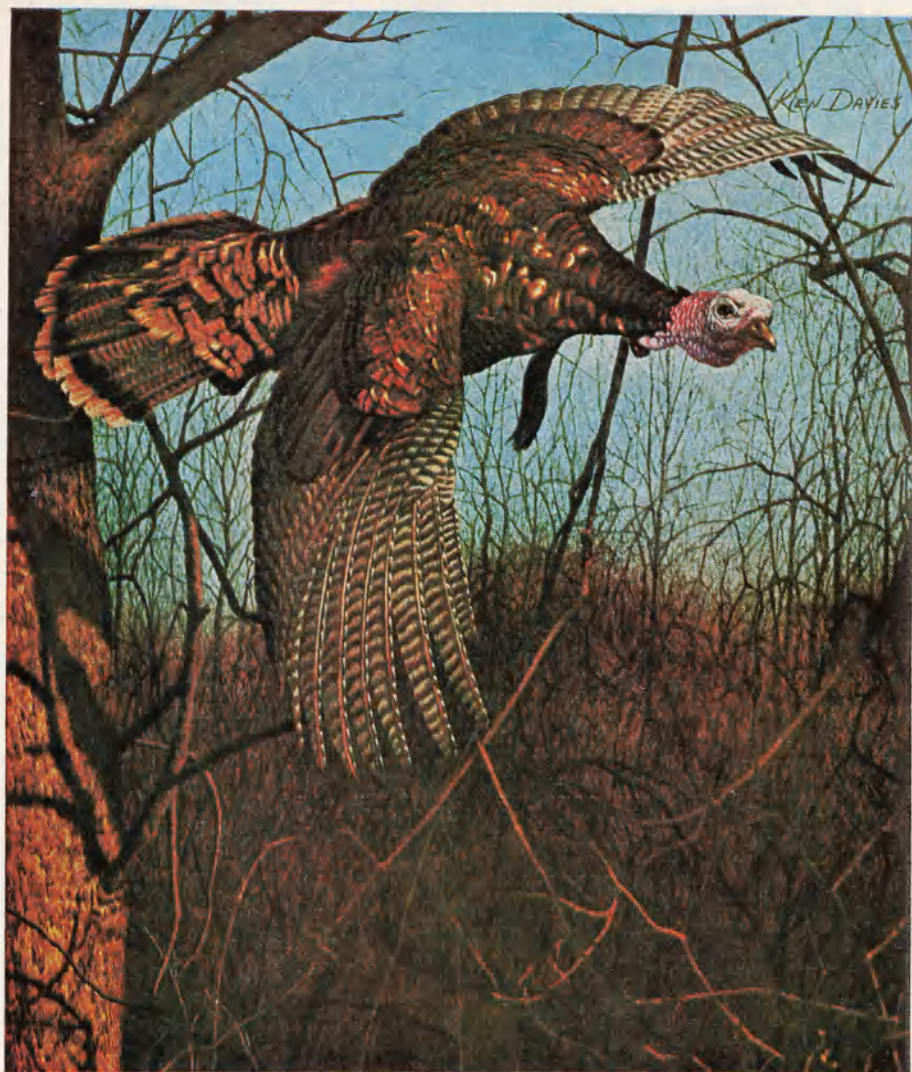
Bryant: Yes, but they don't bother me.

Green: We have to live with the threat daily. Our mail is delayed three days, because they x-ray it. We've had to live with that for six months—constant death threats, bomb scares, FBI calls from as far away as Hawaii. "If Anita ever comes to Los Angeles or San Francisco, we're going to hang her," the threats say.

Bryant: This is all so new to me. I've never known anything but work all my life. I have worked very hard. I've been in the business since I was eight years old, starting in radio and television in Oklahoma.

Green: With all the attacks on Anita, no one has come forth and said, "Here's the gal who's received the Freedom Foundation Award from Valley Forge, the VFW Award, the Al Jolson Award, the USO National Award." That's suddenly been forgotten by all these show-biz types.

Bryant: I have learned through discipline to turn it all over to God. I could not conjure up such strength. It comes from being able to trust and obey God. It's amazing that, when you submit to God, all of a sudden you have a confidence and a courage and a supernatural power to change. That is the beauty of divine submission: you're all the things you want to be. 



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THE MIME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

something that Adrian doesn't catch. People around her laugh; a plump man in a denim jump suit brays with laughter. The Mime pretends not to have heard, his eyes darting elsewhere. "Do a baby seal being skinned alive," a young man quips. "Do a clown being arrested for vagrancy," someone else says. "A girl being screwed," says another. There is immediate laughter, good-natured, not really mocking. The Mime joins in. He is not a boy, Adrian sees; he must be in his early twenties. Though slender, he is wiry and probably quite strong; the muscles of his legs and thighs seem fairly developed. But his laughter is unconvincing, his manner childlike. "Do a boy being screwed," someone calls out wittily.

Adrian's face reddens. He is sorry for the boy, he is angry, he wants to walk quickly away. Why does the boy invite this sort of abuse, exposing himself to strangers, to coarse, stupid people who aren't capable of appreciating him . . . ? Prancing around on the steps of a bank at midnight. Begging for money, really. Adrian would turn aside and hurry to his apartment building if it weren't for the Mime's predicament. (The other evening, a scruffy boy had edged near the violin case, his eye on the coins and the two or three bills in it; if Adrian hadn't stubbornly blocked him, he would probably have snatched the money and run.)

"Any ideas . . . ? Anyone . . . ?"

His gloved hands extended, his eyes widened expectantly, the Mime gazes at his unruly audience. Seemingly by accident he looks at Adrian, who has been drawing breath shallowly, hoping for this moment, dreading it. He and the Mime gaze at each other. Does the Mime recognize him? No? The Mime's face is an actor's face, exaggerated, blank, rather inhuman. He does not seem to recognize Adrian who, impulsively, calls out a suggestion.

"A baby bird hatching from an egg."

"A baby bird hatching from an egg," the boy repeats, pleased. "Thank you very much, sir. Very much."

"Improvisation," the boy says in his throaty voice, "is my ace in the hole. People yell out ideas, and I dramatize them at once. Something comes over me; I'm like a medium . . . Either you're born with a gift like mine, or you're not. It can't be acquired."

"I suppose not," Adrian says.

"Talent, genius, whatever you call it," the boy says, running a hand through his curly hair, yawning. "Even before I could walk, I was doing little routines, I just amazed my parents, and in school of course . . . in school I walked off with all the prizes."

"Would you like another drink? Another bowl of chili?"

"A baby bird hatching from an egg," the boy says, snapping his fingers smartly. "Did you see how surprised those sons of

bitches were, gawking at me—when I went into it at once, without hesitating?"

"Yes, they were all very impressed," Adrian says gently. "We were all very impressed."

"Not a moment's hesitation," the boy says, yawning.

(Adrian, who had seen the baby-bird routine performed by the Mime only a few days ago, thinks it prudent not to contradict him. Instead he smiles encouragingly, he pulls at the ends of his mustache, he signals for another round of drinks.)

"The crowd was slow tonight," the boy admits. "Must be the heat. The other night it was a lot better. I cleared fifty dollars. I was really high, and they were with me all the way, didn't want to let me go. Jesus, was I fagged out . . . I felt good, though, afterward. You know how you feel good when things go well . . . ?"

"Would you like another bowl of chili, too?"

"Okay. Thanks."

How can I trust you?
Anyone with eyes like yours.
You might steal
my money, my wristwatch;
you might even slit
my throat or smash my skull.

Adrian watches as the boy eats hungrily, without ceremony. Bent over the sticky, formica-topped table, his head lowered halfway to the bowl. Slurping from the spoon. It's touching, the boy's hunger. His lack of self-consciousness. Adrian would like to wipe some of that white makeup off with a napkin; he'd like to rub away those arched eyebrows especially. Doesn't the boy care how people look at him? How strangers stare? Adrian would like to protect him.

The boy drops another handful of oyster crackers into the chili and stirs them energetically with the spoon and continues eating, like a child.

"The floppy way you beat your wings—I mean your arms," Adrian says with a gulping laugh, "that was very well done. It was—it was extremely convincing."

The boy grins, pleased. "Thanks. It just came to me on the spur of the moment, you know—how a bird would act. A minute after it had poked its way out of the egg like that."

"It was very convincing," Adrian says, staring at him.

The boy nods. He continues eating. Adrian asks a number of questions, careful

to keep his voice restrained. He doesn't want to alarm or annoy the boy. What is his name, where is he from, where did he study mime, where does he live in Toronto, what are his plans? Adrian asks these questions quietly, and in his hoarse, husky voice the boy replies, curtly, not telling the truth. It seems obvious to Adrian that he isn't telling the truth, though Adrian could not have said why he knows this. The lies are not, after all, improbable; most of them are not improbable. That the boy is from Edmonton originally, that he went to a private school in Toronto, that he lives in a high-rise building on Prince Street, just north of Bloor: none of these is really improbable. That he has a television series "practically cinched" is, of course, difficult to believe.

"I don't mind if you lie to me," Adrian says gaily. "That's your privilege."

The Mime yawns and pushes the bowl of chili away. The mascara on his left eye has begun to smear.

"Do you want to come home with me? You haven't anywhere to sleep tonight, have you?" Adrian says. The tavern is crowded and not very pleasant. People from the street wander in and out as if searching for one another. The music is amplified; there is a din, a cacophony of voices. The Mime's eyes are tearful from his fatigue. With his left fist he rubs at his eye, and the black ink smears all the more. "I promise not to touch you," Adrian whispers.

Adrian has been living in Toronto for nearly four weeks now. He knows no one, not even the man—a bachelor like himself, and like himself a university professor—from whom he sublet the apartment for the summer. There are the relatives in Oakville, an aging uncle and aunt, near-strangers, spoken of by Adrian's family back in Buffalo as the "Canadian branch"; he intends to telephone them soon, no later than Monday. But weeks have passed, and he forgets, and even his mail, forwarded from the university, is a challenge, a problem he cannot deal with. *Adrian Upham*, the letters claim, but his fingers tremble, and he drops the letters and kicks them aside. He knows no one, not even that person. He does not wish to know anyone. He came to Toronto in order to work at the Medieval Institute, but since his arrival in June he hasn't done any work; he has checked in at the institute only once, one morning, and in the meantime . . . Nevertheless, he wakes at dawn, alert and hopeful. He walks about the sparsely furnished apartment, asking himself questions: "Am I in a foreign city? Does anyone know me? What will happen, in the end? Are the interests of individual integrity and the communal good irrevocably opposed? Must there be screams, violence, blood?"

The boy's head nods. So sleepy. "Help me please," he whispers, both hands balled into child-sized fists. Murmuring: to his mother perhaps. "Help me."

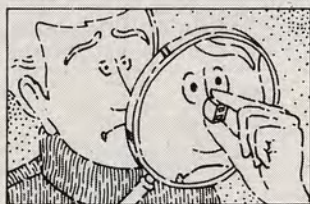
Adrian blinks tears from his eyes, he's so moved.

ARE YOU BLAMING YOUR TAPE RECORDER FOR PROBLEMS CAUSED BY YOUR TAPES?

Every day people all over the country go into hi fi dealers with complaints about their tape recorders.

When in reality what they should be complaining about is their tapes.

Because the fact is, a lot of the problems that plague tape recorders can be attributed to bad tape.



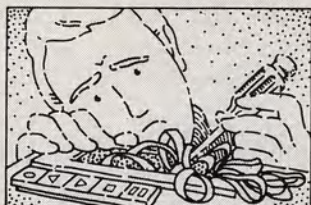
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Maxell has one.

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We make our cassette shells of high impact polystyrene. And then so they won't crack



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DROPOUTS ARE CAUSED BY YOUR RECORDER. OR ARE THEY?

Maxell tape is made of only the finest polyesters. And then every



POOR TRACKING IS CAUSED BY YOUR RECORDER. OR IS IT?

step of the way it's checked for even the slightest inconsistencies.

So if you're having problems with your recorder, try a Maxell cassette, 8-track or reel-to-reel tape.

You might find there's really nothing wrong with your tape recorder, just with your tape.



MAXELL. THE TAPE THAT'S TOO GOOD FOR MOST EQUIPMENT.

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(Had he imagined nothing could move him—since his thirty-ninth birthday, when certain people had disappointed him so badly, certain “friends”?)

The taxi driver leers at them. His mouth is a slit, a cynical, knowing slash.

“Help me,” the boy says, stumbling.

Breath reeking of alcohol.

Adrian Upham drove to Toronto in early June, having closed his small wood-frame house in Binghamton, N.Y. His plans were simple: to work on a certain medieval text available at the institute. To see his Canadian relatives. (There were cousins, too, his age. He believed they still lived in the area.) To become acquainted with Toronto, with Torontonians, to become acquainted with . . . with people. With someone. He had lived alone for so long now, since leaving his parents' home; he had been carried apart from the normal stream of life, never aware of what was happening . . . never exactly aware. “I have my work. I have my music,” he said often. (Though he rarely played piano now; he found it much easier to listen to records.) “I don't mind living alone,” he said. Nevertheless he had not chosen to live alone; it had merely happened to him. An accident. He wasn't to blame; he had not chosen to cultivate silence and isolation, to become “eccentric” in the eyes of his neighbors, colleagues, and students. He wasn't to blame; yet he felt, often, an obscure sense of embar-

assment.

“I'm sorry,” he sometimes said, even when he was alone in the house, having stumbled into a chair or knocked a picture frame askew. If he answered the telephone and found that the caller had misdialed, he heard himself apologizing. “But why,” he asked himself, “why am I doing this?”

Reading of Julian the Apostate at four in the morning, some months ago, he had found himself weeping. It was the late hour, perhaps. The small print. The aged, musty odor of the paper.

“It wasn't really my fault,” he tells the Mime, who has to be helped out of the taxi. He's drunk, but he tries to push Adrian away. And then he surrenders and allows Adrian to slide an arm around his waist. “. . . I didn't choose to be the way I am. Cursed with a certain vision. A sense of clarity. I didn't choose to be isolated. I wonder if it was in my genes or a kind of witchcraft . . . For a very long time I was your age. I was an excellent student. Everyone liked me. And then suddenly I was thirty-five. And then I was forty. Something hurried me along, crowded me out. I was carried apart from the mainstream of life, and every year, every week, every day it gets more difficult for me to return . . . Are you listening? Do you understand?”

The Mime does not reply, as if he hasn't heard. As if Adrian's prattling is insignificant. In the elevator he shakes himself free and stands alone, blinking groggily. He is

several inches shorter than Adrian. Adrian notices that his neck is very dirty.

“None of us choose our predilections,” Adrian says. “And what is a curse to some might be a gift to another.”

The Mime nods agreement brusquely, as if he isn't really paying attention.

“In any case I won't hurt you,” Adrian whispers.

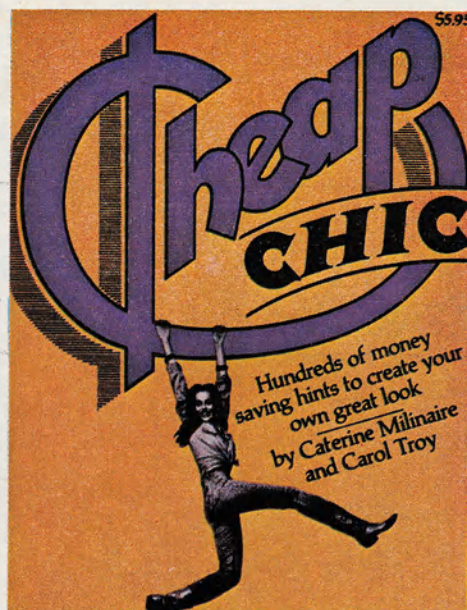
In the forty-seventh year of his life he decided to spend the summer in Toronto and to experiment with fate. He would have adventures, he would become acquainted with strange people, he would tear through the membrane that isolated him from others. (“I am a victim,” he will tell the sleeping boy, “of a kind of witchcraft. I can't explain. A diabolical force carried me away from the center of the world, and it seems impossible for me to get back. I never meant it to happen! Never. You don't believe me, perhaps. You don't understand me. But I have lived for years in a kind of dungeon, shut off from the light, and even if the door were unlocked and I could push it open, I halfway think I would be terrified to make a move. I slipped out of the real world and stumbled into its shadow, and I don't know how to make my way back. Can you help me? Are you listening?—why aren't you listening?”) Alone in Toronto, he walked about the city, admiring its sights. He knew no one. He meant to telephone his relatives in Oakville, but time passed, and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 144



Bill Lee

Chic to Chic



With every 12 month subscription to the ultra-chic international magazine for women, VIVA, you'll get a free copy of the original \$5.95 version of CHEAP CHIC.

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DRESSED TO KILL.

"Wear the hat," she said, and that was all she said. As she handed it to him, she ran her fingers over the soft fur felt. "Ivan," she said, her voice barely a whisper, "you look sooo smart." With a sweep of his cape, they were off—she, small and foreign, her dark eyes blazing beneath her red cap; he, tall, handsome, and with the air of a man who knows what he wants. The night was cold and hostile. She grabbed his

white-silk scarf and looked deeply into his eyes. Just then, from nowhere, the other one appeared. He, too, wore a hat, the kind of hat that only she could have chosen. It was of rich gray felt, and its turned-down brim cast his eyes in shadow. She scanned his charcoal-gray pin-stripe suit, and a small sigh escaped her. That was the signal he had wanted. When he spoke, it was through clenched teeth. "Clarisse," he said,

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING / PHOTOGRAPHS BY KLAUS LUCKA



(Above) Hats are the rage, with the brim turned down for a conventional look or up at the back for a rakish appeal. Fedora styles in fur, wool flannel, felt, or velour are dress-up hats. Scarves add a dash of color and texture rather than warmth and are elegant for evening wear in silk or wool rep stripes. Ivan's black fur-felt tuxedo hat (\$32) is by Marsha Akins for Makins Hats. His cape and formal ensemble come from Adolfo for Leon of Paris; the silk scarf is by Jacques Bellini. Derek's country-style, gray-wool felt hat (\$15) is by George Friedman for Country Gentleman. His pin-stripe charcoal suit is by Adolfo, and his wool rep-stripe scarf is by Jean-Paul Germain. Clarisse's hat is by Yves St. Laurent.



(Above) Sport caps and Irish walking hats in wool-crocheted styles are the country and casual looks this season. Derek's "survival look" khaki cap (\$6) is by Paul Desind for American Headwear. His blouson jacket is by Wayne Rogers; and his long wool scarf, which is by Handcraft, goes with the trend toward bulky, six-to-eight-foot scarves matched to beefy sportswear and sweaters. Ivan wears a dashing green, hand-crocheted, wool-knit Irish walking hat (approx. \$20) by George G. Graham. His gray zip-up sweater by Wayne Rogers is worn over a green-wool pullover sweater by Jean-Paul Germain. Clarisse's hat is by Patricia Underwood and is worn over a black-scarf covering by Eileen Carson. Her outfit is by Dorothee Bis for Dianne B.

"you belong to me."

That night they eluded him. Ivan ripped his formal cape from the other man's grasp and pushed him to the pavement. "Come, Clarisse," he said, "the blackguard will not bother you again." But the next day, as they embarked for their luncheon, Ivan in his dashing, hand-crocheted, wool-knit Irish walking hat and she in her hat-and-scarf fantasy, he was there again, animated with anger. He was wearing his "survival look"—a khaki cap and matching jacket—and this time he was not about to take no for an answer.

This time he looked too good. She had to touch his long woolen scarf, feel the weave and the fiber, and wrap her fingers around it just once more. Ivan was fast. "No, Clarisse," he said and pulled her down the boulevard. She threw off her coat and hat and ran back to her lover. Derek was ready for the fight. He, too, threw down his khaki jacket and, pushing her aside, challenged Ivan with his steely glance. Ivan sent Derek flying. As



Clarisse went to comfort him, Ivan took her by the waist and carried her away. "Tomorrow," she screamed, fighting with her captor, "meet us tomorrow, and please, please, wear your silk crepe de chine tie."

When next they met, Ivan had acquiesced. Clarisse had bought him a paisley tie and a blue, all-cotton box-plaid shirt to wear under his all-wool sports coat, and he was feeling too good to be threatened. Clarisse stole a glance toward Derek. "Meet us again tomorrow," she said. "There is much we have to do." Derek came promptly at three. She had placated Ivan with a long coyote coat and a soft pink, floral foulard tie. He had come to accept the presence of Derek in her life. He would not fight him again. "I am glad you're both over being childish," she said, and her smile was perfect. She took a long, cool drag from her cigarette. "When you dress to kill," she said, "I will always remain your obedient prey." 



(Top) Clarisse's dress is by Carol Horn Habitat; her shoes, by Charles Jourdan. (Bottom)

Ties grow narrower to go with slimmer suit lapels and to create a smaller knot for the shorter shirt collar. Derek wears a cotton-and-polyester pin-stripe, button-tab collared shirt (approx. \$18.50) by John Henry with a silk crepe de chine tie (\$18.50) from Halston by Tucker Ties. Ivan's blue, all-cotton box-plaid shirt (approx. \$27.50) is by Oscar de la Renta. His polyester, woven paisley-print tie (approx. \$8.50) is from Mike Douglas Neckwear by Berkley Cravats. His collar pin is by Swank, and his tie clasp is by Pierre Cardin for Swank. Clarisse's green fox coat is by Halston for Ben Kahn.



For information
on where to buy
merchandise
featured here see
Fashion Finder
page 182.

The classic look is back with a British accent. Fine tailoring and an emphasis on detail make for a fine, elegant statement. (Above) Derek's lavender, Oxford cotton, round club-collared shirt (\$32.50) and silk rep tie (\$22.50) are by Ralph Lauren for Polo. His tie clasp is by Pierre Cardin for Swank. Ivan's all-cotton, button-down collared shirt (\$35) and hand-blocked, soft pink, English floral foulard tie (\$15) is by Bert Pulitzer. His long coyote coat is by Seymour Altman Furs. Clarisse's long fur-wrap scarf is by Halston, her jewelry is by M&J Savitt, and her hair is by Laurence le'Yhal and protégé Macy Wong of Nardi Salon.

THE MIME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 138

he did not call. On Church Street he wandered, on Jarvis and Bloor, and on Yonge. He came to be quite fond of Yonge with its parade of young people in their bizarre costumes, though of course they rarely glanced at him. He liked to eat a small, tidy breakfast of eggs and toast and ham and coffee in a restaurant overlooking the busiest part of the street, where he could dawdle for an hour or more, studying the young men and women who passed. They wore platform shoes, Mexican belts, serapes, chunky sandals, tight-fitting pants, dangling wooden earrings, blouses open to the navel. Many were frankly ugly, but their ugliness had a certain arrogant appeal—and they were all quite young. There was a certain springiness to their walk, as if they were keeping time to music Adrian could not hear.

"I'd like to introduce myself," he said, but they walked past. "It isn't too late," he said. His throat ached as if he were about to cry or to shout—occasionally, he found himself miming anguish. It was not genuine, his anguish; nevertheless, he exhibited it. Perhaps someone would notice and take pity. But they did not notice. The single time he went to the Medieval Institute, he must have picked nervously at his nose, without

knowing, because it started to bleed suddenly and he had only two or three Kleenex with him, already used, and he was terribly embarrassed. He fled. But no one seemed to notice, except a very blonde young girl with a bare midriff and Indian jewelry with whom he collided. "Watch it," she said flatly.

He fled, staring at his hurrying feet. "I'm sorry, sorry," he said. "I don't hate any of you," he said, begged, as the young people passed, as the sun beat pitilessly on the top of his head, as the Mime performed on the steps of the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, a boy of breathtaking beauty. He pirouetted, and Adrian's heart leapt. He flapped his slender arms, made rapid comic motions with his head, rolled his eyes, stretched his red lips. People on the sidewalk who knew no better shrugged their shoulders and moved on. After one of his most brilliant routines only a few spectators applauded; Adrian shouted *Bravo!* He had never seen anything quite so exquisite in his life.

On the Roof Terrace of the Park Plaza Hotel not long ago Adrian sipped a drink and eavesdropped on a couple sitting just behind him.

They were talking passionately of love. Of sex. Of certain raw emotions: hatred, jealousy, envy, rage.

Adrian clutched his glass tightly and

studied the synthetic grass at his feet. Could it be . . . ? Was he really hearing such things in public . . . ? His pulses throbbed; he could not quite believe. Half turning, as if to look for a waiter, he took in the two young men at the table behind him, deeply engrossed in their astonishing conversation.

Both were considerably younger than he. The elder was probably in his early thirties and very handsome, and handsomely dressed. The younger had dark, earnest features and a small mustache, and he, too, was handsomely dressed in a three-piece suit of some pale, light material. "Of course I was jealous, Mark; I mean, what other emotion could I feel? I'm human, aren't I? . . . And then that business in Vancouver . . . I know very well what you were doing, and I knew at the time but still I couldn't control my feelings . . . I'm only human . . . In the future our relationship will be more mature. I know that. I know." They spoke easily, not attempting to lower their voices. Adrian was shocked. He glanced at them several times, hoping they would notice him and his expression of disgust and go away. Why didn't they go away? Wasn't there another more suitable place for them?

He finished his drink and ordered another. He sat with his back to the young men, stiff with outrage. At a nearby table a man and a woman of young middle age sat leafing through a newspaper; at another table five or six young women, probably office workers, chattered merrily. Still, Adrian could overhear the young men, who were talking now about a mutual friend, now about a trip to the Bahamas next Christmas, now about the lease on an apartment. The younger of the two sat with one leg crossed jauntily, his ankle on his knee; the other, the strikingly handsome one, sat with his elbow resting casually on the younger man's thigh. Remarkable—! Adrian sipped at his drink without tasting it and was tormented, in his mind's eye, by abrupt, ugly visions of the young men surprised by hoodlums . . . motorcyclists, perhaps . . . thugs in leather jackets and combat boots . . . He saw the young men's faces streaming red, their elegant clothing ripped. He heard their pleas. "No. For God's sake no. No." The young man in the vanilla-colored suit began to scream.

At a quarter after six he awoke and was astonished; the young men had left, and he'd dreamt through more than an hour. He stared at his watch, uncomprehending. Where had the time gone . . . ? What was happening to him . . . ? He felt exhausted and unclean and a little sick.

"You say you're from Edmonton," Adrian says softly, lounging in the doorway of the steamy bathroom, drink in hand. His glasses have misted over slightly, and he finds it necessary to peer over the tops of his lenses. In the bathtub the Mime sits naked, sponging soapy water onto his chest. Most of his makeup is gone now; the skin beneath is coarser than Adrian would have



"There's nothing wrong with pendulous breasts . . .
a lot of smaller men prefer them."

guessed. The eyes are a near-colorless gray or brown, though still quite attractive. The chin is a little weak. Scattered across the Mime's chest and back are small, red blemishes that look like overripe berries. "You're a long way from home then," Adrian says encouragingly.

The Mime shrugs his shoulders, grimaces cutely, reaches for the tumbler of Scotch that is balanced precariously on the rim of the bathtub. He tosses down half the liquid, his eyes shut. A nearly imperceptible shudder runs through his body and communicates itself to Adrian. "You didn't say . . . you didn't say what your name is," Adrian whispers.

"Julian," croaks the Mime.

He laughs hoarsely and begins to lather the Mime's hair. How very dirty he is! It's fascinating to watch. No one shouts at Adrian; no one shoves him out of the doorway and slams the door in his face. So it is his privilege, he believes, to stare openly. Tiny wormlike rolls of gray dirt are raised on the Mime's neck and chest and arms and legs. The soapy water becomes mottled with a kind of faint scum; the air of the bathroom is stifling. Why, in this overheated place, does Adrian find himself shivering . . . ?

He feels the hot water lapping against his own chest. He feels the hard, implacable tub beneath him.

The ceiling is too low.

"Your name is Julian, too . . . ?" he says weakly.

The Mime makes a sound partway between a child's gleeful laugh and a snarl.

(Of course he is not a child. He must be in his late twenties at least.)

"You have nowhere to go tonight? Nowhere to sleep?" Adrian murmurs. The Mime does not hear. He is hunched over, now, washing his hair with both hands. His movements are awkward. Seeing the reddened pimples on his shoulders and back, Adrian feels an excited pity for him, and a kind of alarm, that the Mime should be so vulnerable suddenly. What if he slips, what if, in his semidrunken state, he has an accident in the tub . . . ? "Do you want help?" Adrian asks. Again the Mime does not hear. Or does not care to reply. What if someone's hands close about his throat, what if his skull is slammed against the porcelain of the tub . . . ? It is possible to drown in only a few inches of water. Something scratches at the back of Adrian's throat; he wants to shout a warning.

The tumbler of Scotch falls to the floor. It breaks into several large, wicked pieces.

"I'm sorry," Adrian mumbles. "I don't know what I was thinking of . . . It would be terrible if you stepped on this glass barefoot."

Grunting, he stoops to pick the pieces up one by one. The reek of Scotch and bathwater and the boy's sweat, the boy's body, makes him dizzy. With a thick wad of toilet paper Adrian tries to wipe up the floor, but the task is almost too much for him.

"If you want another drink," he says apologetically, "you can have mine. Would you like mine?"

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His voice is shaky but clear; nevertheless, the Mime does not respond. The wet curls cling to his forehead; there are faint, surprising crows'-feet at the corners of his eyes. A thread of blood appears beneath one nostril.

"Would you like help getting out of the tub? Should I hand you a towel?"

Though Adrian has just wiped the floor dry, it is awash with bath water. What a mess! He wants to weep. He is weeping. Without his glasses he can't see well; yet the lenses are too steamy. The Mime doesn't hear him, doesn't reply; his enormous, mascara-smeared eyes have rolled back in his head, in an attitude of derision. He has a tough, wiry, muscular body, attractive in its own way but not especially appealing. A street urchin's body. As Adrian helps him from the tub, he notices an old, faded, but still quite large bruise on his left thigh. "Did someone hurt you? Did you have an accident?" Adrian cries.

He helps the Mime towel himself dry. He helps him into the bedroom, where the fresh, cool air surprises them both. (The air-conditioning unit is on.) Exhausted, the Mime flops onto the bed—and Adrian realizes, too late, that neither of them has thought to rub his hair with a towel. It might have been done so vigorously, so efficiently, while he was on his feet; now it would present a problem. And Adrian does not feel strong. He suspects that his own face, like the Mime's, has gone slack, and that his lips are damp and rubbery. "Would you like to sleep here tonight?" Adrian asks softly. "Have you nowhere else to go? No one who will take you in . . . ? Julian?"

The Mime does not reply.

Adrian covers his naked body with a sheet and adjusts the air-conditioning unit and turns off the overhead light. The Mime is breathing fuzzily, raspily—or is it the air conditioning?—and as Adrian backs away, he sees again the groping, frightened hands, the white-gloved hands, pawing at the air, at the invisible walls that confine. He sees the eerie, disorienting, sinister double row of eyebrows, raised in haughty and comic alarm. The lipsticked mouth stretching in a jeer. A silent scream.

"You're welcome to my bed, as you can see," Adrian says. "You're welcome to anything I own."

In the bathroom Adrian undresses in slow, fumbling movements. His fingers appear to be swollen. It's difficult for him to push buttons through buttonholes. He has not had much to drink—not as much as the boy. He isn't drunk. Hasn't been drunk for years. Still, something is wrong. He stares at what must be his image in the mirror above the sink, but there is nothing there—no one there—only a vague, blurred shape behind the steam.

He mimes frustration. An inclination of his head, a comic dipping, is matched at once by a corresponding movement behind the steamy film. When he rolls his eyes and grimaces, however, the image does not seem to respond. But perhaps it is the

steam. But perhaps it is his weakened vision.

As he finishes undressing, he makes a pantomime of his own impatience. He had handed the Mime his wallet, hadn't he?—in the other room. "Take whatever you wish," he had said. "I will keep nothing from you." In his striped jersey and his too-bright blue pants the Mime had a cocky, ludicrous, rather touching look; he had accepted the wallet as if this were the most natural thing in the world. "Yes," he said, "you'd better. You know what's good for you, eh? Wouldn't like anyone to raise a commotion and disturb your neighbors . . . One of them might call the police and then what? That's been known to happen."

"I want to keep nothing from you," Adrian whispered.

There were sparse, irregular bristles on his chin. Or had that been another boy? Cherubic from a distance, coarsened and loutish up close. In his disappointment, in his angry despair, Adrian had smiled and

The extraordinary suppleness
of the Mime's body,
the skillful precision of
his facial expressions,
seemed to protect
him from the sheer fact of
others' existence.

spoken softly. His throat tickled—it was as if he hadn't spoken aloud at all. He cleared his throat, but it did little good.

"You're welcome to anything I own," he said.

Now, finally undressed, naked, he stoops above the tubful of water. Even without his glasses he can see that it is discolored. Filthy. The boy must not have bathed for many days, possibly for weeks. It will be one of the great efforts of Adrian's life, he thinks, one of the most extravagant risks. But though he feels an intellectual revulsion, he is fairly shuddering with excitement. He hears a peculiar whimpering sound—himself? He must be careful not to cut his foot on broken glass.

He steps into the tub cautiously. Now. Yes. He must. He has no choice. But careful, careful—he doesn't want to slip and fall and smash his head against the porcelain.

He remembers having folded the five-dollar bill into halves, then quarters, then eighths. And then again. His fingers trembling. Or had it been a twenty-dollar bill? The color of the bill had given away its denomination to anyone, any stranger, who cared to glance into the violin case.

He remembers having journeyed to this

city a long time ago. He had wished to do research on the *Ludus Coventriae*, hadn't he? Or had he already done that research and wished now to begin something new, something fresh? A new adventure. He had wished . . . In a way he is happy that his guest is already asleep in the other room. He should be disappointed, but in fact he feels only a kind of rueful relief, that there need be no more communication between them that night. The Mime, being mute himself, seems to have pretended that Adrian cannot speak either.

"I'm perfectly able to speak," Adrian says aloud. Still, the back of his throat itches.

Awkwardly, unsteadily, he lowers himself into the water. It is still quite warm. It isn't very pleasant, but at least it's warm. Muttering to himself, Adrian gropes for the bar of soap. Where—? The boy had carelessly dropped it in the water. He discovers it at the far end of the tub, near the plug.

He begins to work a lather between his hands and to wash himself, first around the neck and shoulders. Yes. Like this. A ritual. As always. He isn't dirty, certainly not so dirty as the boy was; what a sight that had been! So shameless. So public. He wondered if the boy had noticed his look of disgust . . . He isn't dirty and doesn't really need to bathe, since he has showered only a few hours ago. And shaved. Unlike the Mime, whose jaws and chin were sprouting the most ugly hairs. And what of the bristles in his ears and nostrils—hadn't he been aware of them . . . ? Adrian sticks a finger into his ear to check: nothing. The wirelike gray hairs won't be growing back, hopefully, for another week or two.

The water is still warm; it's really quite enjoyable, quite pleasant after all. Adrian must admit it. He soaps one leg and then the other, stretching out luxuriously in the tub. Water laps over his stomach, onto his chest. He relaxes. He feels much better. He even lowers himself slightly, as he often did as a child, so that the bathwater comes up to his chin and then a little beyond his chin. With his lips pursed tight, he allows it to come up to his nose. Almost to his nose. Not quite: must be careful.

Yes. Like this.

He sees the Mime jumping from the tub again. A leap of triumph, a dancer's emphatic grace. Envious, perhaps. Envious, also, his innocent, childish joy, his obvious pleasure in his own being. Leaping from the tub, the soapy, filthy water, the porcelain walls that pressed in on all sides and the ceiling that pressed so low, leaping out of his own terror, hands and arms and torso and pelvis and legs expressing the joy of freedom. And the darling face as well: the broad grin of freedom.

"Thank you," he had whispered, handing Adrian's wallet back. Had he emptied it, or taken only a few bills, or had he, suddenly conscience-stricken, refused to take any at all? Adrian will have to wait until morning to check. At the moment his eyelids are heavy; he settles himself into a comfortable position and allows them to close. ○—■

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There is a way to pack flavor — incredible flavor — into a cigarette without boosting tar.

That's the report on MERIT and the remarkable breakthrough called 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco.

Tobacco that for the first time delivers flavor you wouldn't expect in a low tar cigarette.

MERIT and MERIT 100's were packed with this special tobacco. And taste-tested among thousands of smokers like yourself.

If you smoke, you'll be interested.



LOW TAR-ENRICHED FLAVOR™

Taste-Test Proof

MERIT and MERIT 100's were tested against a number of higher tar brands. The results proved conclusively that 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco does boost taste without the usual increase in tar.

Overall, smokers reported they liked the taste of both MERIT and MERIT 100's as much as the taste of the higher tar cigarettes tested.

Cigarettes having up to 60% more tar than MERIT.

Only one cigarette has 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco. And you can taste it.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1977

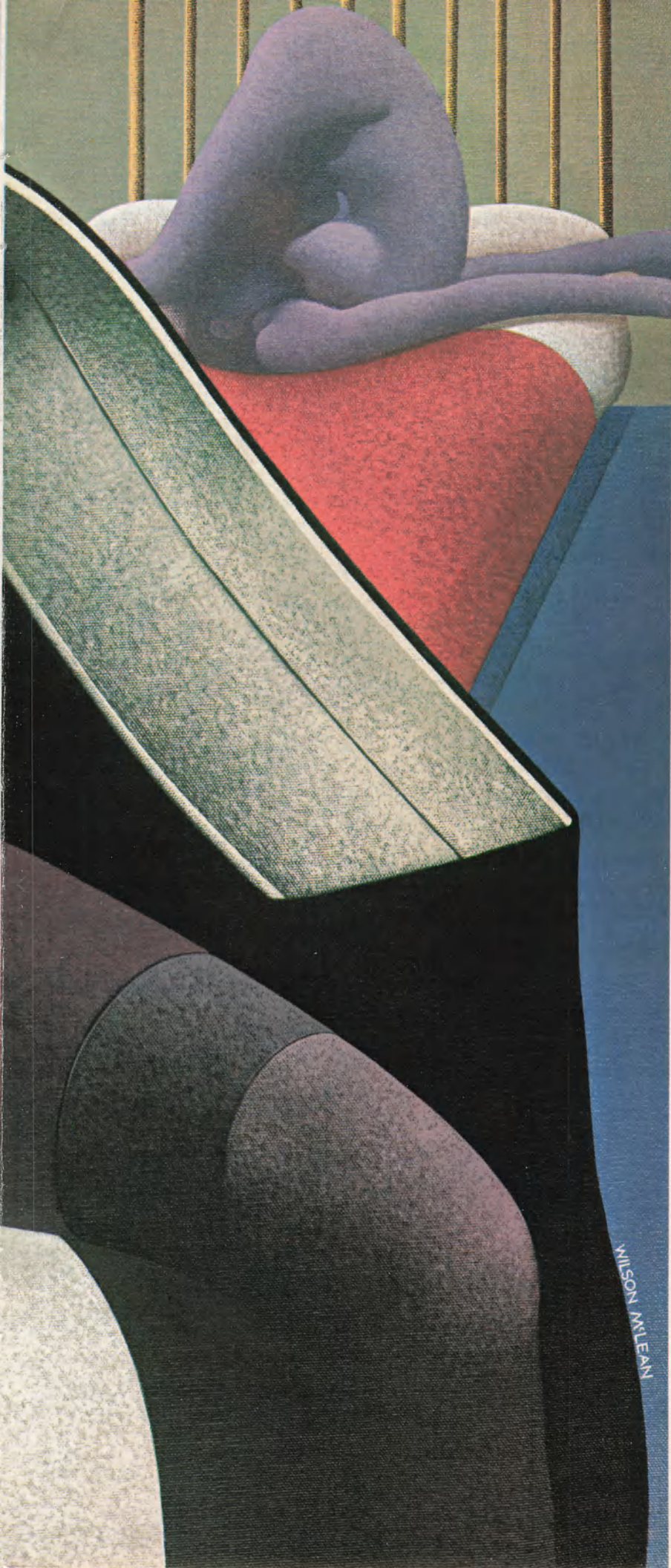
Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '77
100's: 12 mg "tar," 0.9 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

MERIT

Kings & 100's





She changed personalities
the way some women
change their clothes. Each
orgasm created a new
woman . . . and a new way of
making love.

The Skins of Peggy

It's awful. There's never a warning when she's about to turn. It just happens. I'm lying there, she's got my cock in her mouth, and I'm thinking, *Okay, relax; she's fine now*. Then she spits my cock out. Actually spits it out.

"This is disgusting," she hisses. "Disgusting. I shouldn't do these things, but you force me, Steve. It's not my fault. You control my mind. You're evil; you make me evil."

I don't say anything. She locks herself in the bathroom and stays there all night. I can hear her praying. I throw a few pillows on the sofa and try making it into a bed. Our bedroom is in a shambles. The closet is bulging with her clothes or, I should say, *their* clothes. Everything from Diane von Furstenberg to Frederick's of Hollywood. The carpet is ripped up in the corner where Mother Seton sometimes sleeps; she likes resting on bare, wooden boards. Roberta the Nympho brought in a water bed last

BY NICK TOSCHES

month, but Peggy didn't like it. She said that it made her seasick, and Mother Seton punctured it one night with her rosary. "A hotbed of carnal lust," she screamed as the water filled the room. And so here I am, spending the night on the sofa, watching Tom Snyder until I fall asleep. In the morning I call the office to say I'll be late; then I telephone Doctor Trager.

"Which is it?" she asks.

"Mother Seton. She's in the bathroom. She's been praying all night."

"Was she violent, Steve?"

"No, not really. She accused me of controlling her mind. Same as last time."

"As long as she doesn't revert to violence. We're making progress. These personalities of hers are getting weaker, less assertive. That's good. Bring her by tonight if you can."

The praying ends, and the bathroom is silent. I knock lightly at the door. Roberta the Nympho unlocks it and kisses me. She is naked, wet with perfume. On the mirror above the sink, drawn in lipstick, are the words: GOD SUCKS!

"Do me, Steve," she moans. "I want you to do me. I want to feel it inside me."

Roberta pulls me to the floor and straddles my crotch, grinding her crotch on my limp cock until it hardens. She guides it into her pussy and pumps.

"It feels good, honey. You're gonna come in me; I'm gonna feel it. Fuck forever. Oh, God, I wanna squeeze it so tight inside me, inside my cunt. I'll never tell Peggy, and you won't. Promise you won't. Oh, God. Come in me! Fuck, yes——"

Her eyes open rapidly. Or, rather, *his* eyes open rapidly.

"You faggot!" he screams. Or she screams.

"Charley, calm down," I say. "It's a misunderstanding."

"Don't give me that shit, ya big pansy. You make me wanna puke, ya know that? Jesus Christ."

Later I'm having lunch with an editor from a publishing house, a man I once did some graphics for.

"I love the soup here," he says. "It's so prole."

"I want to tell you about this idea I have for a book. It's a true story. Do you remember *The Three Faces of Eve*? My idea is something like that, except that the woman's schizophrenia is sexual. She's full of weird sexual personalities."

"You mean a dirty book."

"No, not really. A book about a very rare case of multiple schizophrenia. This woman is a lesbian, a prude, a whore, a virgin, a whip-freak, a happy housewife. She's even a man sometimes."

"A real person. You know her?"

"Yes."

"Was she always like this?"

"No. The problem remained below the surface until she married—until she lost her virginity, really. Her feelings about sex were so horrible that over the years she cultivated various methods of escape from

her own sexuality. As long as she could avoid physical sex, those methods of escape remained below the surface, but she was always an incipient schizophrenic. When the inevitable happened—when physical sex finally confronted her—those methods of escape came to the surface, like demons from miasma, to bury her consciousness, to hide her sexuality from her.

"I love the paella here," the editor says.

"This guy who married her thought he was getting a rosy-cheeked, all-American virgin. And the moment he pierced her hymen, hell broke loose. Hell."

"You know these people? They'd let you write about them like that? Do I know them? Not Roger over at Leber-Katz? His wife's in and out of Bellevue like it's a co-op. Remember that New Year's Eve party when she put iodine in everyone's drink? Peter Wynn stared at his glass and then looked at Roger and said, 'This vodka is a bit on the magenta side.'"

Do you remember *The Three Faces of Eve*?

Peggy is like
that, except her schizophrenia
is sexual. She's a
lesbian, a whore, a virgin,
and a happy housewife.

"No, you don't know these people. But what do you think?"

"I'll tell you what, Steve. I'll mention the idea, and we'll see what happens. In any event, you'd need a sample chapter, because if you're not a writer and you're not a famous person, they're going to expect you to be able to put together a sentence. I'm telling you, I know."

I get home from work at six. Joanne sits on the couch in her underwear. Pages from the current issue of *The Lesbian Tide* are taped to the wall; certain passages have been underlined.

"Well, I suppose you fucked your little Peggy again today. How cute. You men are so predictably boring. Do you care to know what I did today?"

I hear the toilet flush. There is someone else in the apartment.

"Come in here, Sally," says Joanne, looking toward the bathroom. "Come in here and meet a nice, boring man."

Sally, who appears to be about eighteen and is quite nervous, opens the bathroom door and looks at me.

"It's all right, Sally," I say.

"Come sit in my lap," Joanne says. Sally

hesitates but does it. Joanne strokes the inside of Sally's thigh as she speaks.

"I licked Sally's pussy, and Sally licked my pussy, and we had a juicy orgasm."

Joanne moves her hand into the crotch of Sally's panties. I can see her fingers exploring the girl's cunt. Sally's head drops back slightly, and Joanne kisses her neck. Joanne brings her other hand to Sally's breast, pushing her bra up until the girl's tits are visible. I can see her nipples harden. Joanne whispers in her ear, and the girl eases to the floor. Joanne wiggles from her panties and draws Sally's face to her cunt. My cock stirs.

"My Novena!" yells Mother Seton. "I'm late for my Novena. Oh, you devils do try, don't you?" She trots off to the bathroom.

Sally looks confused. I kiss her on the tit. She follows me to the bedroom.

"I don't dig foreplay with guys," she says, pulling off her panties. "Just stick it in; that's the only way I like it. It's those testicles I can't stomach. Yecch."

Two weeks later I meet Herman the Close-Out King for lunch at La Strada. Herman is doing very well these days. In the last six months he has opened three new Going Out of Business stores. I don't give a fuck about his stores, but his brother Joe makes movies. If I can't sell Peggy and her various libidos to a publishing house, maybe Hollywood can pick up on it. Who knows? It may even result in a book tie-in, one of those quickie film novelizations. Paperback, yes, but it would be money.

But first there's Herman. He begins. "The first Going Out of Business shopping mall in America. Malls, that's the way of the future. Two floors, twelve individual shops. I can put it on Varrick for three hundred thou. I'm telling you, Steve, I know."

"Herman, you once told me your brother made movies."

"Hollywood Joe. Big shot. Ask him who bought him that ticket to California in 1956. Fourteen individual shops. You got your boutique, your hi-fi, your jewelry, your souvenirs, your cameras."

"Your brother, Herman, is he a producer, a director, or what?"

"A producer. You know, like Joseph Levine, sort of. He made a bunch of them. That one with Aldo Ray—what the hell's the name of it? It'll come to me in a minute. He made a bunch of them. *The Magnet Monster*, that was his first. Then he did the one with Aldo Ray. These days he does a lot of that made-for-TV crap. I haven't been to a movie in two, three years. They're all crap. Guys pulling their gizmos out. These are movies? He sends me a picture of him and Charo, and I'm supposed to be impressed."

Peggy is sitting in bed, reading a woman's magazine. She smiles and asks where I've been.

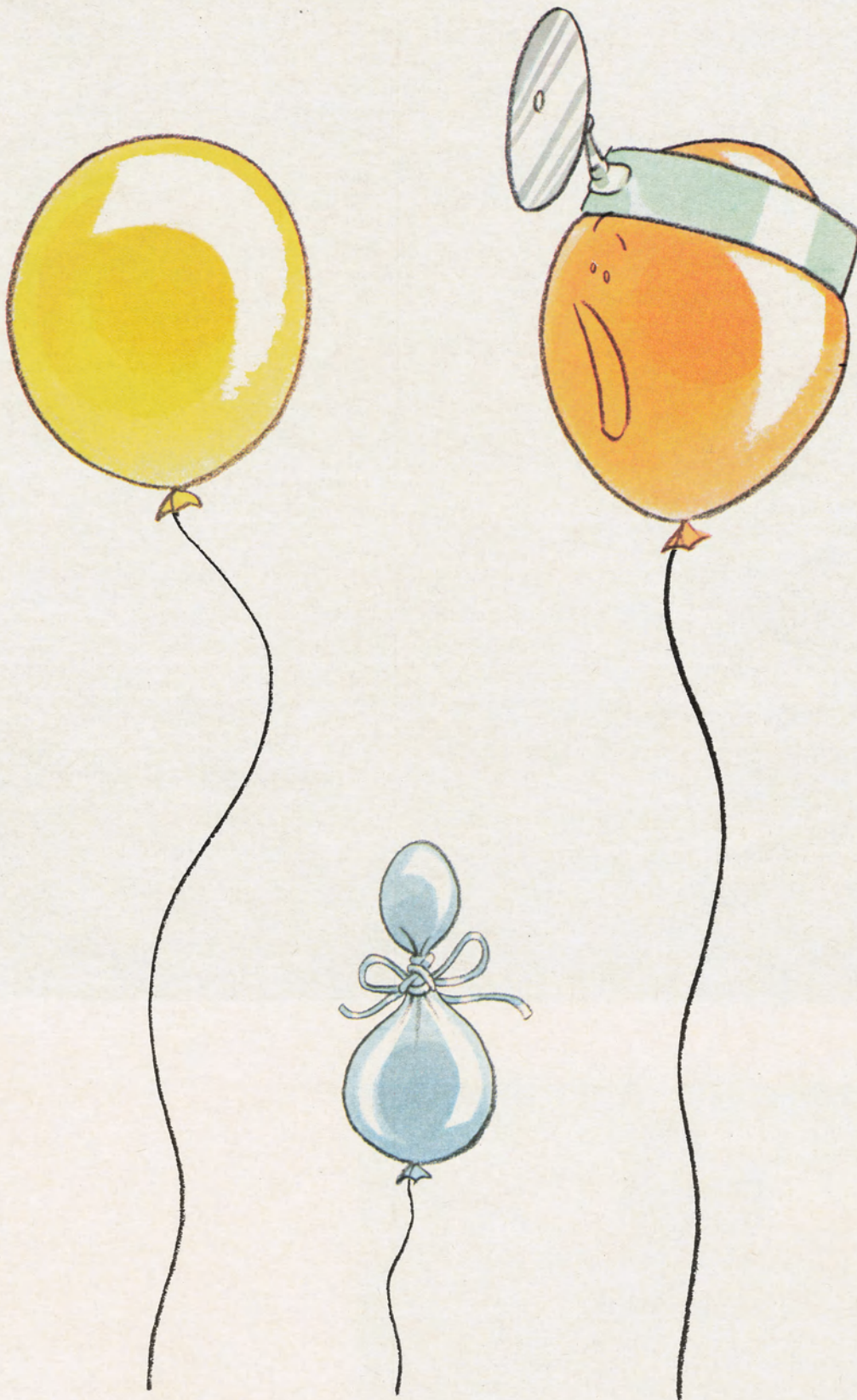
"I went to see Doctor Trager, and she was very disappointed that you didn't come along."

"How many times must I tell you that I

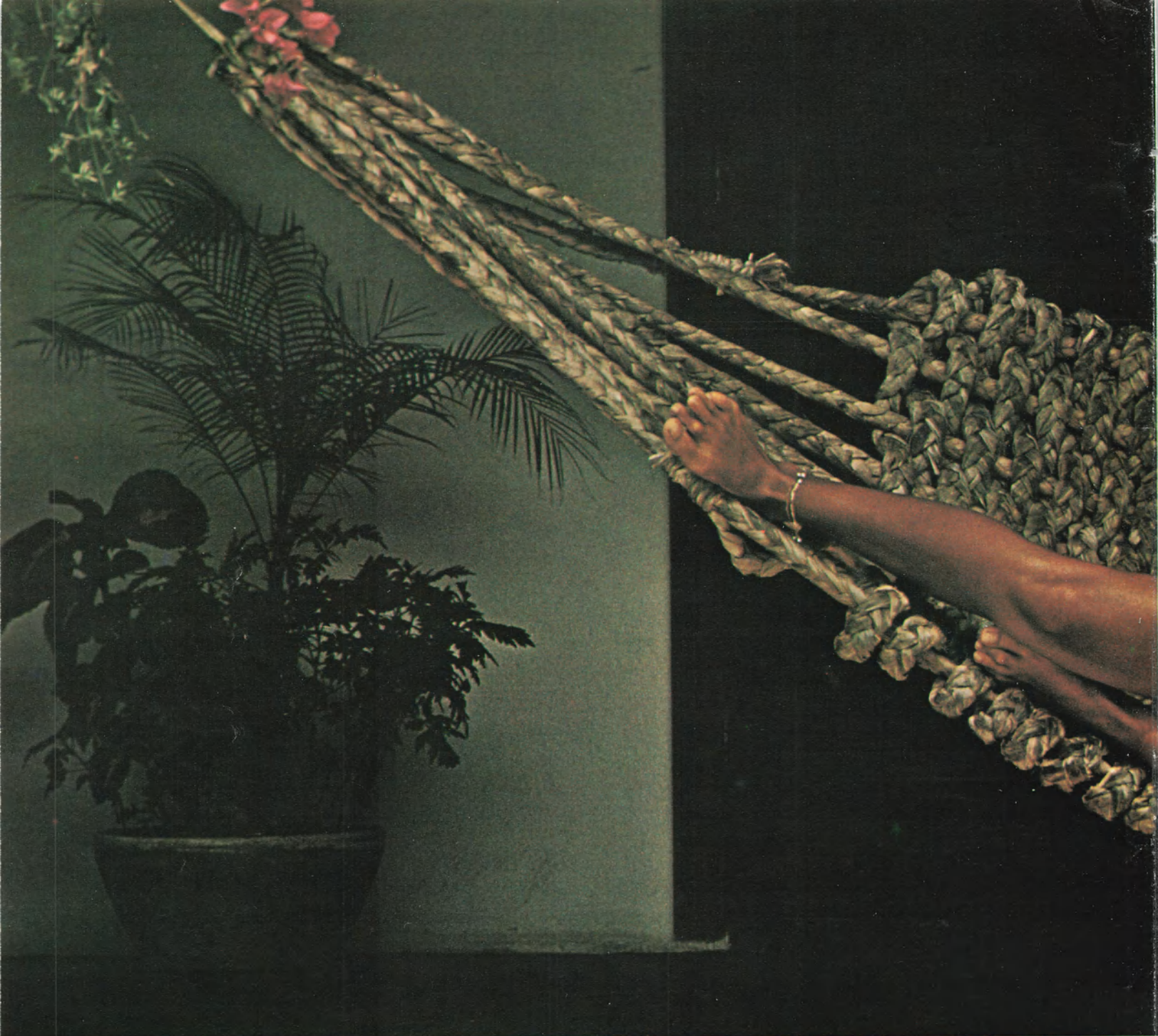
CONTINUED ON PAGE 166

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"Great delivery, Ms. Farsworth, but next time, let me tie the umbilical cord."





BELLE D'AZUR

The winters are cold and damp in Céline Demy's native Brittany, and so on her eighteenth birthday, with little or no ceremony, she shed her heavy woollens and headed for the Côte d' Azur. Céline's dark beauty goes well with the sunny life on the Riviera, where she has become an undersea hobbyist-explorer. "The Blue Coast, as you would call it," she says "is the most beautiful place in the world. The turquoise water and our emerald hills attract people who understand pleasure, who understand natural, environmental beauty and the infinite possibilities for expressing and enjoying that pleasure."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY OTTO WEISSER



“I flirt with danger constantly, and I adore exploring the unknown.”

Every day I try to risk something, and that makes me high, very high. ☺



Most days you can find Céline's graceful, 37-24-36 form gliding beneath the crystal-blue waters of the Mediterranean. "I love to discover new things, new places, and sometimes I feel more like a mermaid than a woman," she says, her hair satiny and slick, her skin dripping with moisture. "It is best when I go down with someone I really like, someone I can feel adventurous but secure and natural with. I always like my lovers to know something of my life before we make love. Then we find a quiet cove and search each other's bodies for our more personal pleasures. The life here is made for love." Céline lives as she works, with frank, unequivocal dedication and more than a touch of hedonism.











"I'm a Scorpio, and I was born under a lucky star," says the lady from the sea. "I am fiery and warm and look for passion and adventure in my men. I flirt with danger constantly, and I adore exploring the unknown. Every day I try to risk something, and that makes me high, very high. I must feel my body tingle with excitement and even fear, and then I am happy." Céline is currently working with a group of students who dive for buried treasure somewhere in the Caribbean. "I'll look for the treasure," she says, "but I know where the real treasure is—in the sun and the clear blue water and the golden sands, in the men I love and who love me, and in the luxury of living the way I want to live. Sure, there is a kind of glamour in what I do, but real glamour and real satisfaction come from the inside." ○✚



CARTERGATE III

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

The year 1965 saw the publication of *Alternative to Partition: For a Broader Conception of America's Role in Europe*. It began with a quote from Victor Hugo: "No army can withstand the strength of an idea whose time has come." "The division of Europe on the Elbe," maintained Brzezinski, "is unnatural, unhistoric, and contrary to present trends favoring not only European economic and then political unification, but, most important of all, the rapidly spreading psychological sense of European unity."

No sooner did Brzezinski go to press with his plan for the reunification of Europe than Gaullism, Eastern European nationalism, and the strategic military stalemate between the United States and the Soviet Union made it certain that partition would be replaced by no alternative in the foreseeable future. A hint as to the viability of the key element in his plan—joint U.S.-Soviet participation in an economic-development plan for a reunified Europe—could be gleaned when the merest glimmer of liberalization in Czechoslovakia in 1968 brought Russian tanks to the streets of Prague.

But perhaps the specter of advancing Russian tanks does not unduly disturb Brzezinski. Last July he presented Carter with Policy Review Memorandum 10, which recommends that in the event of a Soviet invasion of West Germany, one-third of the territory of the Federal Republic should be ceded to the Russians.

Brzezinski's reputation as a seer, however, has somehow been able to withstand still other ideas whose time has not come. In 1975 Brzezinski's "Beyond Step-by-Step" article foretold the inevitability of a Palestine Liberation Organization-dominated state on the West Bank. Without further ado, by trying to overthrow the Lebanese government, the PLO terrorists discredited themselves among the oil-rich Arab dictatorships that pay Yasir Arafat's salary.

The interchangeability of the terms "PLO" and "Palestinians" in the series of contradictory Middle Eastern statements that Brzezinski has composed for Jimmy Carter persists in the face of the objective decline of the credibility of the organization, which has never troubled itself to cultivate a popular base among the Palestinian Arabs, and which has recently been challenged, despite fear of reprisals, by locally based groups on the West Bank.

Now Brzezinski is predicting that the only way to arrest the diffusion of power in the world is for the corporate and financial elites of the United States, Japan, and Western Europe to downplay relations with Russia and China, to work hand in hand with the OPEC oil cartel to keep energy prices extortionately high as a way of fueling industrial-export sales, to throw Israel to the wolves chunk by chunk, and to pre-

sent the Third World—and the American, Japanese, and European publics—with a "new world system," primarily benefiting the multinational corporations, as a *fait accompli*.

On the basis of Brzezinski's prophetic track record so far, we can be certain that the only way for the democratic nations to keep from being picked clean is to emphasize relations with Russia and China, to get the OPEC countries to start undercutting each other so that lower energy prices will fuel investment at home, to support Israel to the hilt, and to involve the citizenry of both the developed and the less-developed countries in the creation of an international system primarily benefiting the average human being. If Zbigniew Brzezinski tells you the sun's going to shine tomorrow, don't forget your galoshes.

To implement his flawed world vision, Brzezinski calls for "both innovation and idealism. . . , thus stimulating a rationalist humane outlook that is gradually supplant-

“
In July 1977,
Brzezinski presented Carter
with a recommendation
that one-third of West Germany
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Russians if they invaded
that country.
”

ing both the liberal skepticism of some humanists and the conservative social indifference of some modernizers."

Brzezinski had his golden chance to stimulate this "rationalist humane outlook" when he chose the members of The Trilateral Commission. But look at the U.S. roster: fourteen corporate executives, six bankers, five investment bankers, seven economists, eight political scientists, seven lawyers, nineteen politicians, forty editors, three union officials, one farmer's organization official, one foundation head, and one newspaper columnist. It includes W. Michael Blumenthal, the ultimate "new business executive," David Packard, the ultimate exemplar of the "governmental-commercial establishment," and Harold Brown, the ultimate "scientific organization man."

Among the rational humanists Brzezinski selected to decide the future of human civilization there is not a single religious thinker, not a single philosopher, not a single physician, not a single psychologist, not a single poet, not a single artist, not a single scientist, not a single mathematician, not a single urban planner, not a single historian. And the entire worldwide

membership includes only four women. Brzezinski's Trilateral Commission is the institutionalization of the "conservative social indifference" which he derides in theory but of which, in practice, he is the world's chief mobilizer.

Zbigniew Brzezinski, the rich man's Marshall McLuhan, presumes not only to prophesy the future of humanity off the top of his head but also to insinuate himself into an office that he intends to use to implement his vision. There is nothing inherently wrong with trying to make one's dream come true. But some people dream in technicolor, and others dream in black and white. Some dreams are good dreams, and others are nightmares. Zbigniew Brzezinski believes that he can envision the *novus ordo seclorum* that is inscribed on the back of every dollar bill, the "new order for the ages" that was the dream of our Founding Fathers—or, at least, of whoever designed the Great Seal of the United States.

But his vision of the planetary age that lies just the other side of this Herman Hessian hell of a decade is a grim, gray, kinesiographed rerun, a technetronic wasteland populated by beings who have given up their will to unaccountable transnational entities programmed by historically relevant rational humanists with briefcases.

Zbigniew Brzezinski has a dream—as did Martin Luther King, Jr., whose memory he advised Jimmy Carter to turn into a campaign-applause cue. But Brzezinski has been, not to the mountaintop, but to the top floor of David Rockefeller's One Chase Manhattan Plaza. He has seen, not the promised land, but the land of the promissory note.

"Unlike the industrial age," he wrote in *Between Two Ages*, "when complexity and historical discontinuity induced ideological flights of the mind into atavism or futuristic utopias, in the technetronic age the greater availability of means permits the definition of more attainable ends, thus making for a less doctrinaire and a more effective relationship between 'what is' and 'what ought to be.'"

The reason why Zbigniew Brzezinski's monochromatic hallucination is, mercifully, not going to materialize between now and January 19, 1981, is that this man knows nothing about how new world orders are created. It is precisely in the pursuit of unattainable ends that great civilizations come into being. Universal liberty is an unattainable end. Spiritual perfection is an unattainable end.

In the age when men tire of being controlled by technology and electronics and learn to control them, the greater availability of means will permit, not the definition of more attainable ends, but a closer approach to the unattainable.

The removal from unelected, undeserved, high national office of Zbigniew Brzezinski may seem, for example, to be an unattainable end. Will that stop you—the reader—from pursuing it? 

**IT'S THE WORLD'S GREATEST GAME
(AND IT SURE AIN'T FOOTBALL.)**



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DAVID MERRICK presents A **MICHAEL RITCHIE** Film

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ROBERT PRESTON as 'Big Ed Bookman' Screenplay by **WALTER BERNSTEIN**

Based upon a novel by **DAN JENKINS** Produced by **DAVID MERRICK** Directed by **MICHAEL RITCHIE**

R **RESTRICTED** 
UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING
PARENT OR ADULT GUARDIAN

United Artists

Pretty Baby

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

lucrative Brooke Shields, Inc., to the tune of \$30,000 a year. Where did it all begin?

"In the womb," Teri states unequivocally. "When I was pregnant with Brooke, I knew it was going to be a girl and I was absolutely positive that she was going to be a star. One day somebody said to me, 'Why don't you have her model?' and it was as simple as that."

Press-agent legend has it that Greta Garbo was the first to spot the commercial potential of Brooke's alluring features while she was still in her stroller. However (and probably more accurately), she was formally led into the den of glamour and bright lights when, at the age of eleven months, she was photographed as the Ivory Snow baby by Francesco Scavullo. (Brooke Shields and Marilyn Chambers!! Could it be possible?) That appearance was followed by reigns as the Colgate girl (as seen through the artistic eye of Richard Avedon) and the Breck Shampoo girl, among numerous other impressive modeling credits.

Those credits have also established the children's division of charm-school-queen Eileen Ford's modeling kingdom. Teri Shields sees that score as one of her major victories. "I called Eileen a couple years ago, when Ford's didn't have a children's

division. I think that's because Eileen is afraid of children. Anyway, I brought Brooke up there, and Eileen could see her way through a good situation. So she signed Brooke as her first child model, and now they have 300 children under their roof."

But, according to John Holland, publicist at Brooke Shields, Inc., "Ford's accidentally allowed Brooke's contract to run out two years ago, and no one has remembered to pick it up since. They are under the impression that she's still signed to them, and they are still getting her assignments." Teri, more pragmatically, sums up the oversight by rationalizing, "They're not saying peep, and neither are we."

Whether Brooke is signed or not, her schedule reads like a train table at rush hour. "She works a full twelve-hour day," Teri guarantees, patting her daughter approvingly on the knee. "It's a job to Brooke, and she takes it very seriously."

"I enjoy modeling and acting," Brooke affirms. "It's like playing, only I get to see myself on film afterwards. I never had acting lessons. I don't think there is any need for me to take them, because I do what comes naturally and everybody seems happy about the way it turns out. It's as easy as that. I don't do anything special; I don't prepare for my rôles or have to get in any particular mood to do the job. When the director yells 'action,' I just start acting." In her modeling career, however, Brooke

claims "I have final say over everything I do."

An example of Brooke's liberal last-word control resulted in her well-oiled, nude appearance in a pamphlet entitled *Little Women*, a study of young children by commercial photographer Gary Gross. Gross, whose intention was to "show that even in the youngest girl, there is an inherent, sophisticated sexuality," considers Brooke's posing in the nude "bold and courageous." However, he does admit that "it will mean a variety of things to different people, and the morality is indeed arbitrary. Teri discussed it with her, and they hardly hesitated when it came to making a decision to do it."

"I thought Brooke was so beautiful that, at this time in her life, before she's totally developed, it was a perfect time to take pictures like these," Teri concurs. "I believe that my daughter is a work of art. I keep having visions of Brooke being exhibited in the Louvre. She should be looked upon and adored. I thought Gross's pictures were beautiful . . . like a study of Aphrodite. I'm sure that there are dirty old men who got other sensations from looking at naked pictures of a ten-year-old girl—and that's their problem."

Not quite. It appears as though it has also caused some anxiety at the Shields's house. Teri recalls that soon after Brooke's face hit the magazines and newspapers, "I used to get calls in the morning." Her voice intones in a sultry whisper: "Oooh—you just dropped her off at school, the virgin-pure body, silken. I'd get sick immediately. It's sick. 'Do you kiss her on the lips?' God, it's pathetic."

Obviously, having learned a sad lesson from experience, Brooke refused to do a nude scene in *Pretty Baby* and, instead, was fitted with a body stocking. "I just didn't think it was right," the young actress demurs. However, Teri sets the record straight. "Actually, Brooke has reached p-u-b-e-r-t-y! It's something I wasn't ready for. It came on us overnight—like bang, the next day she became a lady. My scarf was gone, my perfume bottles. And everything, including her body, took on a different perspective for her. She explained that to Louis Malle, and he was very obliging."

According to Brooke, though, Malle treated her with a minimum of civility. "He is a very difficult man," she recounted, not certain how much of her acting experience with him she should divulge. With no interruption from her mother, she continued. "He couldn't get used to the idea that I needed no time to prepare for my time in front of the camera and that I could loosen up right after a take. So he would always scream at me. I think he is a very nervous man. There was one actress in *Pretty Baby* who—well, she had a lot of problems. And she was awful—in her part and on the set. She used to forget all her lines; so I learned them and would cue her. Louis Malle used to yell at her a lot; they both made things pretty bad for the others. Anyway, I told her to keep cool, to stop trying too hard. It helped her. She was still pretty miserable,



but she calmed down a little."

Regardless of costar problems, everyone involved is pleased with the results. Rumor has it that, for a person her age, Brooke Shields gave a performance that has extraordinary depth. According to John Holland, "Louis Malle says she's a shoe-in for the Academy Award."

And rumors travel, especially in Hollywood, where Teri Shields is negotiating for her daughter's next role. "We're not sure about anything yet. But there are a lot of good parts available for young girls." One, in particular, was the starring role in the sequel to *National Velvet*, which MGM is making as *International Velvet*. For a while, it looked as though Brooke would get the nod; however, it has since been given to rival Tatum O'Neal. "But we've been offered even better films," she says and rattles off a list, including *Six Weeks* (another O'Neal-Shields battle), Maxwell Anderson's *Winter, Morning, and Night*, and *The Black Stallion*.

Brooke seems to have taken all the hoopla in stride; she is still less interested in reading reviews of her work than in getting back to New York to see her girl friends. And boyfriends?

"I haven't started dating yet," Brooke reveals. "One of the reasons is that nobody's really asked me. But I'm too young. My mom thinks so, too. It's weird—everybody expects me to be going out with boys and doing other things. I don't know what they expect, but whatever it is, I'm not doing it. In the movie [*Pretty Baby*], I was kissed by Keith Carradine. It was the first time I was ever kissed like *that*. You know what I mean—a long kiss. I really didn't feel one way or the other about it. I didn't especially like it. In the scene I was supposed to be kissed; so I was kissed. That's all. It was part of my job."

At the rate she's going, Brooke Shields just might survive the spoils of the star process.

"How would I like to be ten years from now?" she muses. "Well, let's see. In ten years I'll be twenty-two, and I'll probably be married."

Teri blanches at the very thought. "Brooke, sweetie, that's an awfully long time away. Let's not make any hasty decisions."

"Well, I want to get married and have lots of children and do a comedy or a musical. Who knows? I may even be a star by then."

That depends. Proverbs are relative to the environment in which they are quoted, and in one family two stars are usually a crowd.

"Sometimes I wish my mother wasn't around so much," Brooke confides. "At times, it's good to get away from her for a while. There are times when I have feelings I don't want her to know, and then I feel guilty for not telling her about them."

Looking from mother to daughter, one would find it difficult to assess whose aspirations are stronger and who is the bigger star in the Shields house.

"I am," Teri beams, thumbing her chest with the cocksureness of a Hollywood agent, "and don't ever forget it!"

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Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky 86 or 100 Proof. Brown-Forman Distillers Corp. Louisville, Ky. © 1977.

Skins of Peggy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 150

don't like talking about those people? Besides, no one asked me to come along."

I had asked her. More precisely, I'd asked Jackie the Cutter, whose response, growled through the mouth slit of her red-leather Destroyer mask, was "Straighten my seams with your teeth, mister, and maybe we'll talk about it."

"It says here that 70 percent of all women interviewed would perform oral sex with Bert Convy on a first date. Imagine," she says.

I sit next to her. She presses her cunt to my hip and takes my cock in her hand. I place my fingers on her cunt. She releases my cock and slaps my hand.

"Not there," says Ellen the High-School Virgin. When she realizes she is naked, she screams, "You drugged me!"

The next morning I call Doctor Trager from the office and tell her that I'm at the end of my wits.

"Hang in there. It won't be much longer."

"You've been saying that for almost two years."

"These things take time. Peggy isn't an ordinary case. There's a lot of work and a lot of time involved. Much of the work isn't pleasant. Our sessions are getting longer, and Peggy's more and more aware that things are wrong. Just hang in there."

I spend the afternoon at the typewriter, trying to think of a good first line.

Take my wife—please!

I'm still trying to come up with a first line for the book when I open the door to our apartment at six o'clock. The floor is littered with sixteen-ounce beer cans, Dipsy Doodles, and record albums.

Roberta is on the bedroom floor, naked except for crotchless panty hose. Two men are with her. One is short and seems to be of Central American origin. He wears droopy boxer shorts, from which protrudes a large but wilting cock. A tattoo over his left shoulder blade says: "*Heroína y madre.*" The other man, who also wears only boxer shorts, has a pair of Peggy's, or Roberta's, panties over his head, through which he tries to bring me into focus. He holds out a bottle of MD 20-20.

"Have a drink," he says. "Make yourself at home."

"*Mira, mira,*" says the short, swarthy one, pointing to Roberta's crotch. "Ees good, hoo-wee!"

"Moisture," draws the other through his reinforced crotch. "I been around this world twice, and that's what it's all about: moisture."

"Poosy," giggles his friend in agreement.

"Testicles," hisses Joanne, drunkenly. "The only intrinsically ugly things in nature. Why don't you all just get the fuck outa here? And take your balls with ya."

I spend the night in a hotel. When I come

home the next day, I find a crucifix on our front door. Mother Seton is in the bathroom. Taped to the refrigerator is a small pink envelope. I open it to find this message: "Fellatio is illegal in many parts of the United States and Canada." I get a bottle of beer and go through the mail, which includes a catalogue from The Pleasure Chest and the latest issue of *Christian Life*, both of which are addressed to her. There is also a letter from Herman's brother, Hollywood Joe, for me:

I like the feel of your idea. Do you have a treatment you could send me? From the way you describe it, the story may have too much sex for TV. When I see your treatment, I'll be able to judge better.

Use your imagination. The characters in the story must have dimension. You say it's a true story. Fine. but never allow the truth to get boring. As we say here in Hollywood, "Wing it!"

Next time you see Herman, tell him the

This guy who married
her thought he was getting
a rosy-cheeked,
all-American virgin. But
the moment he pierced
her hymen, she
was a sexual psychotic!

hi-fi he sent me last Christmas is a piece of crap. Some of the biggest names in contemporary music are my friends (Tony Orlando, plus many others), and I wouldn't dishonor their records by playing them on that piece of crap.

Enclosed is a photo of me and my good friend Stephen Boyd.

From work I call the editor at the publishing house. "Well, what did the other editors think?" I say.

"It might make a good woman's book," he begins, "if the girl wrote it herself. You know, a first person. These women's books are starting to outsell Gothics, for Chrissake. The blacks were hot for only two, three years. I'm not talking about *Roots*, which is just the old Jewish trip in blackface. But these women's books seem like they're here to stay. We did twelve last spring, and this fall we're up to nineteen."

"But this woman is crazy," I say. "She can't write any book."

"Not for a few seconds yet, huh?" The editor pauses. "Is the shrink a woman?"

"Yes, but don't you see I sort of want to write it myself?"

Another pause. "Oh, well, I'll have to take

this up with the other editors." And he hangs up.

A few minutes later, Peggy, or someone like her, calls. She says she has masturbated so much this afternoon that her fingers are cramped. Won't I hurry home? She's lying in bed naked, and her feet are a yard apart. I contemplate what it might taste like to eat a photograph of Stephen Boyd. I nibble away one of his arms and half of his torso before the full implications of the deed strike me.

Six months later the worst is over. Peggy has shed her skins, and all that remains is what Doctor Trager refers to as garden-variety therapy. Now, whenever I pull my penis out of someone, it's the same person I stuck it into. I admit that I miss some of it. There is nothing so precariously thrilling as a blowjob from a horny slut/virgin. However. There is the book and, perhaps, the movie. Hollywood Joe greets Peggy and me at the bar of the Beverly Hills Hotel. He looks like Herman the Close-Out King, except that he's tan.

"Ramon Novarro was a fag" are his first words to us. Then, with barely a pause, he says, "I can't make any promises, but I think we've got a deal. This is the first thing you've written, isn't it? Screenplays aren't hard to write. Remember *I'll Take Sweden* with Bob Hope? Guy wrote that baby in four hours. Adjectives, that's the secret."

I nod. Peggy looks confused.

"Now," he continues, "let's talk parts. Who do you see as the lead? I see Loretta Swit. The girl can act. Did you catch her in *Race with the Devil*? She's also got a nice set of lungs, if you get my drift. But, seriously, can you see Swit? And the husband, maybe Steve Boyd. He could get his teeth into something like this."

"Stephen Boyd," I say.

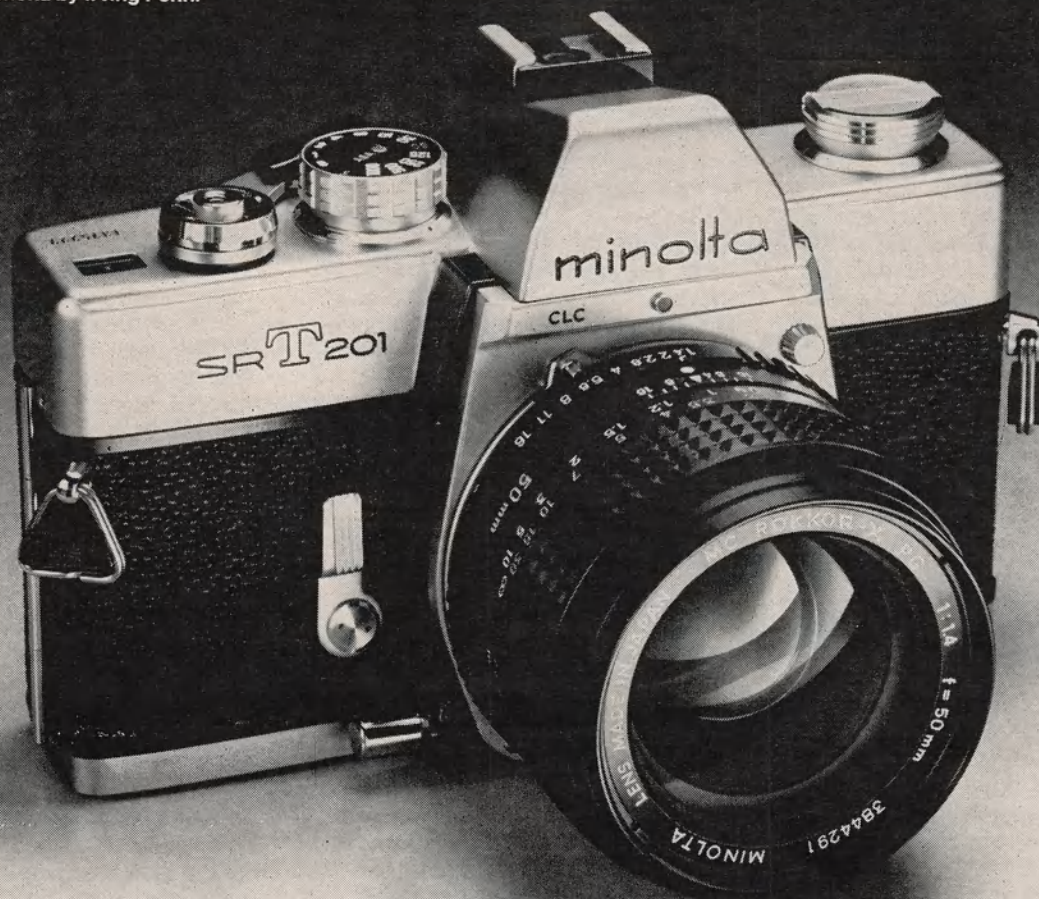
"A few ideas I'd like to toss out. First, I'm not sure we want to lean so hard on the psychoanalytical mumbo jumbo. There are easier ways to open. There's this bus rolling along. Loretta Swit's on it. There's a nun on it, too. And a dyke and a whore and the bus driver. A truck hits the bus. Bam! Blood, fire, screams, the works. Everybody gets killed but Swit, who is critically injured. In her state of near death, the souls of the others enter her body."

Peggy orders another drink and crosses and uncrosses her legs.

"Now here's the hook. At a monastery in northern Manitoba is the only living Jesuit who knows how to take care of this sort of thing. He cured a similar case in the thirties, and it almost killed him. To get rid of the invading souls, he has to *shut up* the girl. Trouble is, he's too old to get it up. In the end, the sight of Loretta Swit in her nun's outfit does the trick. He holy-fucks her and then dies in her arms. Steve Boyd places flowers on his grave, and everybody's happy. Other than that, we'll stick to your original story. What do you think?"

"I see Pat O'Brien as the Jesuit," says Peggy.

"Not bad," says Hollywood Joe. 



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AFRICA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

without any thought to historical boundaries. As some of the emerging African nations attain independence, they are trying to reestablish their boundaries according to what they see as historic precedents. The United States and the Soviet Union, intent upon establishing strongholds on the continent, often attempt to exploit these tribal struggles, without really understanding them.

For all these reasons, Africa is today the world's worst political can of worms. Nevertheless, in the words of a senior administration official, "This is where Carter, for reasons that only he understands, has chosen to step in."

Another official said: "Rhodesia and South-Africa were bad enough in their conflict potential . . . but now Carter is trapping us in the Horn and everywhere else. The African conflict is clearly moving from the south to the north and merging with the Middle East disputes. What worries me is whether Carter has thought out all the implications of what he's doing. I'd hate to wake up tomorrow morning and find the United States in a pre-Vietnam-type situation. You know how it happens: first, a policy decision to challenge the Russians in Africa, which is not really warranted by what's occurring there; then sales or gifts of

arms; next the need for American weapon-delivery teams in these countries so they'll know how to unpack and put them together; then advisers to teach the troops how to use the weapons; and, finally, God knows what. It's that first commitment that gets you trapped."

Carter never explained what, precisely, he meant by his notion to "aggressively challenge" the Soviet Union in areas which, as he said, might be "crucial" to the United States between now and the year 2000. And, indeed, Carter's rather alarming remarks might have been consigned to simple presidential phrasemaking were it not for the fact that on July 26 and 27 the administration had announced that it was ready to sell arms to Somalia and contribute to the Sudan's "legitimate defense needs." The curt announcement marked the birth of a new major American policy, one that carries ominous portents reminiscent of John F. Kennedy's first modest steps to meet Vietnam's "legitimate defense needs." It is extraordinary how snort our memories are.

Recent private discussions throughout the government suggest several reasons for this new policy, although not one has been spelled out publicly notwithstanding the Carter administration's commitment to "openness."

The chief reason, it appears, is that Carter and his men have concluded that it was good politics—or good geopolitics—to

show the Russians that the United States means business and that it will not tolerate further violations of the Nixon-Kissinger "détente" policy. In fact, Carter seems intent on blocking the Soviets everywhere, whether there is real reason for doing so or not—and whether or not "détente" is damaged. As one official put it, "You just can't go around chasing the Russians everywhere—no more than we'd stand still for the Russians chasing us where we have established positions overseas. That is, unless you're looking for trouble."

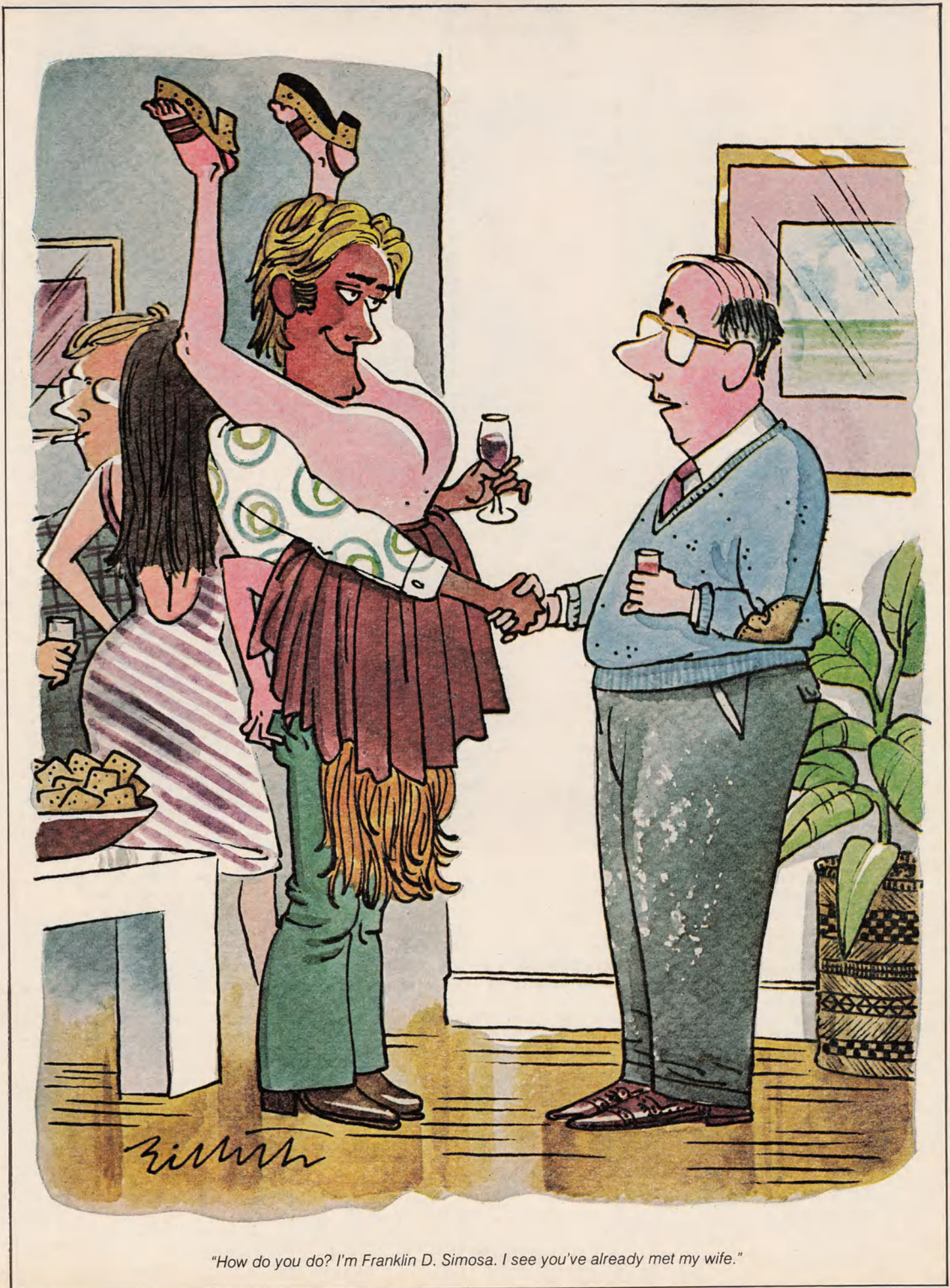
(In October the administration decided to play a two-track game with the Soviets in the Middle East-Africa region. It joined with Moscow in promoting a Geneva conference on the Arab-Israeli conflict—thus bringing the Russians back into the Middle Eastern diplomatic picture—but it kept all its anti-Soviet options open in Africa.)

The second reason, which is related to the first one, is that Carter was looking for a "target of opportunity," and Africa struck him as the most plausible one. The Ford administration was aghast when the Soviet Union and Cuba intervened in Angola in 1975, seeing that former Portuguese territory, torn by a civil war, as just such a target of opportunity. But in the Horn of Africa Carter has been doing exactly what the Russians did to us in Angola, except that the Carter enterprise has a much greater danger potential. The outcome in Angola posed no direct threat to the United States. In the Horn, on the other hand, local rivalries are being internationalized in an exceedingly sensitive area of the world. The American initiative invites a Soviet response, already in the making, with results that may be catastrophic.

And, finally, the third reason for the new African policy is the administration's decision to do the bidding of Saudi Arabia. Despite size, vast wealth, and an impressive arsenal of modern weapons, feudal Saudi Arabia is nervous about the existence of radical states, small as they may be, on her periphery.

The Saudis' main problems are Somalia and the People's Democratic Republic of Yemen, known as Southern Yemen, a Soviet-backed Marxist state. Southern Yemen, because of military facilities in the port of Aden and on the fortified island of Perim, controls from the east the traffic between the Indian Ocean and the Red Sea through the Bab al-Mandab Strait. This is the way to the reopened Suez Canal and to the Mediterranean. Somalia is in a position to control this traffic from the west, using the Soviet air-naval base at Berbera on the Gulf of Aden. Besides, Somalia is a fairly radical state that the Soviets have armed to the teeth during the last decade, partly to offset the influence of Ethiopia, which until early in 1977 was an American client. If all this sounds like a mind-bending exercise in African and Arabian political geography, the reason is that's what it is—exactly. But, as noted earlier, Americans might as well start learning the lesson, given Jimmy Carter's sudden and urgent interest in this un-





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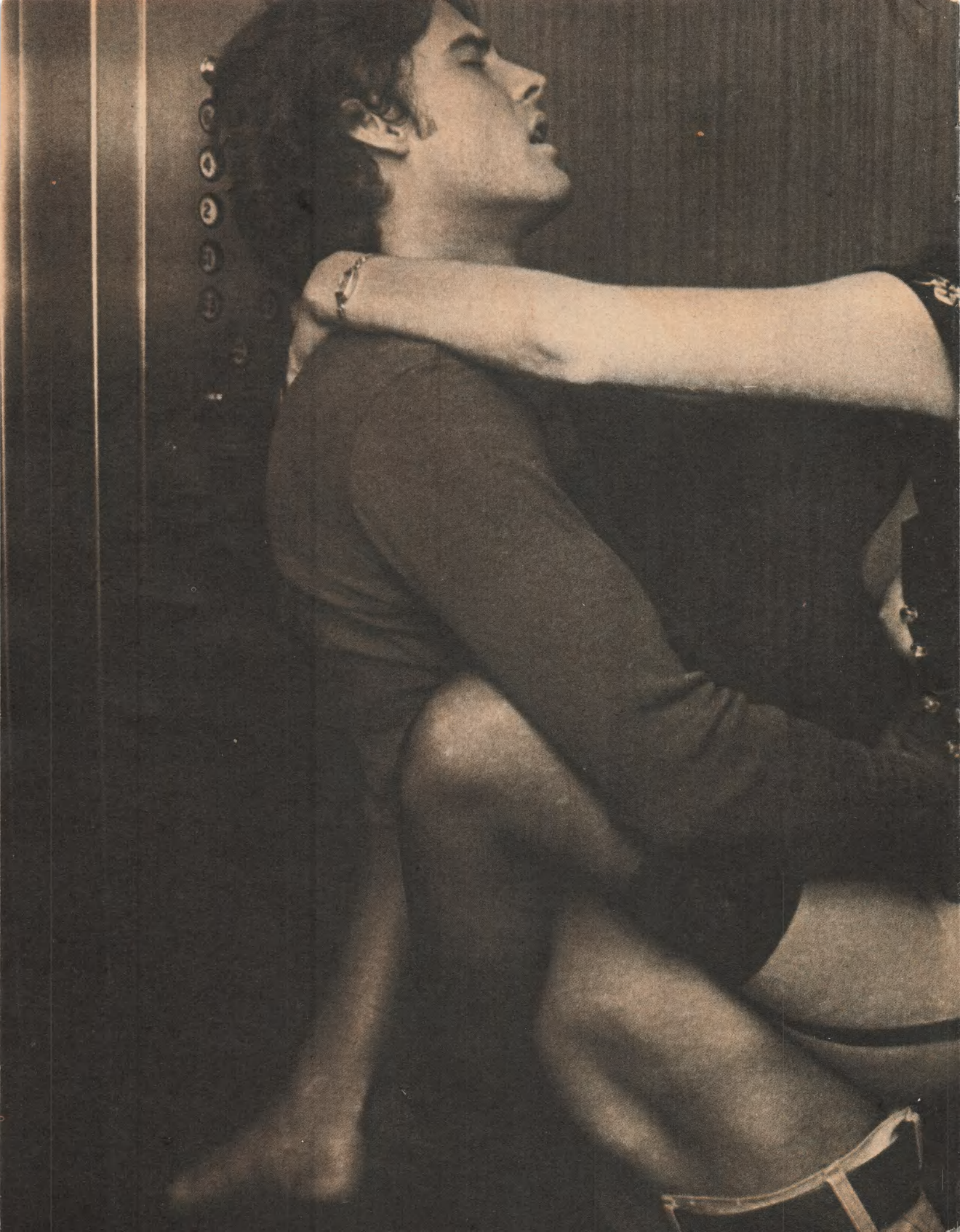
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THE SEX FANTASISTS

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that their bodies could come together.





“Gwen was the one giving me
fellatio in the middle
of a construction-worker-type bar,
with all the guys watching
with envy because
I was the one getting blown.”

DAVID'S STORY:

I remember the first time I ever beat off. It was down in the basement back in our house in Chicago, and I was sitting in this big, old easy chair my dad had down there, where it was cool and private. I remember closing my eyes as I sat there with my pants down around my ankles and my dick hard in my hand. I closed my eyes, and suddenly I was in another world. I was in a wooded area someplace where the wind was cool as it hissed through the giant evergreens. And behind every tree was a naked woman. As I wandered over the leaves and pine needles and twigs, I would catch a glimpse of them as the women tried to hide from me, giggling because I was as naked as they were and my dick was pointing out in front of me like a divining rod.

Well, it never led me to water, but it sure as hell pointed toward the pot of gold; I fucked them all. One beautiful woman after another, on the ground, as they bent over a fallen tree trunk, as I sat back on a big rock and watched them line up to bounce around on my long, boyish dick. I felt my prick sliding up one hot, moist cunt after another, right there as all the women watched the cream dribble out of them and down over my nuts.

When I opened my eyes, I had shot come all over myself, even up into my hair. It was my first time, and that can be quite a goddamn explosion. But that world I had created was all gone. I wanted to get it back in a dream that night, but I found out then that you can't tell yourself what to dream about. So the next afternoon, when no one was around the house, I went back downstairs and sat in the chair in the dark. I opened my pants and pulled them down again and put my hand on my cock. It got hard. Then I shut my eyes, and I was lost again. This time I was in a woman's bedroom somewhere, a frilly and feminine bedroom with a canopy bed. She was beautiful. She was lying back on the bed, completely dressed in an old-fashioned garment with lots of petticoats and a high neckline. She looked very prim. I walked up to her and handed her a tray with some fruit on it, and she just smiled. I guess that I was a servant or something. Then she reached under the tray and

Photographs by Earl Miller

Penthouse presents another in its series of interviews uncovering the most intimate facts of both the male and female side of a sexual relationship—analyzed by Dr. Robert Chartham, the eminent sexologist. Couples who wish to be interviewed should write in confidence to: The Editor, “Couples,” *Penthouse* Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

COUPLES

pulled my penis out from my pants and started to lick it. She held a banana from the tray in her other hand and licked at that, too, and then she started sucking on the banana and stroking my cock with her fingertips. Finally, she put my cock in her mouth with the banana and kind of chewed on them both. I flooded her mouth with hot jism. And I opened my eyes, and there was the basement again.

Well, as I grew up and my cock got bigger and hairier and my voice lowered and my chest filled out, I never outgrew that passion for some kind of reality other than what I was living. I'm a fantasy freak, and I love it. Whatever I've done, wherever I've gone since leaving that chair in Chicago, I've only increased my passion for wild fantasies to make my sex life complete. I found that I didn't need a special place any longer for sex dreaming; I could do it easily on the beach, in my car, under the covers in my dorm room, even in bed while my wife was giving me a blowjob.

Anyhow, I never thought much about my fantasy life until I met Gwen, fell in love, and eventually married. My fantasies were never a problem until I married Gwen. Then the problem began.

She was the cutest chick I'd ever seen—not beautiful, but cute, fresh, alive, and sexy. She was petite, and her breasts were slight, but the nipples were large and always hard. I used to nibble them through her blouse. The first time we fucked, I was really afraid that I was hurting her because I'm pretty big and she's so small. I was so turned on that I came fast, though, and my cock hadn't been in her more than a minute. But each time became easier as she got used to me, and now she can't stand to be without my cock inside her for very long. We kind of created the perfect fit.

We quit school and ran off and got married and lived out of a camper up in the mountains in the West for a year, and then we settled down and both got good jobs in Oregon, near her parents and my best friend and his wife; so life was really swell. We were fucking and doing everything there was to each other for so long that I didn't even think about masturbation. But then it started one day; I felt the need for that basement chair, and the bed had to do, after Gwen had gone to work. I just lay there, pulling on my dick for about an hour, the wildest and craziest thoughts running through my head and nerves and balls. It had been so long since I'd masturbated that it was like a whole new trip. And the things I dreamed, the wild fantasies, were incredible. I hadn't felt so sexy in months, and I realized I had been missing something. So I shot off just like a little kid again—shot it up to my face—as I thought about fucking a chick on the floor of a singles bar while everyone in the place watched us and rooted us on. She was beautiful, I remember, but it was the exhibitionism in the daydream that really got me off. I was late for work, and all day I felt guilty, which was ridiculous. I hadn't cheated on Gwen. I had only had sex with myself. Why'd I feel so lousy?

Well, I felt worse the next day. We made love, but I couldn't fucking come! I panicked and my cock went soft, and she caressed it and slowly worked a finger up my ass, which I

love, but nothing did the trick. But then I suddenly shut my eyes and just started putting myself in another time and place. I was tied to a table in a little shack somewhere, and a big woman with dark skin and severe eyes was standing above me with a whip in her hand. And she beat the hell out of my ass as I begged her to stop; and while my cock got so hard and turned on, I came just from the friction against the table. I opened my eyes, and I was shooting jism like crazy.

"Jesus, Dave, I almost choked!" Gwen moaned, as come dripped from the corners of her mouth. She was on cloud nine. "That was so wonderful!" And she sucked me some more. Then she came up for air again and asked, "What made you shoot so much?"

"Uh . . . I haven't come in three days. And you really turned me on." I felt like a heel because none of it was true. I had come so magnificently because I had a wild fantasy going on inside my head while she sucked me off. And I felt a little guilty about it. I felt that what I was doing was wrong.

Then it started happening more and more. I couldn't get off

without daydreaming. You see, the things I dreamed about, well, I never really wanted to do any of those things. I wanted them to be forbidden fantasies and nothing more. That's what was so damn exciting about them, that they were forbidden, that they were secret from my outside life. But I was starting to include Gwen in some of them. I had the dream about the woman whipping me again, but this time Gwen was there, standing with her skirt pulled up and her pussy pressed into my face as I got the welts from the big lady. Another time I fantasized I got off watching a woman sit on a toilet and pee. I'd never seen a woman do that in my whole life. The idea really turned me on. I even wanted to be able to fold the toilet paper in my hand and wipe her pussy for her. I thought about balling a chick in the elevator of our apartment building—just flipping my hard dick out of my jeans and shoving it into her before

we reached the fifth floor. In all these dreams the woman was a lot like Gwen. And in some cases she was really clearly the one I was fucking, or she was the one who was giving me a blowjob in the middle of a construction-worker-type bar, with all the guys around watching with envy because I was the one getting my dick blown.

One day I bought a book about male fantasies, a whole, big, fat collection of them. It was called *Secret Sex*, and I would read parts of it and put it back in the drawer and then close my eyes and relive the fantasy I'd just read. Gwen left for work one morning, and I pulled out the book and got into a really hot fantasy so that I was kneeling on the bed with my head on the pillow, my ass up in the air, and I had a finger up my ass, and I was pulling on my cock, and I was actually talking out loud about a woman fucking me with a dildo strapped to her cunt. "Shove it in me, you bitch. I can take it . . ." Something like that.

And the next thing I knew I felt something going into me, and it wasn't my fingers! I was balancing with one hand then, shaking on the bed, near an orgasm, and my spread ass was

I never consciously
see him as him. He's a man
without a face, just a
hunk of male flesh with the
penis I want to die for.

suddenly filled with something hard, and I felt hands spreading my buttocks even more and then a hand pulling on my nuts. I kept my eyes closed, and I just went with it. . . . I couldn't separate reality from the dream at that point. I mean, I didn't even know if it was really happening. And then I felt the pain as that thing pressed all the way up my ass, and I felt lips moving over my balls and up to my cock, pulling it down into a hot, warm, feminine mouth, and I just pumped my load onto the warm lips, and she sucked me like a calf sucking its mother's teats. Who was she? Gwen.

She hadn't left. I heard the door, but she had come back in, and I was already in dreamland by then. She had seen me reading the book; she later told me that she knew I had it for weeks, when it had been hidden in the drawer, and she read all the marked pages, my favorite fantasies—and she was fascinated that her big, football hunk-of-a-husband was getting off kneeling with his ass spread to the world, shoving a finger up himself, pretending it was a woman giving him the shaft with a plastic cock. So that's what Gwen had put up me, her dildo, her cock-shaped vibrator, which I didn't even know she had!

We talked about it that day. She had known for some time. She could sense when I had trouble coming, and she could see my eyes shut tight, my head in a totally different place, my forehead wrinkled, my whole aura in another place. She didn't resent it. On the contrary, she understood it. She dug my need for sexual fantasies because she had them herself, almost all the time, from the first moment we had ever fucked. And that really blew me away.

She had felt guilty, too. She was dying for more than the usual sex life in bed; she wanted some kinky things, but she had never been able to bring herself to tell me. Our relationship was suffering because of it. She was thinking, just shortly after we were married, that she was saddled with a guy she loved who was nothing more than a macho jock who liked to fuck or get sucked and turn over and that was all. She wanted imagination, costume drama, theater with sex, but she couldn't tell me. So she made love to a big, plastic vibrating cock as she dreamed of herself as a heroine in a Gothic novel or as a real biker slut out in the desert, getting banged by some hippy stud with an earring in his ear.

It did wonders for us, for our relationship. For so long we had both been fantasizing, both in bed with each other, and alone, when we were secretly masturbating, and we could have been sharing it because we were doing and thinking the same goddamn things!

And now it's so fucking good, so positive. We watch each other masturbate, we tell each other some of our fantasies, and, the most important thing of all, we act them out. Not with other people, because that would somehow destroy it. Fantasies are secret, and husbands and wives know how to keep secrets and make them turn into exciting scenes that no one else knows about. We did it one night. We actually went to the ground floor and fucked in the elevator, and we didn't make it. I was just about to come when someone got on at the fourth

floor, and I had to shove my dick back in my pants and try to smile at the woman who got on. We went back down, and then it worked. I filled her pussy so full of come by the time we got to the fifth floor that she had it dripping out of her cunt before we got into the apartment.

Another time I made her tie me to the bed with ropes and paddle my ass but good, and it was as exciting as the dream. And often I'll just get off sitting in a chair as I pound my cock, telling Gwen my fantasy out loud . . . while she sits across the room, working the plastic cock up her cunt.

We also acted out the costume drama she wanted. We found an abandoned farmhouse near our city in Oregon, and Gwen rented a big-skirted costume, and we went out there, and she was the lady of the house, Scarlett O'Hara, and I was a slave of some kind, and she would come into the barn and play with my dick as I begged her to leave me alone, or the master would have me flogged. Well, she had me under those skirts, sucking her pussy all day. And the master somehow never seemed to show up! Scarlett and I didn't care.

We still have our private fantasies. We'll make love, and each of us will come, reaching wild, terrific, intense orgasms, and we both know that they're because of the kinky fantasy we had at the time; but that's okay, because fantasies are good, and they release so much tension and so much anxiety. All the wild, kinky things you will never do in life you'll sure try in your mind. And who's to knock that? And, besides, it's made our sex life better than it was before we got married. Other guys want other women and whatnot, but just give me Gwen and a beautiful daydream, and I'll be fucking satisfied till the end of time.

GWEN'S STORY:

It started long ago, about four years ago. We met in school and fell madly in love. On all levels, emotional, spiritual, and physical. When all three blended together, life was more than anyone had ever said it would be.

There was nothing in life to compare with the feeling of being so much a part of the man you loved, having his glorious cock deep within you, his lips pressed to yours, your minds working together in passion and love, your hearts beating as one. I had had very little sexual experience before David. I'm small, all over, and I never could masturbate with more than one finger. The first boy I had nearly ripped me apart, and his cock was only about half the size of Dave's. I was in love with Dave's big, beautiful cock, and I wanted it inside me so badly. . . . I worked at it for a long time, a little more each time, keeping it in longer and longer, until finally I couldn't stand to go twenty-four hours without it! We got married and went on a honeymoon of sheer pleasure—backpacking and hiking all over the Rocky Mountains and fucking on hillsides with the sun beating on his ass and my breasts, and it was like being in wonderland, an exhilaration I'd never known before.

Then we set up housekeeping near Portland, and the honeymoon was over. Not that I had expected it to go on forever, but I found myself relying on fantasies more and more. I thought something was wrong with me, with him. It confused

Gwen had to make love
to a big plastic
vibrator while she dreamed
of herself as a
heroine in a gothic novel.

COUPLES

me. I thought you should be able to get off on your husband and his cock and balls each time he made love to you, that you were somehow a little sick if you thought about other guys when his dick was slamming into you. I had always had strong masturbatory fantasies, and I bought myself a vibrating cock made of heavy rubber that was just about a perfect replica of Dave's. I would breathe deeply in the bathroom in front of the mirror, pretending I was in a men's room, and I was taking on every guy who came in there, and one was standing on the sink, pushing his cock deep in my throat. I would put the cock up my pussy and turn it on and sometimes walk around with it up me. I often had great fantasies while I was vacuuming or baking a cake, and I would put the vibrating dick up me and put my panties on to hold it in and then mix the cake batter or do the floors, getting fucked all the time.

And the dreams I had! I was often gang-raped by twenty men with penises the size of telephone poles, on an island somewhere in the Bahamas. Every time I read a new novel, I would find myself the heroine. Rosemary Rogers has given me endless hours of sexual fulfillment, because her books spawned such vivid sexual fantasies in my head. I would think about "flashing" my pussy at men on the street or on the bus on the way to work. Sometimes I would dream that a gang of eighteen-year-old boys was hanging around the apartment house, and I showed them my bare breasts from the window and then flashed my pussy as I stood up on the windowsill, and then, to top it all off, I gave them all blowjobs down in the laundry room. The scenes were endless, as in a kaleidoscope.

I never fantasized about Dave. I told him I did, but I lied. He had included me in several fantasies and had told me so, but it wasn't that way with me. Even now, when we act them out together, I never consciously see him as him. He's always some other man, sometimes a movie star or the hero of a novel I'm reading or a notion I've just gotten out of my head. Or he's a man without a face, just a hunk of male flesh with the penis I want to die for. When David and I have soft, loving sex, that's when I know it is David, and I get off on it.

I'm not sure how to explain my feelings. I love him, and I want to spend the rest of my life with him. But the satisfaction we had so often when we first met is only there sporadically now. I started having fantasies with him early on, while we were fucking, and now I have them nearly all the time. It is the exception to just get off, have an orgasm, from him alone. It isn't that I don't find him satisfying and attractive. Physically, he's a knockout, and he knows how to do things with his cock that haven't even been invented yet (he can put the head of it up his own ass if it isn't rock hard!), and he pleases me beautifully with his tongue in my pussy and his fingers rubbing my tits and ass. But there is a sense of excitement I crave that is beyond the physical. It's emotional, fantasy. It is all in the mind. Acting it out sometimes helps and is fun—putting the costumes on, balling on the elevator—but the real pleasure lies in the thought, the dream. You are doing everything in your mind that you don't do in real life.

A friend brought it up, when I freely admitted my dependence on fantasies and the fact that I'm sure our marriage is held together mainly because Dave and I are able to appreciate, and understand, and get off on each other's fantasies. She asked why I didn't do it with others, since the fantasies were all about other men. I told her, after I had thought about it, that if Dave weren't able to act them out with me, then I would go to other men. But I trust him, and I feel so free with him, why blow that for the chance of rejection by some other man? My friend said she didn't understand, and I said, "I can go up to Dave and tell him anything, and he'll get into it. Say I find a guy on the street I really dig, and I have a fantasy about him. How do I go up to him and say, 'Hey, I really would like to give you an enema and suck your cock at the same time. Want to try it?' He would probably have me arrested. Or he'd faint." Why risk all those lousy emotions when I have a guy I love, whose body I dig, right there willing to spread his legs for an enema tube or anything else I might want to do?

I never have fantasies about three people; it's always two, four, or more. I suppose the reason why is that I'm afraid that if I did, I would talk Dave into getting someone else to come in and join us, and then it would be a three-way, and it would violate some of the sense of specialty we have together. I'm afraid I might get turned on to others; so I just put it out of my mind. And that's okay, I think, because I'm facing up to it, and I'm being honest about it. It's the things you're dishonest about that screw you up in life.

Our marriage is going to survive. We may even have kids. They may be conceived in a fantasy about a sailor and a slut in a South Seas port or a gang-bang scene on the old football field, but at least they'll be conceived in honesty. I'm going to continue to tell David my fantasies and share certain ones with him as we act them out. It's the key to keeping things together. I don't get bored, I don't get frustrated, I don't feel cheated, and I don't feel as if I'm

cheating David. I love his fantasies as much as mine, and I dig pleasing him, acting out his dreams as well as mine. I also love sitting home on a cool fall evening, just staring at his handsome frame slung over the arms of the easy chair, watching his hand pumping the shaft of his big, hot cock, watching his balls move up and down, listening to him talking about the girls he's fucking in his mind, or just watching him as he keeps the fantasy secret in his mind, his head almost exploding with sexual intensity. I could watch him do that forever—as long as I get to lick up all the come.

And I love him in my arms, too, being the big, gentle bear, his penis sliding into me and telling me he loves me, feeling his balls against my spread ass cheeks, his tongue licking my nipples. The moments we are like that—just getting off on each other, no fantasy, no dreams—are seldom, but when they come, they are immensely satisfying. We really have the best of two worlds, and I think that puts us in the running for a long and happy life together.

Now, if you'll pardon me, all this talk has gotten me hot, and I must go relieve myself. I have this fantasy about being inter-



viewed about my sex life for a magazine, and I start playing with the interviewer's cock, and then before I know it, he's shoving the microphone up my pussy and . . .

DR. ROBERT CHARTHAM COMMENTS:

David doesn't say how old he was when he first masturbated, but since he could ejaculate, it could have been any age between eight, if he was sexually precocious, and fifteen or sixteen, if he was a late developer. He may even have had wet dreams but not realized what they were.

I am interested in this aspect of male sexuality, because the particulars of early masturbation play a major role in later sexual development. David's early fantasies have carried over into his adult sex life and now dominate his adult sex life.

My interest in these particulars has resulted in my making a study of adolescent sexuality. The *average* age for a boy to start masturbating these days is between eleven and thirteen. Many more of the younger generation are reaching puberty at twelve, two years earlier than the average of previous generations, and by twelve are exhibiting secondary sexual characteristics and can ejaculate. But they masturbate only for the physical thrill of it and do not discover how to enhance that thrill by fantasizing while masturbating until they are between fourteen and sixteen and have had access to explicit literature that encourages the imagination.

I would very much like to have known what prompted David to masturbate for the first time. That he should know what to do in the circumstances he describes is also interesting because usually when a boy discovers masturbation *for himself* he is lying in bed, fondling his cock until he achieves erection.

The first time David masturbates, he fantasizes for the first time, and his particular fantasy reveals the fact that subconsciously he already regards himself as the dominant male and—that dream of all males—something of a superstud. "Behind every tree was a naked woman. . . . I fucked them all."

His second fantasy reinforces his interpretation of his male sex role. He is so attractive sexually that his "mistress" cannot keep her hands or mouth away from his penis.

David has been very fortunate to have discovered fantasizing so early. My research has shown me that some men and women go through life without ever having sexual fantasies. The majority of people I have interviewed on the subject feel that fantasy and masturbation belong together. In fact, some consider fantasy to be essential, while solitary masturbation is essentially unexciting. Often, during intercourse, fantasy enhances the physical and psychological experience, although there are certain reservations about this that I will mention in passing. The fantasies of intercourse are restricted.

Masturbatory fantasies have no restrictions as to subject matter; fucking fantasies have. A patient once came to me complaining of pseudofrigidity—unable to climax while coupling—because she found her husband dull compared with a world-famous tennis player, whom she had never met in the flesh but who never failed to produce a psychically induced

orgasm whenever she watched him on TV. I suggested that the next time she and her husband made love, she should pretend that he was RT, and it was RT's cock moving about inside her. After some misgivings on her part about being "unfaithful to Jack," she agreed to try. A couple of days later she called me to say, "It works! It's fantastic! I don't know how to thank you. How can I express my gratitude?"

"Thank me," I told her, "by never letting Jack suspect that you are fantasizing or what your fantasy is. It would probably make him impotent and would certainly hurt him a great deal emotionally. You wouldn't want to do that!"

While such tactics may sound underhanded, secret fantasizing can (and does) save a lot of relationships from becoming unstuck. There is absolutely nothing wrong, in my view, in using one's sexual imagination in this way, if it makes the experience with the unsuspecting partner that much more satisfying. Of course, the ideal situation happens when the partners not only can share their fantasies but also can actually act them out in order to create an erotic drama.

As Gwen claims—and she supports all the evidence I have been able to gather so far—"Our marriage was literally saved because of exotic fantasy lives."

Gwen's fantasies also reveal her desire to be a dominant female, able to take on and satisfy any number of men, and, perhaps paradoxically, the desire to be dominated. "I was in a men's room, and I was taking on every guy who came in there"; "I was often gang-raped by twenty men with penises the size of telephone poles"; "I would think about 'flashing' my pussy at men on the street." But one of her fantasies discloses an emotional immaturity and feelings of sexual insecurity: "Sometimes I would dream that a gang of eighteen-year-old boys was hanging around the apartment house, and I showed them my bare breasts from the window. . . . and then, to top it all off, I gave them all blowjobs down in the laundry room." She is sexually

dominant in this situation. They are only adolescent, but she doesn't let them fuck her; she satisfies *them*—orally.

As I have said, a couple is really lucky when they can actually act out their fantasies, but I cannot agree with Gwen—and do agree with David—that some fantasies should remain secret. I do have one hesitation about fantasizing: as much as I believe that it pays to fantasize, there is always the risk of becoming fixated on fantasizing, of becoming totally *dependent* on it for satisfaction. This is true of practically every aspect of sexual activity. If you rely on some special trick to turn you on, eventually you will be in trouble.

Gwen and David seem to have reached a happy medium. Says she, "The moments we are like that—just getting off on each other, no fantasy, no dreams—are seldom, but when they come, they are immensely satisfying."

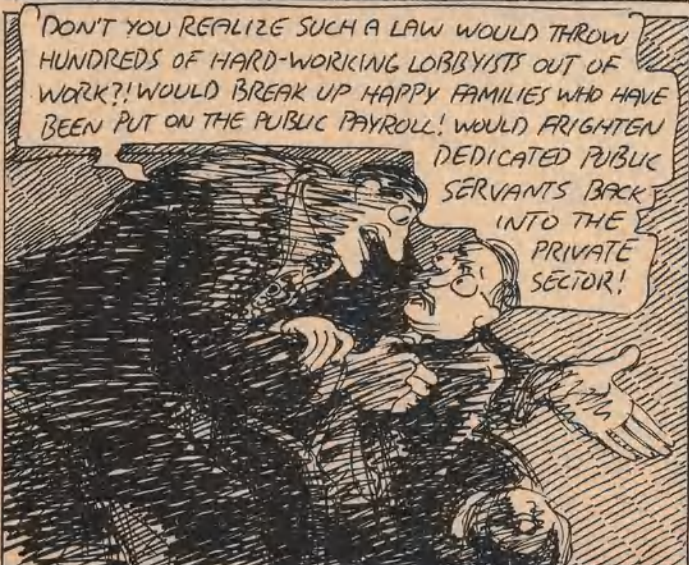
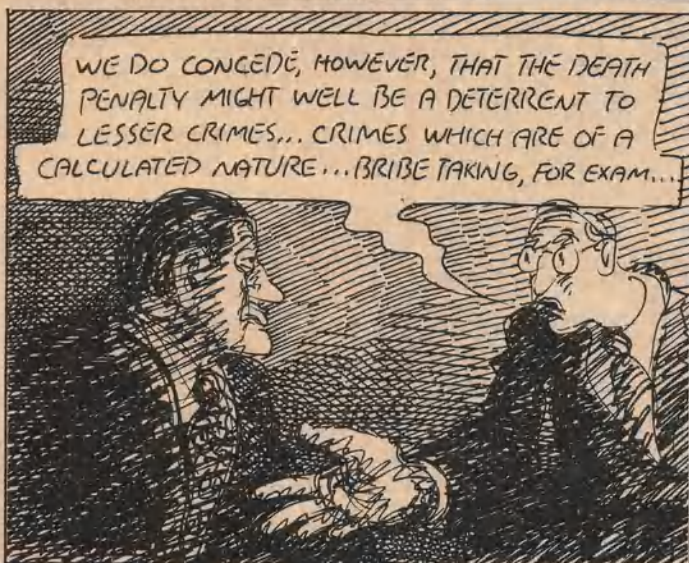
Variety, emotional and physical, is the main force behind a happy sex life, second only to the cultivation of the sex drive. And fantasy can provide as much variety, in any form, in almost any place, at almost any time. It's simply a question of imagination, which, fortunately, we all possess. ○✚



PARTING SHOT

A MEETING WITH THE GOVERNOR

By Edward Sorel



AFRICA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 168

believably mixed up region.

In any event, Saudi Arabia had long been determined to expunge radicalism and Soviet influences from Southern Yemen and Somalia. It unsuccessfully attempted to sell Nixon (and then Gerald Ford) and Kissinger on this idea in 1974 and 1975, offering to finance arms for these two countries in order to end their dependence on the Soviet Union. Considering Southern Yemen's and Somalia's poverty, the Saudis were prepared to bankroll them in other ways, too. Somalia, for instance, was offered \$300 million outright. But Kissinger, who by then was wholly in charge of American foreign policy, was not interested in picking quarrels with the Russians.

Jimmy Carter, however, seems very much interested. It fits perfectly into his notion of challenging Moscow wherever he can. Besides, Carter became convinced that in view of Saudi Arabia's oil power and billions, that country also held the key to a settlement between the Arabs and Israel in the Middle East. Thus he decided to play the Saudi card in both Africa and the Middle East, going along with the plan to neutralize both Southern Yemen and Somalia. An understanding was quietly worked out with Prince Fahd, who is the effective ruler of the desert kingdom, during his Washington visit last May, and this is how the perilous new American policy in the Horn of Africa was born.

For openers, Carter agreed to sell Saudi Arabia sixty F-15 Eagle jet fighters, the most sophisticated air weapon in the American arsenal. Israel is the only other foreign country that has them, and the administration said it made amply clear that these F-15s were not for use against the Israelis. The weapons are intended most especially to assure Saudi Arabia's defenses in the region of the Red Sea, the Horn, and the kingdom's unstable southern borders. That the Eagles may, after all, be used some day against Israel or against Iran, which is Saudi Arabia's rival in the Persian Gulf (and is getting the F-14 Tomcat, the navy's best plane), is another story, which we will explore more thoroughly in a future issue. It has to do with the mindless American policy of filling both sides of the Persian Gulf with billions of dollars in most modern arms, an idea first launched by Nixon and Ford and continued to a large extent by Carter. In a sense, Carter is extending to the Red Sea the Persian Gulf arms-sales policies. To White House strategic thinkers, both are endangered strategic areas.

The next step, in agreement with Prince Fahd, was for the United States to offer military hardware to Somalia, Southern Yemen, the Sudan, and Egypt. The Sudan, Egypt, and the Chad share Saudi Arabia's hostility to Libya. And Libya has also been doing some leapfrogging by airlifting Soviet arms way east to Ethiopia, at war with Somalia in the Horn. This is how all the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 182

"I have clinched and closed with the naked North, I have learned to defy and defend; Shoulder to shoulder we have fought it out—yet the wild must win in the end."

**Robert Service*

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Volvo's 262C:
A luxury touring car for people who think.

IMPROVING ON PERFECTION

BY JOE KELLEHER

Start with precise, Swedish-steel components, assemble them inside a prestigious, luxury coach builder's shop, trim the package with fine leather, add a generous assortment of convenience features, put the result on steel-belted radials, and you wind up with Volvo's stunning new 262C coupé.

This elegant package is the result of a truly international effort. Batches of parts are shipped from Sweden to the Bertone *carrozzeria* in Torino, Italy. At Bertone's custom shops each vehicle is carefully assembled in accordance with Volvo's rigid engineering standards. Like the world's other great luxury cars, each 262C receives the special attention that only individual hand labor can provide. The result is an elegant, formal coupé, in the same class as the BMW CSi and the Mercedes-Benz 450 SLC.

Bertone was selected to produce the 262C for several reasons. It is virtually impossible to create such a luxury vehicle on a conventional assembly line, where only a brief time interval is available for each operation. The superb quality of the paint and trim on the test car indicates that many more hours of hand labor went into producing this car than could have been provided on any assembly line.

Another reason for going to Bertone was that the limited production planned for the 262C coupé created significant logistical problems for an auto plant as big as Volvo's. Only 1,200 coupés will be produced in 1978, with 1,000 being shipped to the United States and the rest distributed throughout Europe. About 900 of the U.S. models will have three-speed automatic transmissions, while the remainder will have four-speed manual boxes with electric overdrive.

Though the pictures of the 262C shown here are excellent, it is very difficult to capture the strong lines of this coupé on film. The car is sleek and assertive, with positive body and roof lines. To achieve this look, nearly 2.5 inches were chopped from the roof height of a standard Volvo. The resulting reduction in side-window area produces a functional look usually associated with competition cars. Square headlights, nicely blended into the grill, plus side mirrors with matte black protective shells further emphasize the car's muted yet unmistakable elegance.

When you talk about upholstery in a luxury car, there is only one material that will do—leather—and the inside of the 262C is

literally covered with the stuff. Every interior surface except the floor and dashboard is graced by hand-crafted, hand-stitched, buttery-soft black leather. The anatomically designed seats are trimmed in soft pleats or creases and highlighted by leather braiding, which imparts something of the look of fine living-room furniture. In addition to looking luxurious, the soft hides feel (and smell) absolutely delicious. The lavish use of leather on the steering wheel, door panels, headrests, and sun visors heightens the sensuality of the environment. Even the padded headlining is covered in soft, black hide. The Volvo 262C will unquestionably be admired for having one of the plushiest interiors ever built into a street car.

The 262C luxury package comes with a long list of convenience items. The integrated air-conditioning system, with recirculating capability, has the capacity to dehumidify heated air during the winter. For long trips, the cruise control on the turn-indicator stalk provides added driver relaxation—and may even save a little gas. A swiveling map light above each door provides spot illumination wherever needed. The electrically operated windows, radio antenna, and outside rearview mirrors

are controlled by push buttons at the driver's fingertips. And for the ultimate in sybaritic motoring, the front seats are individually heated to eliminate the shock of cold leather on those frosty mornings.

The people who design Volvos must really love to drive, for the cars they produce have a reputation for solid, reliable, superior handling. With minor changes, the 262C's running gear is the standard and ever reliable Volvo hardware. The front suspension consists of a pair of spring struts, incorporating coils and telescopic shock absorbers. Body lean or roll is limited by a stabilizer (or antisway bar) linking the front wheels. At the rear, an excellent live-axle arrangement delivers the torque to the wheels and keeps the tires solidly on the road. For anything other than an all-out competition car, Volvo's setup is probably the best possible arrangement in terms of durability, low maintenance, and excellent ride control.

Fore and aft movement of the rear axle is controlled by two trailing arms plus a pair of torque rods. Transverse motion is limited by a hefty track rod, and a stabilizer bar minimizes body roll. Coil springs and telescopic hydraulic shocks complete the



Photographs by Bill Silano





For "where to buy" information on the fashions shown on pages 140-143, contact these manufacturers or stores.

MAKINS HATS
21 West Thirty-ninth Street
New York, N.Y. 10018 (212) 391-8464

Jerry Magnin, Beverly Hills, Calif.
Charivari, New York, N.Y.
Van Dyke, all Michigan stores

AMERICAN HEADWEAR
725 Broadway
New York, N.Y. 10003 (212) 777-0642

Penner's, Kansas City, Mo.
Pietto Hats, New York, N.Y.
Bamberger's, all New Jersey stores
Sammy's, Memphis, Tenn.

GEORGE G. GRAHAM GALLERY
40 West Fifty-fifth Street
New York, N.Y. 10019 (212) 582-7750

Paul Stewart, New York, N.Y.
Gary's & Co., Marina del Rey, Calif.
A.O. White, Springfield, Mass.
Rolly Corp., Indianapolis, Ind.

COUNTRY GENTLEMAN HATS
641 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10011 (212) 243-1388

Brooks Bros., New York, N.Y.
Kennedy's Boston, Mass.
Marshall Field, Chicago, Ill.
Foley's, Houston, Tex.

OSCAR DE LA RENTA SHIRTS
1221 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10020 (212) 391-2500

Lansky Bros., Memphis, Tenn.
Kap's, Lawrence, Mass.
Diamond's Men's Wear, Cleveland, Ohio

RALPH LAUREN for POLO
40 West Fifty-fifth Street
New York, N.Y. 10019 (212) 581-7560

BERT PULITZER CO.
27 West Twenty-third Street
New York, N.Y. 10010 (212) 741-7950

Robert Todd, Boston, Mass.
Brittany, Chicago, Ill.
Littler's, Seattle, Wash.

JOHN HENRY
1271 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10020 (212) CO5-3700

Macy's, all New York stores
May Co., Los Angeles, Calif.
Burdine's, Miami, Fla.

HALSTON NECKWEAR by TUCKER TIES
385 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10016 (212) MU6-6070

Neiman-Marcus, Dallas, Tex.
Neusteter's, Denver, Colo.

MIKE DOUGLAS NECKWEAR by BERKLEY CRAVATS
1271 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10020 (212) CO5-3700

WAYNE ROGERS SPORTSWEAR
1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10019 (212) 765-3767

SWANK JEWELRY, INC.
90 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10016 (212) TN7-2600

AFRICA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 179

pieces of the African-Middle Eastern puzzle seem to fit together, with the United States more and more involved.

Complicating even further this immensely confused state of affairs is the fact that during 1977 Ethiopia, the erstwhile American client, has shifted allegiances to the Soviet Union (this is why she has been getting Soviet arms from Libya). This switch may have been the result of Moscow's sagacity or Washington's ineptness, or both. In any case, it emboldened the Carter administration to make a political-military grab for Somalia, as proposed by the Saudis, on the theory that Soviet influence in both Ethiopia and Somalia couldn't be tolerated. It was like a square-dance call to "change your partners . . . two steps forward and two back."

To the Somalis, who have always detested the Ethiopians for tribal and religious reasons (the Somalis are mainly Moslem and the Ethiopians mostly Coptic Christians), the new American-Saudi support was an encouragement to step up their war against Ethiopia in the Ogaden desert in the eastern portion of the Ethiopian empire. Somalia moved after Eritrean rebels (Eritrea was part of a federation with Ethiopia, but now it wants independence) began chewing away with considerable success at northeastern Ethiopia. Somalia still insists that her war is being waged by a Western Somali Liberation Front, but her Soviet-supplied MIG fighters have been tangling with American F-5 jets that the Ethiopians still have. The situation has become so insane that Soviet and Cuban advisers have been assisting the Ethiopian army in the use of American equipment, pending the arrival of Soviet T-34 tanks and small arms, and Vietnam has been dispatching to Ethiopia some U.S. aircraft which it had captured when the Saigon régime collapsed in 1975. But the Russians were still in Somalia late in 1977; they were holding on to the Berbera base in case it all changes again.

President Carter summed up the American policy in northeastern Africa when he told the American magazine editors last June that "we are quite concerned . . . in the Horn of Africa with Somalia and Afars and Issas, Ethiopia, Sudan, and to some degree Ethiopia on the southern part of the Red Sea and, of course, the Arab countries to the north. But we are working very closely there with the Saudi Arabians in particular, trying to cement relationships with South Yemen, and trying to improve relationships with Somalia, trying to understand the conflict within Ethiopia concerning the Eritreans. That is where the potential trouble spot is in Africa."

This, of course, was before the Carter administration formally announced its plans for military involvement in the Horn and the surrounding area, but the president, having worked out the strategy with

Prince Fahd in the Oval Office, had already made that first basic commitment.

It is pertinent, therefore, to wonder what Carter sees ahead in this determination to engage the United States in the Horn of Africa and beyond. It is an elementary lesson of history, as Vietnam should have taught us, that this kind of initial commitment leads inexorably to further commitments. Is the president prepared to let Americans participate directly in the Horn conflicts? If the Soviet Union, which obviously is not prepared to depart posthaste from Africa to please Carter, keeps adding advisers in Libya and Ethiopia and provides SAM anti-aircraft missiles, will the United States do less? How else will our new African clients learn how to use American weaponry? Even Iran and Saudi Arabia, which are relatively advanced in military arts, require many American advisers. And what will we do when faced with a certain Soviet counterchallenge?

As recently as May 2, Carter, during a discussion of the Angolan invasion of Zaire's Shaba province, told a group of European newsmen that the United States would stay out of that fight. He said: "We have an aversion to military involvement in foreign countries. We are suffering, or benefiting, from the experience that we had in Vietnam. It would not be possible for the American people to support an invasion force with the United States into the Shaba region of Zaire. . . . We do not intend to get militarily involved, unless our own security is directly threatened, in the affairs of other countries."

This last disclaimer seems to be the key. Carter has evidently concluded that America's own security is directly threatened in the strategic Horn region. But given the African and Arab proclivities for shifts in alignments, this policy could easily founder with the United States already deeply engaged around the Horn and its "security" at stake. Quite plainly, in the considered judgment of numerous officials, Carter has stepped into a hornet's nest.

The problem, in fact, was discussed in Peking by Secretary of State Cyrus Vance when he visited China late last August. The Chinese, who are already providing weapons to Somalia, share with the United States the desire to challenge the Russians at every possible point. What happens next is anybody's guess. For now, we have the bizarre alliance of the United States, Saudi Arabia, and China in dealing with the crucial Horn of Africa—and this could lead just about anywhere.

Carter's commitment remains firm to engage the United States' prestige—if not more—in the most unpredictable region in the world. Thus Americans would do well to bone up on all these strange African and Arabian names and what they seem to represent politically. Increasingly, they will be reading them on the front pages of their newspapers and hearing them on the evening TV news as being of immediate concern to America. Berbera, Djibouti, Ogaden, the Bab al-Mandab strait . . .

"The next best thing to diplomatic immunity."

— CAR and DRIVER Magazine

That's how Car and Driver Magazine rated Fuzzbuster II in their September 1977 edition. In fact, of all the radar detectors in their sampling, Fuzzbuster II was "demonstrably the best . . . represents the radar detector state of the art." One reason Fuzzbuster scored so well is that it picks up all kinds of radar: X-band, K-band, even the new experimental bands. Of course, there are many other reasons Fuzzbuster is rated best. Read Car and Driver for the others. Or, better yet, get your own Fuzzbuster and see for yourself.



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The closer you cut your stubble, the longer it takes to grow back. The longer it takes to grow back, the less likely you will look like a stubble bum before you have to shave again. Which brings us to Mennen Skin Bracer® Pre-Electric Shave Lotion. It tightens your face, conditions your stubble so you can shave extra close. It even helps lubricate your razor head, and it's got that clean Skin Bracer fragrance. Congratulations. You are soon to join the ranks of the ex-stubble bum.



XAMIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

Get to know some fish. It may take some time, but some day you will learn that love is give and take. And change your name to Ishmael.

ELEVATOR SHAFTS

I have a short story for you about a constant inner desire of mine, namely, having sexual intercourse while in an elevator.

It all began about eight years ago, when I was in an elevator with a boyfriend of mine. The elevator stopped—all the power was out—and we decided to fuck right there. The thrill, I guess, was doing it in a public place. But now it has gone beyond just an accidental happening. I have an uncontrollable urge to proposition men—any man—in an elevator. When he consents, I try to stop the elevator between floors. During spur-of-the-moment affairs, I always just suck the lucky rider off. Then, when the elevator gets going again, I simply say good-bye and leave. The guys are always stunned at what has just happened to them.

Recently, two kids (about twenty or so) were in an elevator with me (I'm forty-five) and were obviously eyeing me up and down. So I bluntly said, "If you were really interested in some sex, you'd stop this thing and both take turns on me!" The

younger one looked at the other, then pushed the stop button. He began unbuttoning my dress, while the other pulled his pants down. The second fellow approached me with a very stiff hard-on, made me kneel, and stuck his dick in my mouth. Being very short to start with (I'm four feet eleven), I had to reach up with my mouth to get to him. Then he lay down, and I began sucking him while his friend fucked me from behind.

Soon the lights in the elevator went on again. The kid I was sucking came in my mouth, and seconds later the other hit his climax. When the elevator door opened, they quickly dressed and got out. I was still on the floor. A kindly old gentleman came in, saw what condition I was in, and said, "My God, those boys must have just raped you!" I asked him to please keep it quiet, because the scandal would ruin me. He promised not to say a thing, and he escorted me home. I was going to ask him in for some fun . . . but there was no elevator for us to screw in.—Blondie

Sex in an elevator is something I've never tried. When the men get in, do you smile and say, "Going down!"

A girl friend of mine used to masturbate certain men while riding up and down in an elevator. She liked men in suits, and I guess it was her special power trip—who really knows?—to sexually manipulate executives on their way to and from important

meetings. Myself, I prefer taking my time when it comes to lovemaking. I've had enough men who come in a minute or two after insertion. Why make the situation any worse with elevator doors that could—and usually do—open any second?

BOUND FOR GLORY

I am twenty-nine years old, female, and bisexual, but I probably make it with more women than men. Anyway, about two weeks ago, I met two women in a gay bar. Both were about thirty and attractive. They asked me to their apartment, where we chatted about S&M. They asked if I'd try it with them, and I agreed. They took me to the bedroom and put me on my back, with my hands tied behind me and my legs tied apart to the bedposts. They said not to worry, that they were into bondage just for pleasure, not pain.

The one girl got completely undressed, while the other left her panties on. The one in her panties sat on my stomach and started to rub and suck on my tits. She kept biting lightly on my nipples, and it really turned me on. I felt the other girl bury her face in my crotch, shoving her tongue up my vagina. I came in a matter of seconds.

Soon the girl in the panties whispered in my ear how she wanted me to eat her pussy, and I asked her to sit on my face. She asked me to struggle now and then, as if she were forcing me to do all this. Watching her kneel above me and then sit down on my face really excited me. I could feel the other girl sit on my stomach and rub my pussy. It was hard to breathe at first, but the girl over my face began moving herself back and forth. Now and then I struggled as if I were trying to get up. It felt like ecstasy, struggling under their combined weight. I could feel the insides of their legs tighten now and then around my waist and face. The one girl's panties were wet, and she kept her pussy right against my face. She then stood up and took the panties off, spread the lips of her pussy, and knelt over me. I began to eat her, and she came in about thirty seconds. She then lay on me and kissed me. The other girl came over and knelt over on top of me, lowering her large breasts to my face. I sucked and kissed them. Both girls later lay on the bed and massaged me all over before untying me.

I really enjoyed that night, and since then we have agreed to meet more regularly. I really enjoyed having those girls tie me up and sit on my face, and I enjoyed it in a different way than I would with men. Have you had a woman partner sit on your face in this fashion? Would you agree that eating and sucking a woman's tender spots is as fulfilling as being with a man?—E.W.

I'm afraid that I cannot compare sex with a woman to sex with a man. Both are so totally different. Sex between women tends to be much more tender, even during an S&M scene, as you've discovered. Once, after a very depressing period in my life, one of my dear female friends tried to con-

sole me. As she stroked my head and talked to me, I found myself becoming very aroused. I began kissing her everywhere until, eventually, we removed all our clothes and made love for hours. At that time I was depressed over a relationship with a man, and it took a woman to bring up my spirits. However, when I need a man, I need a *man* and nothing can fulfill me, or *fill* me, but a man.

A SAVED SOUL

About six months ago, I decided to go to college. I'm nineteen now. I decided on a local, religious-affiliated school. When I inquired about it, I was told that the tuition was much less for confirmed church members. I immediately checked out the churches around me and found that I could attend adult evening classes to complete my confirmation. But this was quite hard, what with my work schedule. I had hoped to enter classes this fall, and I had no time for dating girls.

The pastor of the church told me I could attend the regular adult evening classes as scheduled and that he and/or his wife would try to fill me in on whatever classes I had to miss because of work. After I had missed one, he called and asked when it would be possible to meet with me, and we agreed on a Friday evening. He came over, and all went well.

The next time I missed a class, his wife, Roberta, called me and said she could fill me in on what I'd missed. I agreed. When she came over, I found her to be very professional in her approach. We talked most of the time, and it really was a refreshing evening.

Then, on the following Friday evening, although no meeting was scheduled, Roberta came over. She said she just wanted to review a thing or two. I became somewhat disturbed from this unexpected visit but acted pleasantly. As we sat in my living room, I just couldn't help noticing her very shapely legs. Her mid-length skirt allowed nothing to peek at, but she was indeed quite attractive. Roberta left after a short time but asked in a very quiet tone if she could come again next Friday. I couldn't refuse, as she was so sincerely nice.

When Roberta came over the next Friday, her apparel was definitely more mod: knee-length dress, sandal shoes, very flowery, patterned dress. As she sat across from me, I couldn't help seeing much of her inner thigh, and later on I saw up her crotch to her panty girdle. After coffee, she went upstairs for a minute. Then we again sat down on the couch and discussed religious beliefs, marriage, and—you guessed it—sex. But, to my disbelief, as I was slyly peeking up her skirt, all I saw were her panty hose sans panty girdle. I was so flustered that I lost my thoughts. She knew it and asked, "Does it surprise you that a clergyman's wife has feelings of love?" I quickly replied, "I guess everyone does." She got up, came over, and said, "Can we close the drapes?" I looked sur-

prised, and Roberta closed them herself. Then she came over to me, put her arms around my neck, and kissed me passionately. She then told me to let everything go, and her hand went right into my pants. I opened her blouse, and her bra was off in a second. After I sucked on her nipples a few seconds, she groaned loudly, then lay down on the couch. I pulled down her panty hose, and we moved to the floor.

She asked me to get on top of her. She pulled my leg over her head (my pants were already off), and my dick slid into her mouth. She stopped and said, "Now do it as if you're doing it in my cunt!" I proceeded to fuck her mouth, and deep, too! When I came, she took it all in. Roberta said "You owe me one, now!" After goofing around a bit on the floor, she sat on the couch, legs spread, just teasing me. She spread her lower lips to the point where my hard-on grew to an all-time length. Then she asked me to "come on in." She then leaned back, still sitting on the edge of the couch. In my cock went. It was a beautiful feeling, even though I had just shortly before gotten the blowjob of my life. It obviously was going to take me longer to come this time, and she decided to turn around and take it from the rear. Finally, she lay down sideways, and with one of her legs up in the air and the other flat on the couch, I shoved my cock deeper. She loved it. When I came, she let out such a scream that I thought I had hurt her, but it was just a

passion cry. We showered and vowed to repeat this as often as possible.

We did just that, about a dozen times before the fall semester started. She even found out that I was, in the truest sense of the definition, a genuine leg man. After that, she never came over without a garter belt and really sexy nylons.

Fall classes have now started, and since I'm living near campus in a rented room for students, she is with me more often than ever, even if it's for a fifteen-minute quickie.

Once, I spotted her at a drugstore and said hello. She responded very agreeably, asking me about my classes and how I liked the new surroundings and the church on campus. It really floored me, but it worked out well, because her husband soon approached and joined in the conversation. He was happy over the fact that I was doing fine and asked if I could come to dinner at his house one Sunday, after services. I did just that, and the afternoon went well. He commented on how fine it is to have a wife who takes such an active part in his church affairs. Yeah . . . fine with me, too!

Church sure can be very gratifying, especially when you have a pastor's wife who really knows how to promote evangelical interests.—F.H.

I'm always inspired to hear of a campus crusade, especially when there's a secular movement involved. Lucky for you that the

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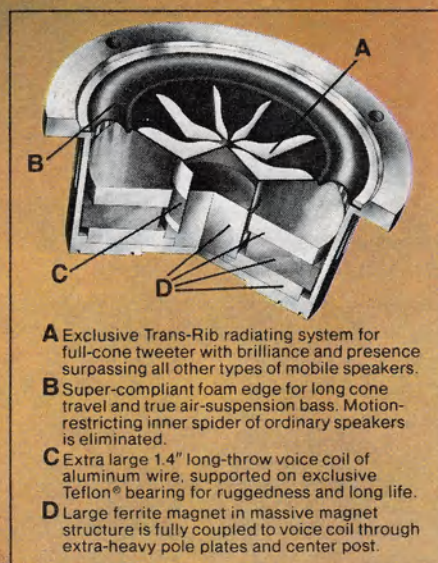
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pastor's wife could provide such a well-rounded viewpoint for the inquisitive student. If you thoroughly delve into all of her sources, you'll find out where true devotion lies.

COMING AGAINST THE ODDS

I don't want to boast, but I feel you deserve to know about me. I would like to refer to a letter in the September issue in which a guy says he came ten times in an evening. You sounded a little skeptical.

Well, my record is eighteen times. These orgasms occurred from about 1:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M. the same day.

Just now, I had a terrific orgasm at home after watching a porn movie. Ten minutes later I had another hard-on, and I have no doubt that I could come again if I wanted to. (I know I'll want to, but I'll wait until I accumulate a little more come).

In your reply, you gave the orgasm figure of once or twice an evening for guys over thirty-five. I assume from your descending scale of orgasms in relation to age, you write off guys much beyond that age. My age? Sixty-seven.—E.C.

Have you ever thought of applying to the Guinness Book of World Records?

FOOT IN MOUTH

There is one topic I would like to discuss with you—tickling, and primarily foot tickling. This is my pet fetish and has been for as long as I can remember. It started when I was a kid. I can remember playing cowboys and Indians as a child with my friends. There was always a capture scene where the victim would get tied up. We would remove the shoes of the victim and tickle his or her feet. That always excited me unbelievably. As I grew older, I would go out of my way either to witness or participate in tickling.

Now I am twenty-eight years of age, and every date of mine becomes subject to one form of tickling or another.

The most recent tickling scene happened this past Friday. I picked up my date, Jane, and we headed for the movies. She was in a great mood, and this was the first time I had taken her out. Jane was a cousin of a friend of mine. Instead of going to eat after the movies, we wound up in a motel. As we were getting it on, I gave her a playful poke in the ribs. Jane jumped and told me she was very ticklish. I asked her where else she was ticklish, and she said, "All over." I smiled and thought to myself, That must include feet! I began kissing and licking her all over, and when I got to her feet, I sat on her legs and tied her feet together. I turned around, sat on her stomach and bound her hands. I then went to the foot of the bed and began to tickle her feet. She was almost insane with laughter. Jane squirmed, tugged, and bounced, but there was no relief for her as I carefully tickled her toes, soles, and instep. We finally got around to fucking, but I still had my mind on tickling.

My question to you is this. Penthouse has

IN THE JANUARY FORUM ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

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THE EROTIC APPEAL OF SEX WITH STRANGERS

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An exciting feature begins in the January issue, as Marco Vassi, one of America's foremost erotic writers, shares his personal life with you. From his erotic adventures to his observations about today's sexuality, Marco explores and illuminates the ins and outs of relationships between men and women today.

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Are you one of the many women who want more from their men—more tenderness, more sensuality, more responsiveness? Stop worrying and take the January Viva quiz.

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Viva's investigative writer exposes the malpractice of plastic surgeons who make bucks by exploiting women's most personal fantasies of glamour.

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This down-to-earth consumer guide will help you to choose the stereo that is right for you—with a little help from Linda Ronstadt, Aretha Franklin, and more—who talk about what equipment they own and why.

THE BOARDROOM AND THE BEDROOM

Those superachieving, supersuccessful women! Do they have to forfeit intimate relationships, human gratification, love, sex? To find out how they get the most out of business and pleasure, Viva talks to the glamorous face on the TV news and others who get the best of both worlds.

SPEAKING FROM THE HEARTH

NOW's new president, Ellie Smeall, makes ready to do battle against sexism in America. The new head of establishment feminism speaks out on the ERA, abortion, and Carter.

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The diary of a liberated couple, fashions for a winter getaway to the Caribbean, new beauty information.

published some letters on tickling, but you have never had a feature story on this subject. I would love to read one. Could you provide one? Xaviera, please see what you can do to elaborate on this topic for me.—M.L.

From the sound of it, I assume you've never been saturated with tickling, never been completely satisfied. I would also assume that the only way you could be satisfied would be to completely exhaust yourself with tickling.

Tickling, to my mind, is simply soft-core sadomasochism. It is an amusing torture, and so many people indulge in it because it isn't viewed as S&M. I have received some interesting letters on the subject of tickling, and the most common tickling fetish is feet-tickling. Personally, I enjoy some tickling, especially when it's done with a fast tongue. It's the only way to put a foot in a man's mouth.

SOFT HEARTS, HARD PARTS

When I met my husband three years ago, I was a virgin. Since then I have been involved in wife swapping, ménages-à-trois, and some bondage. Also, we have a fair-size collection of sex toys.

My problem is that my husband wants me to whip him, and I can't. I have really tried on a number of occasions, and I only feel revulsion. The sight of him begging and whimpering totally turns me off. I can't bear hurting him, and when he cries out, I just have to stop. I really love him. It just doesn't make sense for me to hit him.

Last night, my husband announced that being whipped and dominated was the biggest turn-on he has ever had and that he is totally dissatisfied with our sexual relationship. Whenever he masturbates, he always fantasizes about being physically dominated.

Xaviera, in every other way our relationship is fine. We have a beautiful child, and my husband is very considerate and a hard worker. Please don't suggest that we contact someone through a magazine advertisement—we have just moved to the Canadian North and nothing like that exists here. He also refuses marriage counseling, because he feels that our society is down on S&M. Can you suggest anything?—V.R.

I don't care where you live; sadomasochists are everywhere. If you and your husband can't or won't try magazine ads, then there are always prostitutes. If he doesn't want to pay for it, then maybe he should try propositioning one of the women you and he swing with. I don't suggest to your husband that he come right out and say, "Would you like to whip me down?" But after he's had sex with a woman a few times and tried out some S&M techniques, he should know how far he can go with her.

This might solve your husband's problem and alleviate your problem of having to perform certain sexual acts that disgust you. However, once your husband finds another partner who can satisfy him com-

pletely, you just might find yourself without a husband. Talk it over with him; discuss the possible consequences. You say your relationship is fine in every other way. If so, your husband should be mature enough to eat his cake and have it, too.

SHY GUY

Here is a problem to which I hope you can offer a solution. I am twenty-five years old, single, six feet one inch, 165 pounds, with black hair, green eyes, and a somewhat muscular build. I've been accused of being very good-looking quite a few times, as I resemble Burt Reynolds more than a little bit. When making love to a woman, I use extended foreplay and, after penetration, usually reach orgasm fairly quickly (about forty-five minutes). I achieve orgasm only once in an evening, and after I have regained an erection, I remain consistently hard for as long as six to eight hours if necessary. I am an honest eight and a half inches long and, combined with my long staying ability, have never received one complaint.

I am very imaginative in bed, and so I never become boring to my companions. I have long-standing offers with quite a few women, both single and married.

Well, you're probably wondering what the hell my problem is. I am very, very, shy of all women I come in contact with. Of the approximately 150 women I've been to bed with, I may have picked up a grand total of ten—and they were "gotten" only through the use of a great deal of liquor. The rest either were introduced to me or picked me up. Because I like only attractive women, and attractive women seldom pick up men, I am often alone. Sometimes, I become so nervous in the presence of women that I actually begin to shake and must leave. Women scare the hell out of me, and I can't stand the possibility of rejection. I couldn't think of an opening line to use on a strange girl if a gun were held to the back of my head. Once I have talked for a while, I loosen up and am no longer uncomfortable. But those openers seem to scare me to within an inch of my life.

Please try and help me. I would go back to those other girls, but I would only be using them, as you can see. I would appreciate it very much if you would answer my letter as soon as possible.—A.J.

The key to your problem lies in the fact that you always go on "to greener pastures." You are afraid of women because you do not get to know women. Women are people. Like men, they have minds. So, if you are not afraid of men, then there is no reason to be afraid of women.

You are twenty-five years old, and yet it appears that you have never had a steady relationship with a woman. How can you expect to be able to talk to the opposite sex if you never spend any time with them? Try to find a girl to talk to, spend time with, explore sexually. I'm not saying you should sign a contract for life. But at this stage a lengthy affair will do you good. 

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FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

Mr. von Hoffman replies: keep up the good work, John!

Carter's amnesty program

Enclosed is a newspaper clipping describing the ending of President Carter's amnesty program for Vietnam-era veterans. The article says that Pentagon officials have called the program a success but notes that Rev. Barry Lynn, "a long-time amnesty activist who works out of the United Church of Christ's Office for Church in Society," considers the program nearly a total failure because of the low level of response to it—a result, not of moral or political opposition, but of the government's poor efforts at publicizing the program. The story's concluding paragraph quotes Lynn: "It is a sad comment that a series of articles in *Penthouse* magazine probably did a better job of advertising this program than the efforts of the entire U.S. government."

A sad comment indeed. Although I am not in the armed forces myself, I think that you at *Penthouse* are to be much commended for helping to focus attention on the plight of the Vietnam veteran, as well as for upstaging the federal government in the process.—*Douglas Weaver, Fort Walton Beach, Fla.*

I am now the possessor of an honorable discharge (general) after seven long years of hassles, prejudices, and downright non-caring concerns. I no longer have the OD Green Jaded Monkey Martyrdom on my back.

Thanks. Odd, that I should be thanking a magazine for a new status on my former past. If it were not for one of the bent-out-of-shape, much-read, much-looked-over, pages-stuck-together magazines making it into my cell block, I would not have accomplished this feat. The article I read was about the president's Clemency Review Board. I even used one of the lawyers mentioned in the article. But at that time in my life, Lady Luck was standing outside the prison walls. The Review Board ran out of money (?), and the whole show was turned over to that naive, hand-in-the-back-door Attorney General's Office. I don't need to say anymore; I was turned down because of my present status: citizen under sentence.

Then along comes President Carter, and the show is back on Jump Street. I enlisted the help of a unit of vets at the University of Alabama. These vets carried me, step by step, until one day in August I received an envelope congratulating me on my present discharge.

I am now told that Congress will pass a bill denying benefits to people under the Carter program. I can't say this surprises me. Prison has made me both realistic and

cynical in my attitude toward government.

I no longer get excited, start screaming for everybody to look at what "they've" done, or fight windmills until anxiety and frustrations get me down into a withdrawal or I get into trouble. Now I just marvel at how this society, the most advanced in the world, goes on its naive own way because an injustice is happening to someone else.

From the day when Roosevelt planned the attack (setup) of Pearl Harbor to the pardoning of a man who suffered enough (he only wanted to be king), it just goes on. Such manipulation, courage, control, and submission—the qualities that make Americans proud.

Thanks again, and please do keep some of us informed with your Adviser column.—*David McHugh, Elba, Ala.*

Fighting the system

I am serving twenty years for attempted murder in Oregon. I subscribe to both *Penthouse* and *Penthouse Forum*, because they are two of the more enlightened magazines around.

My problem is that the prison authorities won't allow *Forum* to be sent in here, since it is against their Correspondence Regulations, Section 10-315, Number 5. According to this rule, they confiscated the September 1977 issue because of two articles related to homosexuality and bisexuality.

I protested and received a hearing concerning the matter. After a couple of hours of deliberation, the officials said that since *Forum* itself doesn't advocate homosexuality, but only publishes readers' letters, the magazine would be allowed.

I hope that you print this letter so that if other people in prison have the same problem, they can use my example as a guideline for their protest.—*Richard Stone, Salem, Ore.*

The New York Times

After reading Richard Pollak's "Abe Rosenthal Presents the *New York Times*" in the September *Penthouse*, I wrote to the *Times* and asked about Pollak's claim that the *Times* had its Jewish writers use initials ("A.M. Rosenthal"), instead of first names, so as not to make it obvious that the articles were written by Jews. I received a letter from an assistant to Mr. Rosenthal claiming that the *Times* doesn't (not that they haven't) have Jews use initials. Is *Penthouse* standing behind the story? What are the facts?—*R.M.C., Oyster Bay, N.Y.*

Yes, we're standing behind the story. Pollak was writing about the *Times* as it was for years—not about the current situation—and he made that very clear. To the best of our information, the *Times* does not engage in any practice of this sort today.

The Mormons

After reading "Til Death Do Us Part" by Sylvia Kronstadt (October 1977), I was struck by the naïveté of some women. It certainly was convenient for the Mormon men to say that God appeared before them



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Faces.

every time they wanted something. The women they marry are the ones who are suffering. Jealousy is a normal emotion that can be controlled but not stopped.

Let the men change roles with the women for a while. It wouldn't last long. These men have it made. And what will these women have? By the time they're forty, they will probably have about ten kids, a husband who must divide his attentions, and no one to warm their beds at night. If you ask me, these women are getting a royal screwing.

Open your eyes, women!—*Tina Erickson, Iron Mt., Mich.*

Cartergate

Craig S. Karpel's article "Cartergate: The Death of Democracy" (November 1977) was astounding! My eyes are finally opening to the truth of what's really happening in the White House. I wonder if Carter has even the slightest bit of compassion for people. If he does, you can bet he's a man with tremendous guilt.—*Monty Geist, Grass Valley, Calif.*

A pat on our backs

I am writing to commend you on the outstanding performance you have accomplished in the past five years since I bought my first edition of *Penthouse*. I personally find your articles intriguing and mentally stimulating. They help me keep in touch with the changing times. Your pictorials

have always been above average, and I know of few others able to compare with your overall stunning visual effects.

Anyway, I felt that your staff deserves some credit, especially after *Penthouse* was put down recently in Canada. I would take the loss of your publication in the magazine industry as a setback in modern mankind's striving to reach a free-thinking market. So keep the faith and keep on printing.—*C.J. Golling, B.C., Canada*

In reference to the "Moans & Groans" letter from G. Kallam (October 1977), who referred to your August 1977 issue, I really believe that the guy is full of prunes searching for an exit! The August issue was by no means an effort to parallel *Playboy's* lack of imaginative photography or its dearth of spicy articles.

The guys here, and me, prefer *Penthouse*, two to one, over *Playboy* because of your mellow attitude toward twentieth-century life. We applaud your "Couples" feature as being far from boring and, in fact, as very interesting.

Anyone failing to look forward to each issue to "liven-up" their month is missing something—patriotism, masculinity, intellect, imagination, and "balls."

We in the air force know quality! As a result of our training in the powers of observation, we nominate *Penthouse* as the magazine of the year!—*R.B., Eielson, A.F.B., Alaska*

Advise and dissent

Moshe Decter's article, "The Myth of a Palestinian Homeland" (October 1977), is so right and so wrong. Historically, despite arguments some might make, it is surely true that there was no Palestinian Arab ideal of nationhood comparable to the ideal of Israel. In this respect, Decter is right.

But morality and good sense require us to ask what force lies behind the "myth" of a Palestinian homeland and what, if anything, should be done about the matter. I believe that today, after thirty years of living in refugee camps, being bombarded by propaganda, being lied to by Arabs and non-Arabs alike, being manipulated and tossed about by the governments of various states in that area, a Palestinian Arab people have been created. These people could have been absorbed by Egypt, Syria, Jordan, or Lebanon, perhaps, but they were not. They were denied jobs, the freedom to settle, etc., and were sustained as stateless refugees, in part by the United Nations. After enduring thirty years of common experience, after developing a group-consciousness and some political organization, they are now a people.

What next? If a homeland can be created for the Palestinian Arabs, should that not be done? If the oil powers would pledge funds for the new state, if Jordan could be compensated for the loss of territory, if Israel could be assured security and genuine peace—all by way of the West Bank—should these things not be done? Let us devote our efforts to finding a haven for these people and a genuine peace for the Middle East, rather than seeking rhetorical victory. Just as the Palestinians must renounce violence and accept the existence and permanence of Israel, Zionists must accept the notion of a Palestinian people; only then can the quest for peace and justice move forward.—*Edward H. Merves, Phila., Penn.*

West Point sex

I have been checking out *Penthouse* for quite some time; it's a great magazine. I have never written to a magazine before in response to an article, but I couldn't resist sinking my little claws into your "Sex At West Point" (November 1977). This article has got to be the biggest bunch of bull I have ever read.

I am a female stationed here at West Point since August, and that has been long enough to see and to be involved in some interesting situations.

I think that I understand why this subject was approached as it was. The cadets are pictured as being a little devious, but not to the point of being human. I don't mean to say that your article was wrong, but certainly it is not so true as it could have been.

Let me see where I should begin if I am to enlighten your readers about the real West Point that I have been exposed to as an M.P. First, there are the football games. Some interesting plays always take place during these events. As the story goes, it gets mighty cold up here, but the girls



"Of course I'm surprised. I was expecting a pepperoni pizza!"



"That gorgeous pick-up I made last night turned out to be a man!"

MANY HAPPY RETURNS



dds are that fourteen Spanish Hustle lessons at the Do-Dat Dance Studio won't get you to first base. But what do you do when the certificate under the tree has your name on it? Take it back. Cash it in. You'll never wear that macrame tie anyway. Every Christmas since your childhood, your grandmother in Tucson has been sending you candied figs, and you've always loathed candied figs. But telling her that you have diabetes, or that your teeth are rotten, has brought no relief. There they sit, candied figs, under the tree, with *your* name on them. Exchange them! Consider them legal tender.

Take back your mink (jockstrap). Take back
your pearls (still in the shells).
Let *Penthouse* help with some suggestions for
cashing in on bad taste.



Photographs by Ichiro Nakamura

That ranch-mink jockstrap at \$490 will make an ideal trade-in for the new Polaroid Processor (opposite page, top center). It develops film in seconds to produce eight-by-ten-inch color prints (\$495). A year's membership in the Vegetable-of-the-Month Club can get you the Kosmos I Biorhythm Computer/Calculator (opposite page, bottom left). Just press a few buttons to determine whether or not you should get out of bed (\$49.95). Or play your cards a different way by getting a Panasonic RF-105 "Mr. Thin" AM-FM radio (opposite page, bottom). It is battery operated and only one-half-inch thick (\$49.95). Your Auntie Mame, who insists on dressing to the hilt, outdid herself by giving you platinum collar stays. Retaliate and exchange them for Sinclair's \$395 two-inch pocket television (opposite page, right). Combine that \$25 orange-plaid leisure ensemble with that case of Wisconsin cheddar at \$23 to purchase a replacement for your electric razor. The Remington XLR 3000 shaver (bottom left), at about \$48, is designed for traveling and converts from 110 to 220 volts. Will it be a round-trip ticket to Philadelphia or a hair dryer? No question about that one. The Conair Pro-Baby Hair Dryer (top left) is your best bet. It can be hand-held or lodged in its own counter stand (\$25.49). And, finally, trade in that impossible tie for either the splash-on or spray bottle of Johnny Carson cologne (\$10). 

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FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 194

don't, thanks to the cadets.

Second, there is the action down by the docks. It is not unusual to see fogged-over windows many a night. There is even a place where cadets are allowed to take their girl friends, and most of the time no one bothers them there. A few officers have been known to take advantage of this recreational facility. "Flirtation Walk," on the other hand, is known only for quick feels.

I have done a little investigating on my own, and I have been unable to find anyone who corroborates Mr. Mardis's story of the cadet who didn't want to leave a "job" unfinished. There are, however, some very interesting tales floating around.

And M.P.'s aren't any different, either; our sex lives are pretty active here, too! Several weeks ago, I attended the America concert under cover. I had a most delightful evening. A cadet in his junior year sat beside me, first asking me if I was with anyone. Soon he had his arm around my back and was stroking my hair. His other hand was on my leg while he told me all about himself. I made an excuse and went to the rest room and was pleased to find him gone when I returned. His chair was quickly filled, however, by another cadet, whose mind was on other things than the concert.

However, the real secrets of love and sex at West Point lie deep within the girls' colleges around here. Now those fine ladies could tell some great stories!

Thanks for listening to me. I ask that you don't publish my name, as I have to keep up my immaculate image.—L.A.W., West Point, N.Y.

Correction

The pearls that appeared on page 182 of the Pet of the Year Gifts featured in the November 1977 issue of Penthouse should have been credited to The Cultured Pearl Association of America.

MOANS & GROANS

I'm writing you to let you know that I have started a personal boycott against *Penthouse*. I have written to six of your advertisers as of now, and I plan to write them all.

I don't mind so much the obscenity in your magazine as much as your advocating sadomasochism. You should be helping these poor people, instead of encouraging them so that you can exploit them even more. Christ said that you can't serve God and money. Unless you stop advocating S&M, I will encourage others to boycott your advertisers.

Go ahead and sue me. I'm laid off and don't own a thing. I would be only too glad to see you in court and make an even bigger fool of you than you are now. What sick minds you have at *Penthouse*. May God

forgive you. I promise you I will pray for you.—Name and address withheld

We are sorry that you have decided to boycott *Penthouse*. However, we have never advocated sadomasochism. It is just one of the many areas of human sexuality that we explore in print and photographs. We see no reason to sue you and thank you for praying for us.

I have noted your obsession with the dastardly CIA and FBI. These articles must have pleased the Russian KGB to no end.

How come you never run an article about the KGB and its prying into American affairs, even to the extent of its tapping into private telephone calls? Why all this spleen venting against the CIA and the FBI and nothing at all on the KGB's efforts to infiltrate the United States? Is such a thing against your political stance? It seems to me that it is.—E.M., Cincinnati, Ohio

Penthouse has no political stance, and, in fact, we ran two articles on the KGB in February and March 1976. But Americans have for years known that the KGB operates within the United States (that's what the Hiss and Rosenberg cases, among others, were about—remember?). What we didn't know, until recently, was that the very organizations we created to combat the KGB—namely, the CIA and the FBI—were spying on and harassing American citizens within our borders (it is against the law for the CIA to conduct any operations within the United States) and were attempting to assassinate and overthrow foreign leaders. This activity was never unknown to the KGB. But it was kept a secret from the people paying the bills—the citizens of the United States.

I am writing you this short letter just to let you know that I thought the Toyota Grand Prix Contest (October 1977) was awful. First of all, I never learned who won the contest or even if there was a winner. I also wonder how the contest was won.

As you can probably guess, I'm bitching because I did not win. My idea was so original that I thought for sure that I would win, if only you had read it. I am a computer technician, and I had the idea that my computer would type out the best essay on the subject "Why I would like to win a pace car." How much more original can you get than that? Besides being original, I think that my response was excellent. It took a lot of time and trouble, and I honestly cannot see how anyone could have done a better job than this. I think your contest was fixed!—Name and address withheld

All entries were judged on the basis of originality and clarity. Your idea was shared by three other contestants. Press releases were sent out prior to the race, announcing our first-place winner, Felix Disla of the Bronx, N.Y., and the runner-up, William Carr of El Segundo, Calif. They both spent the day at the Watkins Glen Grand Prix. 

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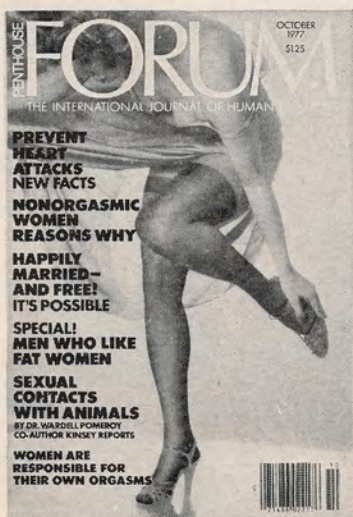
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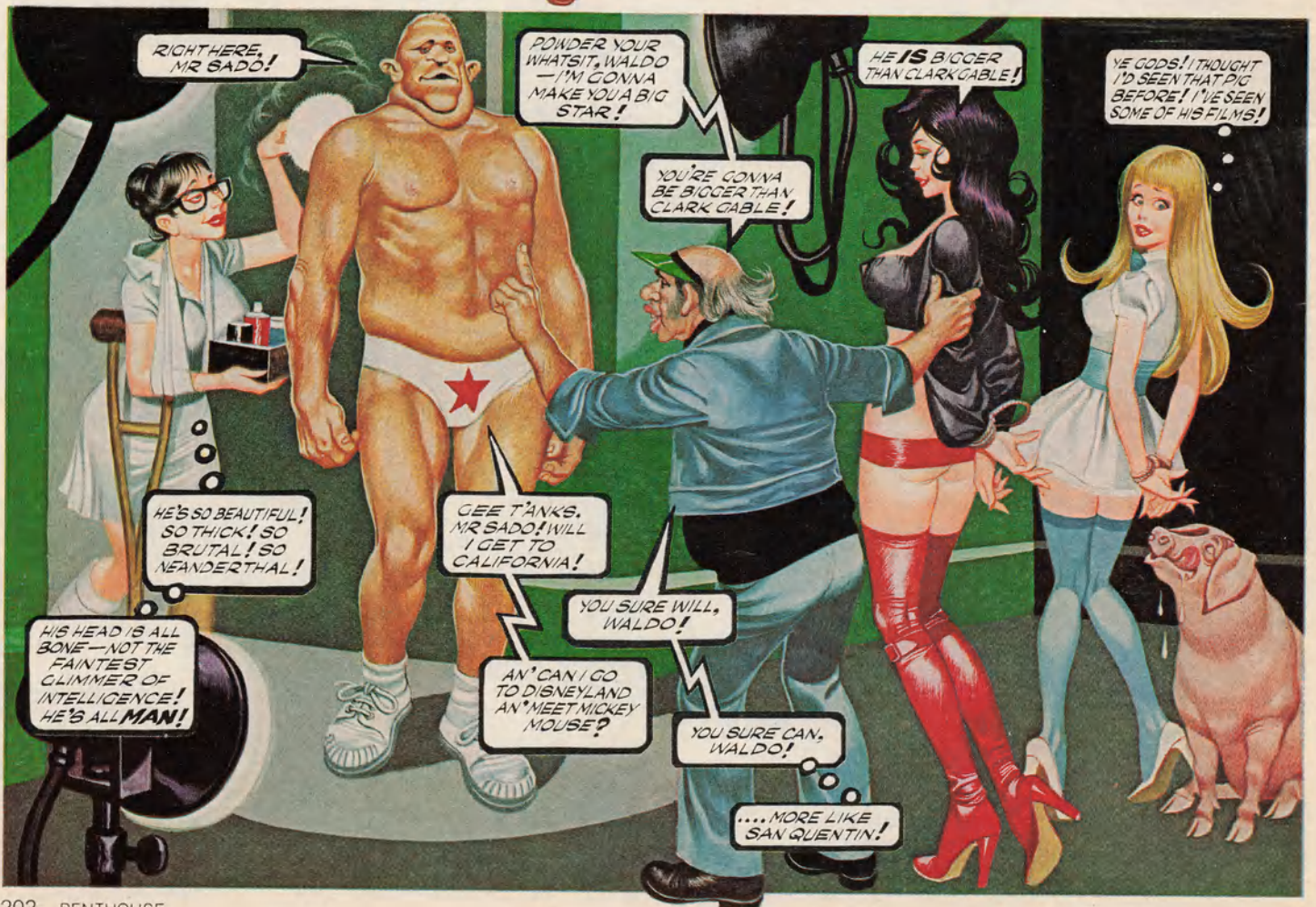
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OMLETTE?

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THE PLANE IS
HELD UP AT
KENNEDY?

CHARTER A
CONCORDE—OR
ASK FREDDIE
LAKER!

THAT PIG NEEDS
TO SEE A GOOD
PSYCHIATRIST!

I'M SO GLAD YOU
WEREN'T LEFT
ON THE CUTTING
ROOM FLOOR,
PUSSCAKE!

ENOUGH'S ENOUGH!
WE'RE HEADING
WEST!

YOU DON'T
MEAN—
HOLLYWOOD?!

I'M FROM THE
VICE SQUAD!

SO? AND TAKE
YOUR HAT OFF
IN THE PRESENCE
OF LADIES!

AFTER THAT
ANTI-CLIMAX,
THERE'S NO
POINT IN
WASTIN' ALL
THIS GEAR!
YOUR ROOM
OR MINE?

MINE—BUT IT'S A SHAME
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COUPLE OF THOSE FILMS!

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...IN AND... UH...
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Signature _____ I'm over 18 years of age

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

part that you breathe into in the water between us and turned on the air. Suddenly, there were millions and millions of tiny, tickly, tingly bubbles. We both came at the same time. It was effervescent and wonderful; the bubbles kept me aroused, and I kept coming and coming.

After that, we pulled ourselves back into the rubber boat and let the current float us away. The rippling of the waves against the thin rubber bottom of the boat was so sensual that in no time at all I was turned on again. He climbed on top of me, and we were at it again, fucking slowly in time with the rocking of the boat. I didn't realize how far the boat had drifted, because I was having such a good time. Suddenly, there was yelling and shouts and the beeping of car horns. Then I realized that we had floated all the way to the Throgs Neck Bridge and people had stopped their cars on the bridge to cheer us on. I came again, and it seemed as if the whole bridge shook.

Now every night I go out in my yellow rubber boat, hoping to see that skin diver again. Can you believe that I don't even know his name? Please print this letter. If he reads it, he will know where to find me and maybe we can get it on again.—J.G., New York, N.Y.

That's the best way to cover the waterfront that we've ever heard of.

One step further

Because of certain unpreventable circumstances, I was sent to prison for twenty-three months. This, naturally, separated me from the outside world and things I loved—one of which is my fiancée, Donna. Being sexually satisfied seven days a week for almost two years, she was ready to gobble up my cock just as much as I was hungry for her super pussy after only one day apart. We had enjoyed each other's company, and sex had never been better. Now we were faced with having to wait. We never had to do this before. Having lost what we had grown used to made us want each other even more. Donna and I would communicate by telephone (a glass partition separated us) on the routine visits on Tuesdays and Thursdays and daily by letter. She would take days off from work and travel forty miles to talk to me on the telephone for twenty minutes.

One good thing about the prison—probably the only good thing—is that on Sundays the prison permits "contact" visits. The prisoner and visitor can touch, talk, hug, and kiss. This is exactly what we did the first few Sundays until one particular Sunday contact visit, when I got away with feeling Donna's breasts. We figured that if we could get away with that, we could go one step further. The next Sunday, after we both were comfortable in our chairs at a table in the visiting room, Donna slid to the end of the chair, pulled her dress up,

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P-1-8

spread wide her legs, and revealed her luscious, wet pussy. This excited me, and I practically creamed in my prison pants. I experienced a very new sensation of desire. With her shiny, wet, cunt fully exposed to only me, I proceeded to get her off by slipping my five fingers between her legs and into her anxious puss. We figured that if we could get away with this without getting caught, we could go one *more* step further. She went home satisfied, and I went back to my cell hornier than a bull in heat, my cock dripping like a leaky sink faucet.

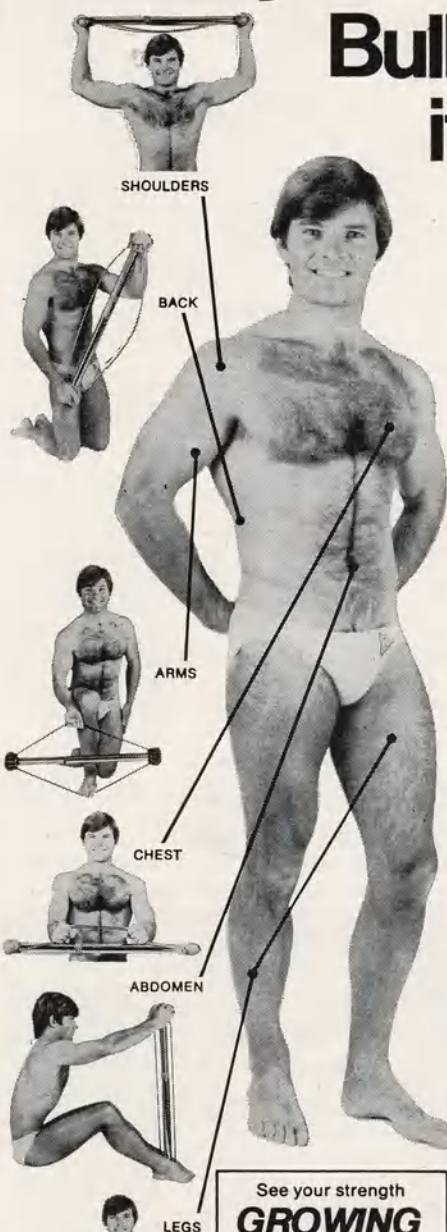
Well, the next Sunday finally rolled around, and Donna was one of the first in the visiting room, sitting pretty, with her shiny, long blonde hair and seductive blue eyes. She was licking her lips and waiting patiently. I sat down facing her, and we hugged and kissed as usual. As she slipped her wet tongue into my mouth, she gripped my zipper, slid it down, and pulled out my hard, throbbing cock. I sat still, and my eyes scanned the room cautiously for any uninvited viewers. I melted in my chair as her hand, soft and slippery with Vaseline, slid down and up the entire length of my hot cock. I was in total ecstasy by this point, and no one else seemed to matter. I didn't care if anyone was watching now, not even the guards. Besides, I was already past the point of no return. Donna knew exactly when my moment of orgasm came. So she put her arms on my shoulders and her mouth around my cock as she very skillfully allowed every spurt of come to enter her mouth. Her long hair fell on each side of her arms, blocking the scene from anyone who may have glanced our way. The funny thing about this is that we got each other's rocks off in what is supposed to be a maximum-security prison without attracting any attention, even though there were three guards close by and at least thirty other visitors within ten feet of us. Those seconds put me in heaven.—*Name and address withheld*

Self-abuse

I would just like to relay a little incident that you and many of your readers will find exceptionally funny. But for me, it was very painful and embarrassing.

After reading the recent issue of your magazine from cover to cover, I found myself very horny and alone. I thus retired to the bathroom. I like to watch myself masturbate, and because I have a high mirror, I put one foot on the edge of the tub and one on the toilet. This provided me with a full view of myself. But this time, just as I was about to climax, my left foot slipped into the toilet, sending me toppling backward. I broke my ankle and got a severe concussion, for my head struck the marble wall. Hearing the crash and my scream of pain, my neighbor and her boyfriend came running over to find me unconscious on the floor, with my cock still in my hand. So I now face three weeks in the hospital, in a very embarrassing situation. Who says jerking off isn't hazardous to your health?—*Name and address withheld*

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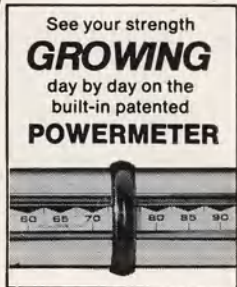
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Bumps and grinds

Erotic humiliation and wrestling have been a neglected source of delight for many. I'm a twenty-six-year-old male who is fairly attractive and gentle. My wife and I went to a party, where I ran into a good-looking, muscular fellow who suggested a wrestling match. The women were all very much interested.

He and I got together and decided to make it interesting; we approached his beautiful blonde date and arranged that the winner would get to have her on the spot, and the loser would have to serve and be the slave of the winner and be subject to his every whim.

About ten persons watched as we began to wrestle. I have a liking for masochism and was determined to lose; the fellow made it easy for me. There was no way I could win, because he instantly had me in a hammer lock, threw me on the ground, picked me up again, and twisted my arm in a way that left me powerless.

With his free hand he took off my shirt, and then, to my embarrassment and the delight of the ladies, he unbuckled me and let my pants slip down around my ankles. There I was being paraded around in my nylon briefs. The women touched me as I passed until I had a giant erection. My wife, delighted by all of this, took my briefs off to expose me totally.

The victor then led me to the delicious blonde clad in nylons and heels and playfully told her to take over. She took over his arm-hold and, at the same time, grabbed my hair and had me go down on my knees. She then ordered me to perform whatever she came up with. I had to kiss the ground, beg like a dog, and twist into positions to show myself off to the other girls. She then let go of my arm and trampled me underfoot for a pin. I then removed her heels and kissed her foot in delicious degradation. She liked this and, in a dramatic, defiant gesture, took her nylons off to allow me to lick her toes clean.

Her date proceeded to undress and get in on the action. I mouthed them both in a frenzy and obediently lapped her clean when they were done making love.

All this sounds a bit cruel and cold, but in reality it was a great pleasure for all. My wife likes to see me perform in similar ways, and it has been a thrill for her, too.—Name and address withheld

Ball-buster

Recently, my wife and I discovered a sex technique that we find very exciting and I find incredibly pleasurable. Before our innovative sex we go in the bathroom, and I soak out in a tub of hot water while I watch my wife sit on the counter top and masturbate. She plays with her breasts, nipples, and then her perfectly shaved cunt and protruding clit until she has a strong climax. Soaking in hot water has the effect of causing my testicles to hang loosely down in my



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soft scrotum. Afterward, I quickly towel off and join her nude in our bed. By now we are eager to begin.

She is absolutely crazy about my loose-hanging balls and centers her sex play on them. First, she jiggles them and swings them as I kneel over her face. She caresses them, strokes them, gently pulls on them, gently squeezes them, and presses her long fingernails into them—especially in the front below the base of my cock. She keeps saying sexy things like "Play with your hanging balls," "Swing your gonads," etc. Then she kisses, licks, and sucks them. By now they generally hang so loose that they have been separated in the scrotum, and she takes each one in her mouth and sucks it, running her tongue all over each. The sensation is so strong that it feels as if her tongue were inside the scrotum, licking each testicle! At this point I am very often on the verge of completely blowing my nuts!

I tell her that I'm ready, and she uses both hands to play with them. (As a variation, she sometimes wets her middle finger with her copious pussy juice and slides it deep into my anus and strokes my prostate gland.) She continues this as long as I can stand it. "Now!" I exclaim. She says, "C'mon, honey, blow your nuts—ball-buster, ball-buster..." I have a violent and copious ejaculation, squirting come all over her hair, face, and mouth. She thirstily sucks the remaining come out of me, while

smearing the come from her face all over my satiated balls.

Afterward, I usually perform cunnilingus on her wet, shaved pussy and end up sucking and gently biting her erected pink clit until she has a blinding series of orgasms. We lie back together and fall asleep exhausted. We certainly recommend this wonderful intense form of sex and know that there must be other couples who will find it just as exciting and pleasurable as we do!—J.R., New York, N.Y.

Staying power

After reading in your October 1977 issue the letter "A Long Time Coming," I'd like to relate my experiences of a similar nature. I attribute all my steady, continuing relationships with my past bed partners to what they consider to be my "special" ability. You see, I am able to maintain a hard-on of seemingly infinite duration.

After a stimulating session of foreplay and the application of a liberal amount of lubricant to my above-average-size cock, my "special" technique involves a long, slow, deeply penetrating screw, an hour or so long. After I have my first ejaculation, I've found, if I slow my continuing thrust, the urge to surge returns, my erection never being lost, and we're all set for round two, which lasts even longer than the first. By continually applying this technique, I am able to give my women as much cock as they need for as long as they need it. My

most memorable experience is eight orgasms in a nine-hour session. As of now, not one of my partners has complained of anything but soreness the next day, but that doesn't prevent them from returning for more service. Not one of the ladies has been able to go the distance with me, and they usually apologize for leaving me hanging, but I explain that just feeling my cock sliding up their cunt is all the turn-on I need and that after my multiple orgasms I'm quite satisfied.

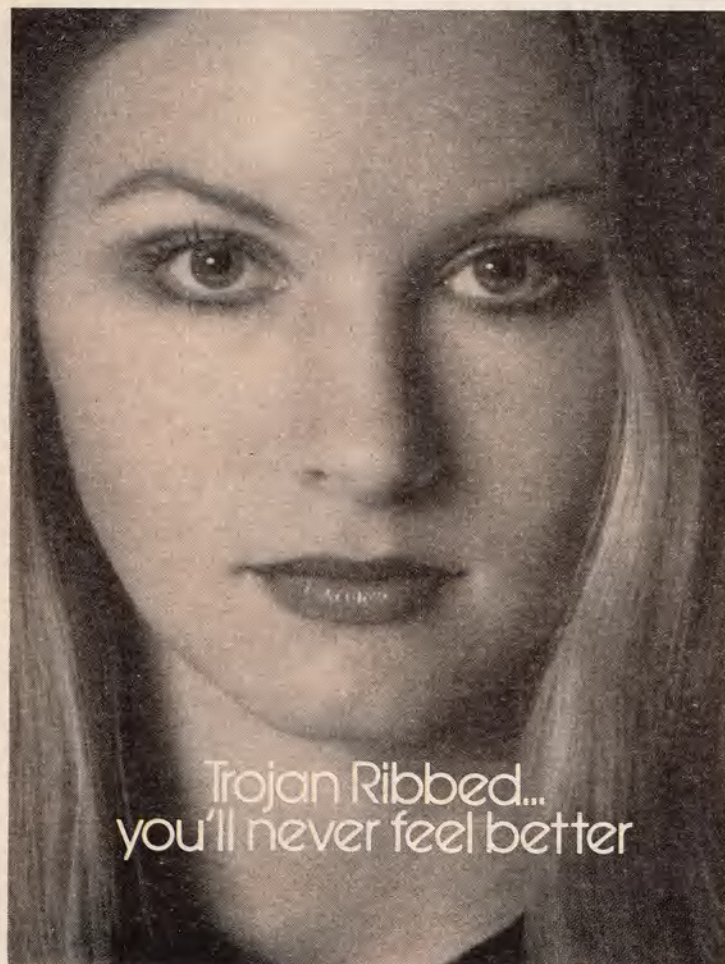
Word seems to travel among the ladies, and at present I have pussy just waiting for my invitation. A friend and I recently had the opportunity to service a woman, and although he was able to muster two lengthy fucks, he was amazed at my ability to deliver even lengthier ones. Word quickly spread around his buddies, and they have nicknamed me "fuck monster."

Recently, I received my first invitation to an orgy, which will be attended by a dozen other couples. My escort will be a woman who has tasted what I have to offer and who is eager for me to demonstrate my sexual ability to her friends.

So it appears that the "distance" has been set. You can bet your ass I'll be pumping as best I can to cross that finish line.—G.T., Clinton, Miss.

Land maneuvers

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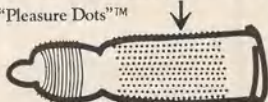


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my experiences since I was stationed at a small radar site under the NORAD command.

As a "new troop," I was assigned to work night shifts with an experienced sergeant, who was to train me in working on the radar. This officer, Paul, is a very attractive man, with a slender, compact body and an ass that I often could not resist patting affectionately. But this was the only physical contact between us for several months, and I figured it would remain so. Paul is a married man, and he seemed quite settled and serious.

However, one night when we were working, I brought along some beer. We were laughing and talking, and I told him of some of my previous sexual encounters. He encouraged me to tell him more, and our conversation was soon highly charged with sexual vibrations. I lay down across three chairs, telling him I was getting dizzy from the beer. I then unbuttoned my fatigue shirt, saying that I was getting very warm. I wore the mandatory white T-shirt underneath but no bra. He then began to lightly stroke my chest and stomach, managing to avoid touching my breasts. The rhythmic massage soon had me tingling, and my nipples began to strain against my T-shirt, aching, begging to be touched.

He knew he had me totally in his power, and he finally squeezed and rubbed my tits, much to my relief and delight. I reached for him in a frenzy and felt his hard cock throbbing inside his pants. I began fumbling with his belt and buttons. Finally, I freed his cock, which sprang forth, proudly erect, moisture gleaming at the tip. I pulled off my T-shirt and knelt between his legs. He grasped my bobbing breasts as I lowered my hot lips to envelop his beautiful tool. It was the hardest one I had ever sucked, and I've sucked quite a few in my day. I wanted to go slowly and build him up gradually, but I was too eager to taste him all. I sucked him in as deeply as possible and moved my lips up and down along the shaft, flicking the tip with my tongue. He soon came, spurting and jerking, flooding my throat with sweet, hot juice. But his cock remained stiff, ready and eager for more.

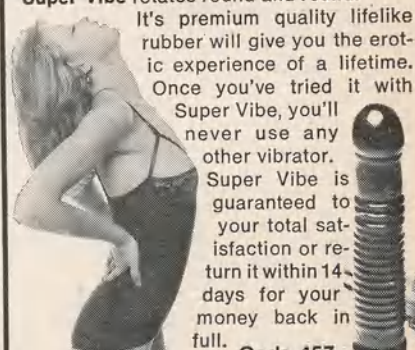
He knelt beside me on the floor to remove my combat boots, and I felt a wave of desire pass through me as he tenderly kissed my feet and ankles. Soon I was completely naked and lying on a nest of uniforms on the floor. Paul licked the insides of my thighs and worked his way up to my dripping pussy. He nuzzled my crotch, applying exquisite pressure to my pussy lips and inflamed clit. I arched my pelvis and he cupped my ass, licking me to a pounding climax. Finally, he climbed on top of me and plunged his stiff cock into my waiting hole. We moved together as if we had been screwing each other for years, and I was vaguely aware of the high-voltage radar equipment around us, of its buzzing and pulsing as we climbed the heights to orgasm again.

We had to hurry back into our clothes, wrinkled and come-stained as they were,

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because the next shift was due to arrive soon. My pussy was a little sore from the frenzied activities, but Paul's cock was still hard!

Since that night we have enjoyed each other many times, but we have to be careful—we could both be court-martialed if this got to the ears of our commanding officer. Frankly, I'm crazy about Paul now, and I'd drop my pants for him anytime. But the best part is when he drops his and his cock stands straight up, waiting for me to milk it dry.—*Name and address withheld*

Mother's helper

At the age of nineteen, and only six months before I was to be married, I experienced what was to be the most fantastic afternoon of my life. My wife-to-be, whom I shall call Terry, worked late-afternoon shifts. On many occasions she would return home to find me waiting for her, and most often we would adjourn to her bedroom to spend the rest of the day making love.

Her father and mother had a very unusual relationship at best, with her father working a graveyard shift and her mother working during the day; they slept in separate bedrooms, as sexual activity between them was nonexistent. I rarely saw her father, since he stayed away from home a great deal (and was no doubt seeing other women). Terry's mother, Val, was a very attractive woman in her early thirties. Her figure was full, with very firm breasts, which she took great pride in showing off whenever possible, wearing the most provocative outfits imaginable.

One afternoon I arrived a little earlier than usual and found Val's car parked in the driveway. I walked up to the front door and knocked. Val peered out of a small crack in the door and then, seeing that it was me, gestured to me to come inside. Inside I found her to be wearing only a bra with a slip and panties. Of course, I was excited to find her this way and also surprised that she would permit me to see her. She explained her behavior, saying that she was getting ready for a business dinner and that she was just in the process of getting ready. I noticed that the ironing board was set up in the front room, and Val proceeded to finish ironing a pants-suit-type outfit. I found myself having trouble concealing the growing bulge in my pants as I pretended to watch television—Val stood only a few feet away. Eventually, Val finished ironing and crossed the front room, still clad only in her bra and slip. With my eyes I followed her into her bedroom and found, to my delight, that I had a direct line of vision into the mirror on her dresser. From there I watched as she removed first her bra, then her slip and panties, which revealed a very dark pubic patch with a slight trickle of hair leading from it to her navel.

Fully aroused, I watched as she stood fingering her hardened nipples, watching them grow and stiffen. I watched her hand move toward her furry mound and caught my breath as she slipped a finger into her cunt for a moment. She retrieved a moist

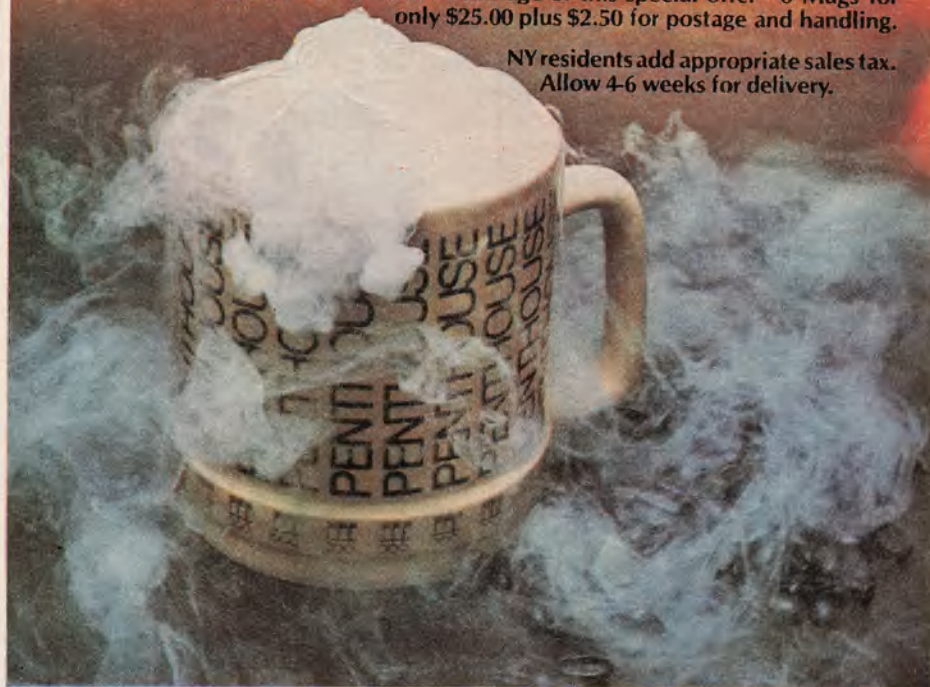
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finger, which she licked clean. I began to rub my cock through my pants and felt my own ejaculate seep through, leaving a wet spot in my bulging pants. She was momentarily lost from my sight, but she soon reappeared dressed in a terry-cloth bathrobe, and proceeded down the hall (way out of sight) toward the bathroom.

I figured at this point that my private little show was over as I heard the shower being turned on and the door closing. But a minute or so later, I heard the bathroom door open, and she called out to me, saying she had left the shampoo in the kitchen and asking me to get it for her. I didn't have to be asked twice, and I had to slow down on my way to her—I didn't want to appear too eager to get a glimpse of her. I now stood outside the partially open bathroom door and stuck the bottle through the opening, expecting her to take it. Instead, I heard her ask me to bring it in to her. I stood for a moment outside the door, once again feeling my hardness swell, and then entered. To my utter disappointment, her naked form was barely visible through the textured glass of the tub enclosure.

I walked over and tapped on the glass, expecting her to open it only slightly and therefore positioning myself to best advantage for a good look. I need not have worried, for Val slid the door back almost totally, revealing to me her entire body. I stood staring at her magnificent breasts, now being near enough to touch them. Val reached for the bottle that I held in front of me and closed the door. I felt like a real idiot and began to back out of the bathroom when I heard her say, "There's plenty of hot water, if you care to join me."

Forgetting about Terry's expected arrival, I tore off my clothing and quickly joined Val. She and I proceeded to wash each other *entirely*. Her breasts were soon covered with lather as I caressed and flicked her nipples, causing my own cock to swell and throb. Val soon lathered me and had me on the brink of orgasm. Realizing this, Val motioned for me to kneel down before her, and I was immediately introduced to her purring pussy. As the water pounded against my back and ran down her belly to her pubic mound, it mingled with Val's own flowing, hot cunt juices. At last she exploded, nearly sending both of us crashing down. I stood up to continue caressing her when another pair of hands searched for and found my swollen member! I spun around to find Terry standing naked behind me.

I relaxed my fears when I realized, by the mischievous smile on Val's face, that everything was fine. I continued to play with Val's delicious body while Terry continued to stroke my tense organ. Near orgasm, Val bent over to take my cock into her waiting mouth while Terry pumped my shaft, releasing a torrent of come into Val's mouth. She sucked the head of my prick dry.

Needless to say, we all soon adjourned to the confines of the bedroom, where I treated Terry to her first orgasm and then, finally, introduced my hot cock into Val's

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cunt for the first time. The rest of the day was pure bliss, and each of us enjoyed every sex act possible. I eventually found out, of course, that all this had been prearranged and that Terry's mother had no "business dinner."

I never married Terry, though I continued to see both her and her mother. But nothing was ever quite so exciting as it was that first time. I later learned that this had been an ongoing arrangement between mother and daughter and that many others would soon fall—delighted victims—to this game.—*R.F., Salt Lake City, Utah*

Buoyant balling

This story took place last summer. My wife and I had just gotten engaged, and I took a ride out to the Hamptons alone. My brother had just bought a house there with an Olympic-size swimming pool. It was right before the summer season, and he was opening a disco-restaurant. He had summoned me earlier in the week to help him out in preparations for his opening. I had just graduated from college and hadn't yet begun my new job. So I took him up on his offer.

The day after I arrived, I received a phone call from my fiancée's sister, Sandy. She was totally different from my future wife. My fiancée was tall, thin, and beautiful. Her sister was much broader, more buxom, and "accented" with big, round, beautiful breasts. Sandy asked me if she could join me during the week to help prepare the club. She would leave on Friday, when her sister arrived.

Six hours later, Sandy showed up. She looked great! She was wearing tiny white shorts, so tight that I could actually see her cunt folds. Her T-shirt was so sheer that it looked as though she had painted her body yellow and wore nothing on top.

We worked right through the first night and through the next day, until about twelve in the evening. We were exhausted; so we took my brother's BMW and drove eight miles to his house. There was only one vacant room with a bed left. Sandy took a quick shower, put on her robe, and lay down. I went next into the shower. When I finished, I saw Sandy in the bed, out like a light. I felt there would be no harm in sleeping next to her; after all, she was practically my sister.

I got into the bed, shut off the lights, and drifted off. As I slept, I began to dream that Sandy was teasing my cock. I was getting turned on in my dream when I realized it was all real! She was all over me. She was sucking my balls and rubbing my cock while masturbating herself. She was breathing hard and heavy and was in a cold, clammy sweat. I couldn't believe it. I began to caress her body to make her aware I knew and to put her mind at ease. But she was so into it that my touch wasn't even felt. I began to kiss and lick her salty, voluptuous, wet body and finally swung around and faced her dripping-wet cunt head on. She was really sucking my cock wickedly while I buried my face into her

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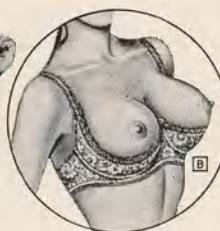
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delicious cunt. At this point, she grabbed a bottle of baby oil on the night table and wildly began pouring the stuff over our wet bodies.

We decided to go out through the glass doors, across the terrace, to the crystal-clear water in the pool. I gently lowered her onto a double raft that was afloat in the water and fell on top of her. We fucked through the warm night nonstop. It was like a circus act front-stage, as all the bedrooms overlooking us were filled by on-lookers, cheering us on!

As the sun began to rise, I reached my greatest climax ever—so great that the raft tipped over while I was coming, and we sank to the deepest end of the pool. Because of our complete exhaustion, we almost drowned. When we reached the surface, I lay back on top of the raft with Sandy and slept until the following evening. When I awoke, Sandy was gone.

Not a word of this has been said to this day, a year later. I am now happily married, and every time my sister-in-law visits, we only smile at each other. We both know this experience can never be topped.—*Name and address withheld*

Born again

Since my wife and I have had straight Victorian sex in the missionary position with only slight variations for the past fifteen years of our marriage, you might say that our true enjoyable sex life began a little over three months ago.

My wife—whom I'll refer to as "Terrie," though that's not her real name—and I were out for dinner and dancing and came to a rather inebriated state, having shared nearly a bottle of Southern Comfort in a very short period.

We noticed what appeared to be a woman of some class sitting at the bar alone. A rather questionable, rough, laboring-class man approached her; they had a few drinks and retired to a booth. She was fondled briskly and had her breasts exhibited to the delight of the few persons having vantage points like our own.

En route home, my wife said she wished she could have swapped places with the lady we had just seen. I stopped at the next phone, called my oldest daughter, and advised her that we would not return for the night. We checked into a questionable motel, where I removed my coat, tie, and shirt, mussed my hair, and left my undershirt hanging out. Terrie removed her bra and left undone the top three buttons on her rather sheer blouse, then rolled the waist of her skirt to get the mini look.

We drove to a bar nearby, and Terrie went in alone. I waited only two or three minutes before entering, and sat two seats from her at the bar.

A nice-looking young man danced with her once to songs played on the juke box before I moved in and bought her a drink. Soon we had copied the routine of the two in the other restaurant, and I promptly opened her blouse and caressed her breasts.

Though quite high, she pretended to be even drunker, close to the point of passing out. The young man she had danced with joined us in the booth and soon was rubbing her thighs, which were already exposed up to the crotch of her sheer panty hose. Terrie mumbled suggestively that we all should go somewhere together. I agreed, and the three of us departed together.

Once at our motel room, we had the experience of our lives. We finished off a bottle of Scotch from my car and began to devote our full efforts and attention to bringing Terrie to heights of sexual arousal and repeated climaxes that no woman could ever have experienced. With a pen we drew a line across her body and each took either the bottom or top, and then we swapped.

The nipples of her breast became so aroused and raw that I was sure they would bleed at any moment. Yet she insisted that we continue to work them over. At one point I withdrew and rested in a large chair while Terrie continued to writhe and moan in ecstasy as our new acquaintance literally slammed his cock into her for what seemed like an inhuman length of time. After he had climaxed, I took his position and he stopped for a break. It was another complete round from start to finish, and our young friend departed. I lay next to Terrie and fell into the most beautiful sleep imaginable.

Since that night we have repeated the bar-and-booth act several times and on one occasion found another threesome. Our private sex life has been reborn.—*Name and address withheld*

Hankering for a spanking

My girl friend and I enjoy a wide variety of sexual activities, but one of our favorite things is spanking. It all began because my girl friend loves to have her behind and ass hole stroked while we are fucking in her favorite position—on our hands and knees. To slap her upper behind occasionally was just a natural progression from my rubbing harder and harder as she neared orgasm.

Now we use spanking during our foreplay every once in a while. After she gets good and hot from some cunt-stroking or licking, I turn her over on her stomach (if she doesn't do it first), her legs spread wide. With me on my knees by her side and with my left hand under her belly, I move one or two fingers or even a vibrator in and out of her cunt, across her clit, or occasionally in her ass hole. My right hand is free to spank her upturned ass. I start off lightly and gradually build up pressure and speed. Once we are into it, it turns us both sexually wild. She squirms and coos from the excitement, and it's not long before she pulls my prick to her opened mouth for a "tongue lashing." Rather than spanking continuously with my right hand, I alternate between spanking her to a warm glow and inserting two fingers into her dripping cunt. By then I am stroking her clit continuously with my left hand. I can always tell how

horny she is by how hard she sucks on my prick. When I hear her going wild and feel her tongue swirling over my prick and see her rear glowing red, I just soar. When she comes, the bed shakes and I can feel her cunt squeezing my fingers like a vise. Her first orgasm is just an appetizer, and we then get into some heavy fucking.

People who are into spanking are not necessarily into S&M. I'm not, and my girlfriend isn't. If I'm hurting her, she lets me know it and I let up or just stroke her heated behind. I just have to avoid slapping harder than she is sexually prepared to enjoy, and I must be sure to spread the spanking over her entire rear, being careful to stop after she comes. —S. M., Boston, Mass.

Pizzeria pickup

I was eating in a pizza parlor with three other guys, and we were all in a great mood because we had just finished our exams. There was a *Penthouse*-perfect blonde who worked there as a waitress. Every time we ate pizza there, we always tried to sit at the tables she waited on. Her nice, round ass would fill her pants out in such a delicious manner that we would have trouble keeping our pants from popping open.

We had been discussing Ms. Blonde all during supper, and I was ready to try anything. After we finished our meal, I asked one of my friends for a pencil. Just for a joke I wrote my name and phone number on a napkin and left it on the table with a five-dollar tip. Of course, I never expected anything to come of it.

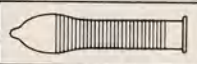
About a week later I got a phone call. A girl introduced herself as Tina and said that she was the one who waited on us. She then said that her car had broken down and that she needed a ride home. Naturally, I told her that I would be there to get her. After I hung up the phone, my heart and my cock were throbbing and it seemed like an eternity before 9:30 arrived.

I met her later, and she gave me the directions to her apartment. When we arrived, she said that she needed a minute to take care of something. On her return she was wearing only a bathrobe. My nine-inch cock began to rise in anticipation. With a squeal of delight, Tina removed the robe, and I was staring at the most beautiful body that I had ever laid eyes on.

As she lay on the couch, both our lips met in a passionate embrace. We started kissing, with Tina's delicious tongue feasting on mine. Slowly, I began inching down her body, caressing and kissing every inch of her velvet-smooth skin. I arrived at her rosy-red nipples and slowly began doing doughnuts around them with my tongue. Finally, when her tits were hard as a rock, I began moving slowly down the rest of her body. I reached her love box and began to delve in and out of it, eating her. She began writhing and groaning in ecstasy and finally mumbled the words "Put it in." I plunged into her sweet, flowing cunt and began pumping for all I was worth. Finally, after the ride of my life, we both exploded in mutual orgasms. —D.M., Gainesville, Fla. 

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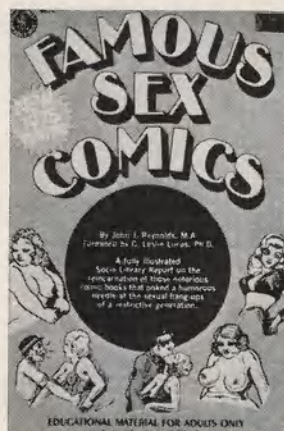
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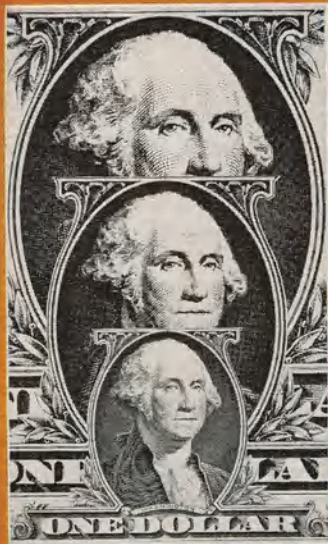
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Close Encounter—At twenty-six, Steven Spielberg conquered Hollywood with *Jaws*. Now the latest prodigy of the film industry has finished his second major motion picture, which threatens to overtake his first in breaking box-office records. West Coast Editor Herb Margolis and writer Craig Modderno conducted an exclusive interview with Spielberg for a close encounter with the man, his movies, and the phenomenon of success. The writer and director of *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* explains why he chose to make a film about the unknown. Spielberg gives his own opinion about UFOs and tells why he believes *Close Encounters* will lead skeptics and scientists closer to the inescapable conclusion that "we are not alone." This is a provocative look at the startling insights behind this significant film.

Idi Amin Hitler—His killer squads and secret police may be the most bloodthirsty in history. Idi Amin's tyrannical rule for the last seven years makes the atrocities of the Nazis pale by comparison. There may be as many as 300,000 victims to date—priests, government ministers, rival tribe members, soldiers, and civilians. In Uganda no one is safe from Amin's bloodthirst. Thomas Melady, former U.S. ambassador to Uganda, in collaboration with his wife, Margaret, has written the shocking story of life under Amin in Uganda. Their true story—of savage tortures, bloodlettings, castrations, mass executions, and disappearances—reveals the extent to which barbarism has become commonplace in this African republic. The Meladys have drawn on a lifetime of diplomatic service to relate their chilling history of a country living in fear of itself.

Truth or Consequences—Israel has long enjoyed an unexplained partiality from the American government and press in her struggles in the Middle East. Sen. James Abourezk of South Dakota, in February's "Advise and Dissent," takes a different view of the modern tribal warfare inflaming that part of the world. It is his feeling that our Mideast policies are dictated, not in the best interests of the United States, but according to what is best for Israel as interpreted by her American lobby. Abourezk follows the history of the struggle and its current complexities and uncovers a concerted effort on the part of many government and journalistic factions to mask the true story of American policy in the Middle East. 

PERFECTION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 181

rear-suspension package. One point worth noting is that all elements are linked via rubber bushings, which minimize vibration transfer and isolate road noises from the unitized body. The beauty of this suspension system is that each element has a single function and is designed specifically to handle only that function.

In addition to these basic Volvo engineering features, the 262C's ride has been improved by the use of different tires, wheels, shocks, and springs. The tires are low-profile Michelin 185/70-SR 14 steel-belted radials, mounted on light-alloy rims. The other changes include slightly modified rear springs and altered shock-absorber settings; the result is a marked improvement in the car's ability to "smooth out" potholes, railroad crossings, and other rough surfaces at low speeds. At higher speeds road-holding is definitely better than that of stock Volvo sedans, with much of the credit going to the tires. These low-profile radials provide a larger contact area with the road, substantially increasing adhesion during high-speed cornering.

Power for the 262C is produced by Volvo's 2.7 liter, 162 cubic-inch overhead-cam V-6 engine. This advanced design has a cast-aluminum block and head, wet-steel cylinder liners, continuous-flow fuel injection, and solid-state transistorized ignition. Emission control is provided, with minimal power loss by Volvo's Lambda-sond three-way catalyst. Maximum output is 125 hp at 5,500 rpm and 148 ft. lbs. of torque at 2,750 rpm. The most impressive characteristic of the engine is the lack of vibration at all speeds. Jumping on the gas pedal produces smooth acceleration, without hesitation or vibration, from idle to red line.

Capable of cruising comfortably at speeds approaching twice the legal limit, Volvo's 262C is one of that rare breed known in Europe as a Grand Touring car. By definition, a GT car provides the utmost in automotive comfort, luxury, and safety and is capable of maintaining extremely high speeds over all sorts of roads. Even a brief drive will demonstrate how well the silver and black coupé fits the GT definition.

Delivered for around \$15,000, the 262C hardly qualifies as an economy package, but it is the only true GT available today for under \$20,000. Considering the quality of Volvo engineering, the workmanship that goes with a Bertone nameplate, and the snob appeal of owning a limited-production vehicle, the 262C turns out to be a wiser and more realistic investment than a Cadillac Seville.

Financial considerations aside, driving a 262C is an investment in motoring pleasure that will pay dividends to the discriminating driver for years to come. Despite rising fuel costs and the dampening effect of emission-control regulation, Volvo's GT coupé could well be the car that rekindles America's love affair with the automobile. 

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